June 14, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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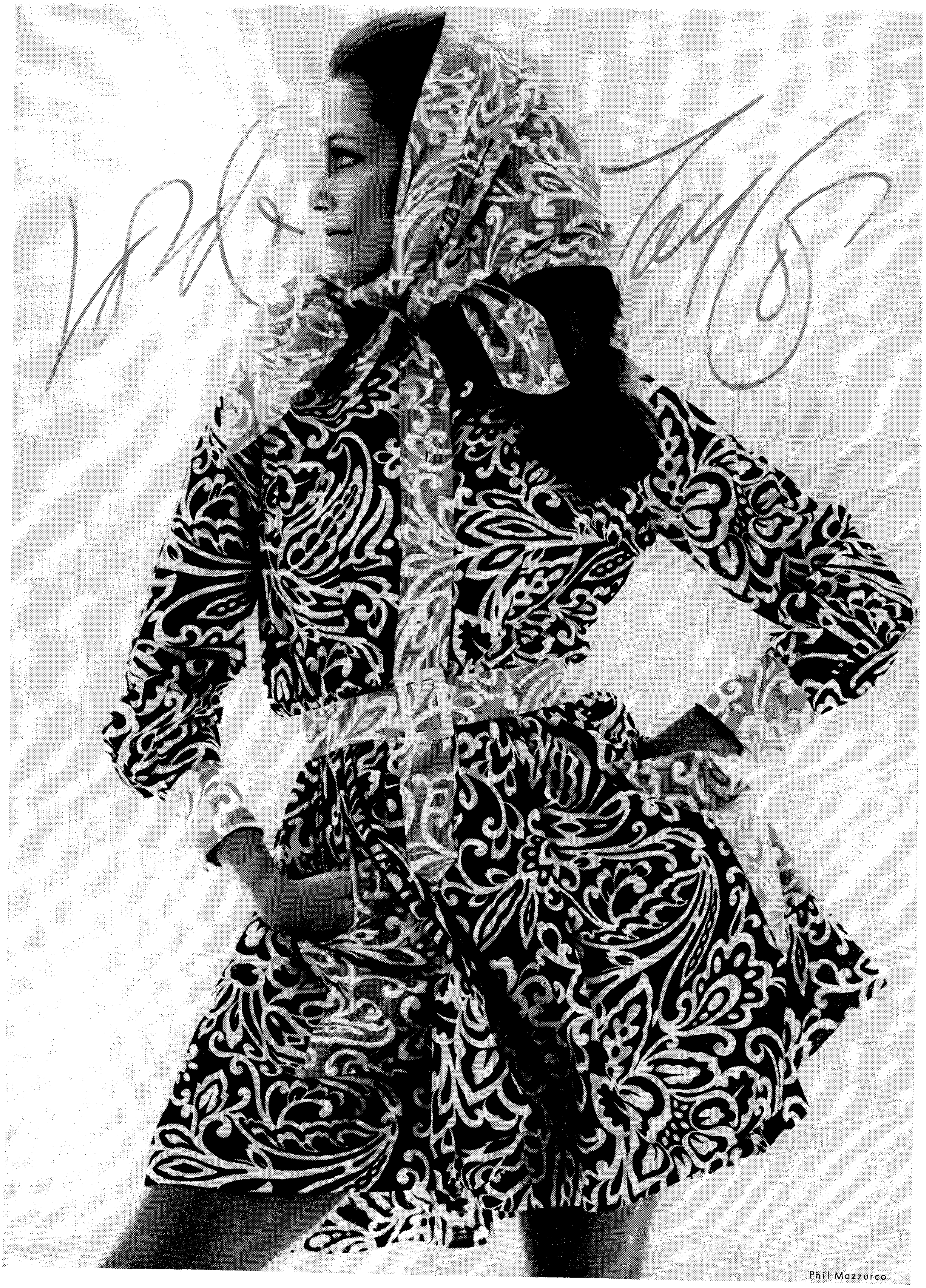

Phil Mazzurco

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and Next—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

De Sade Illustrated—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended, either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Fireworks—Stephen Joyce in three plays by Jon Swan. Opens Wednesday, June 11. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 5.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—A version full of the crotchets of its star, Nicol Williamson, and its director, Tony Richardson, and therefore well worth going to and attacking and defending. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Man with the Flower in His Mouth—An agreeable but tame evening of three short plays—one of them sad and two of them merry—by Pirandello. William Murray's translation is fluent and literate, and Michael Simone's direction is good, too. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Daughter, Your Son—A tiresome, synthetic comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Philosophy in the Boudoir—An adaptation by Eric Kahane of the de Sade thing. Loathsome. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The Miser: A not very successful attempt to bring Molière's patchcock comedy to life by turning it into a non-stop brawl. Robert Symonds plays the title role. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 21.) . . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same

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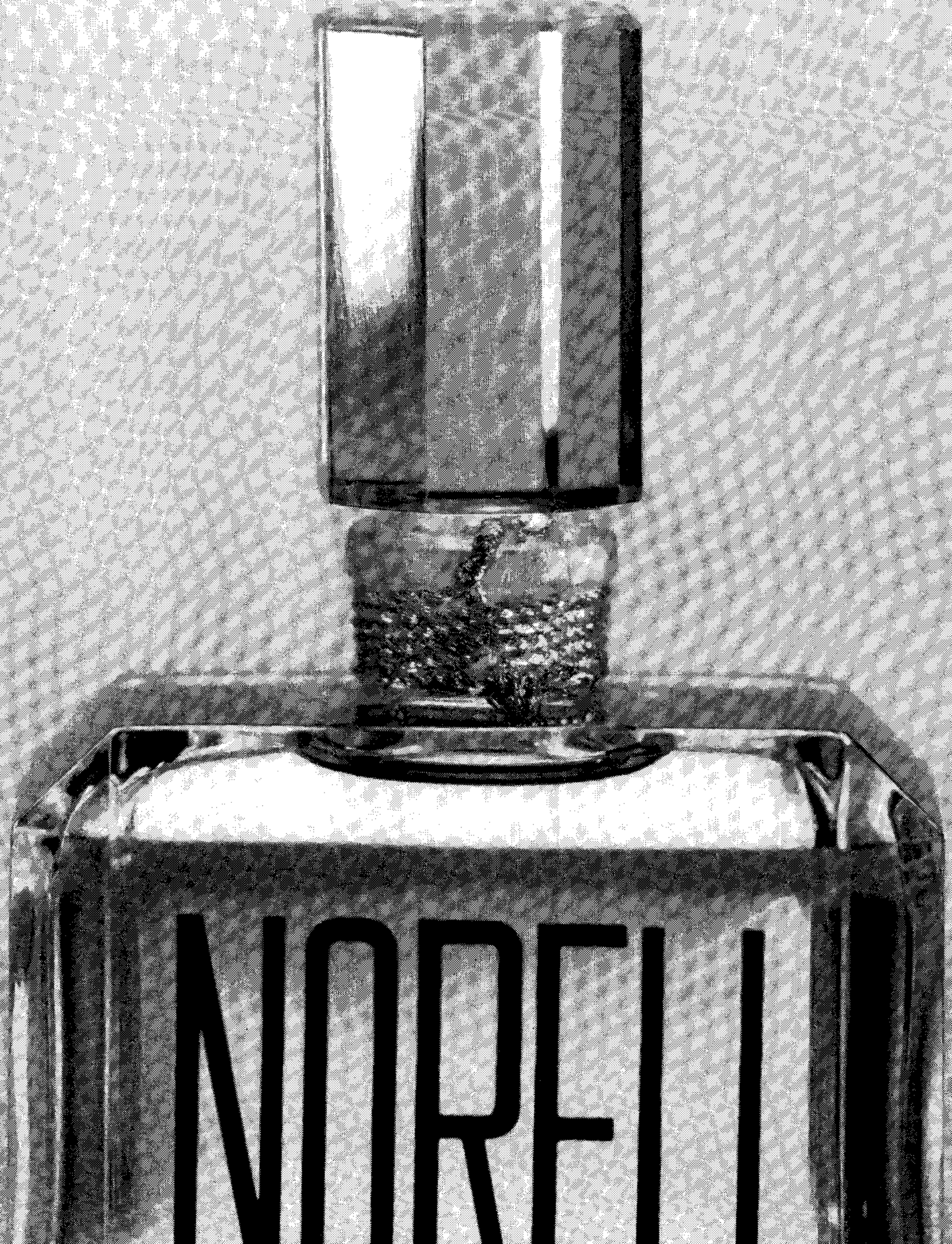

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Perfume. Spray Perfume. Cologne. Spray Cologne.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

building—John Ford Noonan's play **THE YEAR BOSTON WON THE PENNANT.** (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 21.)

SPIRO WHO?—In this comedy with music, Oliver Clark gives one of the funniest (and most legitimate) performances in town, as a young man on the eve of his college graduation. The play has its ups and downs, but it is worth seeing for the ups. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

A TEASPOON EVERY FOUR HOURS—Jackie Mason and Mike Mortman are the authors of this comedy starring Mr. Mason. Previews through Saturday matinée, June 14. Opens officially on Saturday, June 14, at 8:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TIME FOR BED–TAKE ME TO BED—A brace of plays by Charles Love. Previews through Thursday, June 12. Opens officially on Friday, June 13, at 7:15. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

TONIGHT IN LIVING COLOR—A pair of comedies, "The Golden Fleece" and "The David Show," by A. R. Gurney, Jr. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

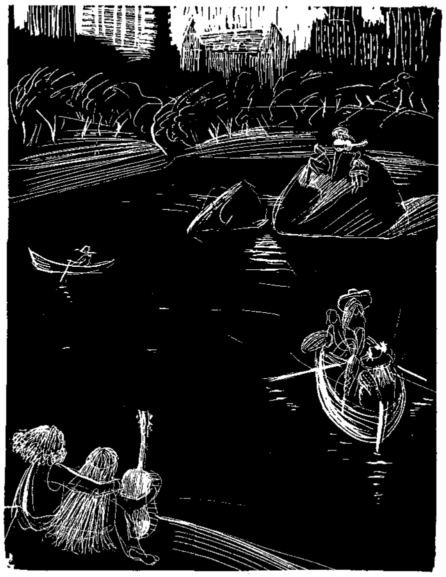
MUSICALS

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AN EVENING WITH MAX MORATH—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish, popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

FIESTA IN MADRID—Isabel Penagos and Claramae Turner in a musical, in Spanish, adapted by Tito Capobianco (who also directed) from a zarzuela, "La Verbena de la Paloma." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:45, and Sunday at 8:15. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

PEACE—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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PROMENADE—A musical with book and lyrics by Maria Irene Fornes and a score by Al Carmines. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpish dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ZORBA—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Anita Gillette and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Jerry Jarrett. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by *Pearl Bailey* and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Bob Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, June 11-13, at 8:15; Saturday, June 14, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, June 15, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

STUTTGART BALLET—Wednesday, June 11, at 8:30: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 8, and Friday, June 13, at 8:30: "The Taming of the Shrew."... ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Sunday, June 15, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Taming of the Shrew."... ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 8: "Nutcracker Divertissements," "Opus One," "Holberg Pas de Deux," and "Jeu de Cartes."... ¶ Wednesday, June 18, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Thursday, June 19, at 8:30: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Friday, June 20, at 8:30: "Mozart Concerto," "Presence," and "Nutcracker Divertissements."... ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Through Sunday, June 29.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

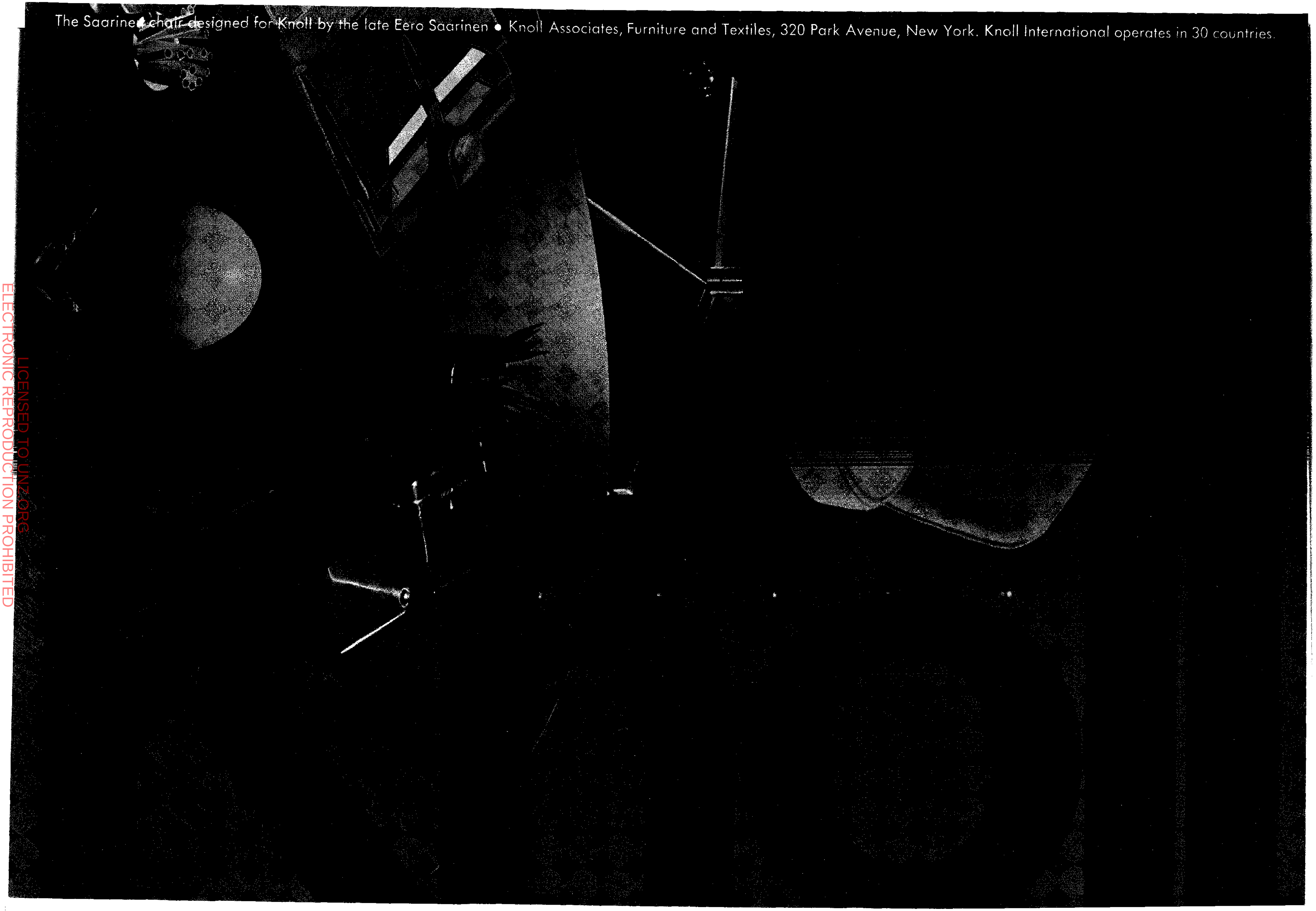
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. The Everly Brothers share the stage with a vital-sounding group called McKendree Spring. On Wednesday, June 18, they will all give way to the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A congenial downstairs coffeehouse where the sound, at the moment, is folky. Ian and Sylvia and singer-guitarist David Rae will play through Saturday, June 14. Thereafter, blues will be dominant. Shows start at eight-thirty and eleven. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting



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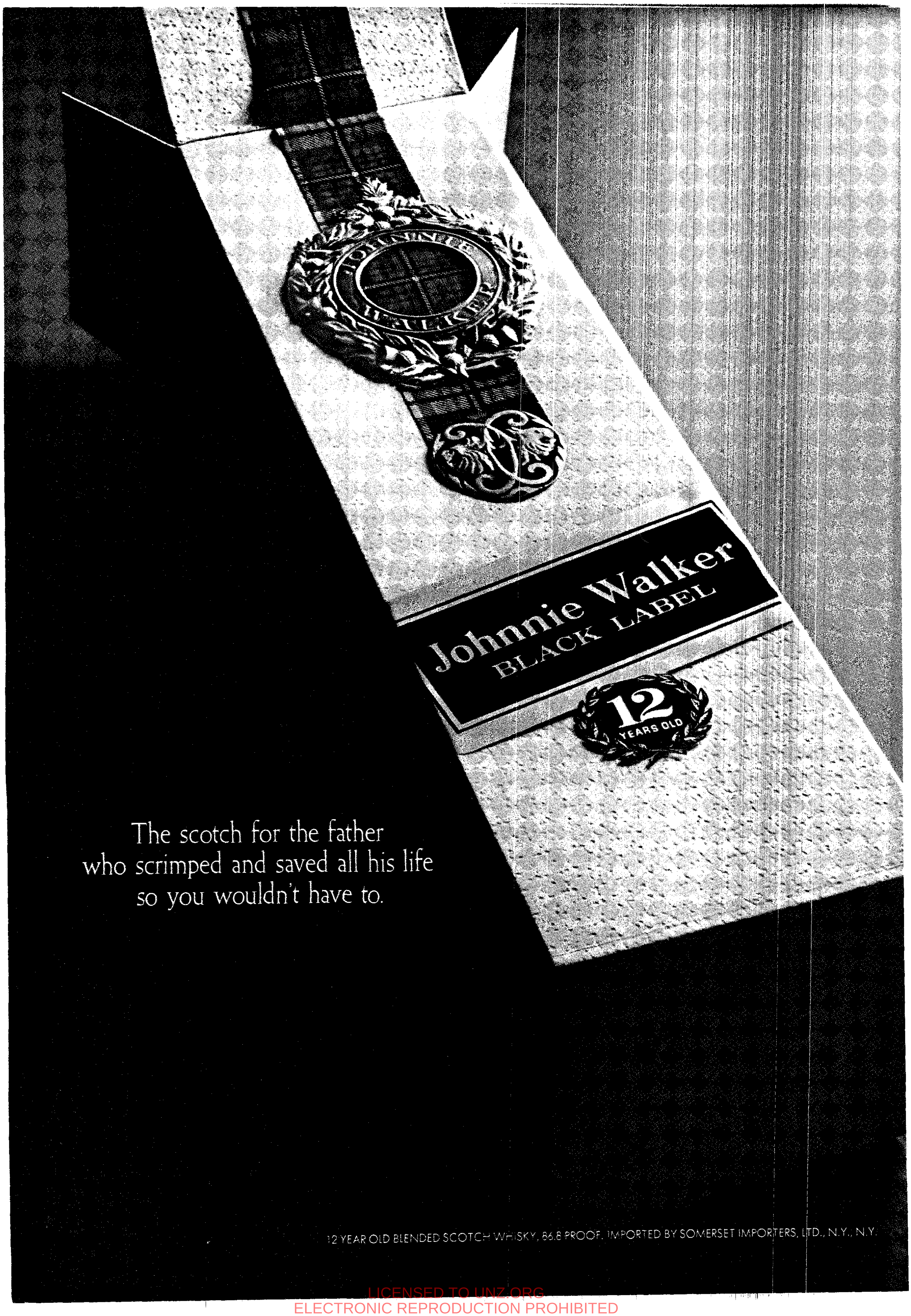
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The scotch for the father
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12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.

that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Brew Moore-Bill Berry quintet plays hardily enough. Fridays through Sundays, singer Anita O'Day joins them and—one surmises—loves every minute of it. The music begins at about nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Freddie Moore, and Marshall Brown play Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at about nine (at about seven on Sunday), music by Roland Kirk's active quartet. On Tuesday, June 17, Freddie Hubbard's quintet will take the stand. On Mondays, from nine, various jazz combos perform.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about ten-thirty, the Ahmad Jamal trio plays for drinking and dining. On Tuesday, June 17, Gary Burton's swinging quartet will take over. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Blues guitarist B. B. King alternates with a thirteen-man outfit named the Lighthouse. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Esther Marrow, who has soul and then some, is one of those rare, totally real performers who come along all too seldom. She sings nightly, trading sets with Thelonious Monk's quartet. On Tuesday, June 17, they will give way to the Charles Mingus quintet. Starting time is nine-thirty, in theory. On Saturday, June 14, from five to nine, Artie Simmons and the Jazz Samaritans will play before the evening session, and on Sunday, June 15, from five to nine, Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble will do the same. Mondays are reserved for the large and penetrating Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of live groups. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Hey, Jude"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Far Cry until Tuesday, June 17, when Cyrus Erie will start a gig. Wednesdays, beginning at eight-thirty, are blues nights (mainly listening, with some dancing to records): On Wednesday, June 11, the blues artists will be Slim Harpo and the Ed Young Fife & Drum Band; on June 18, the performers will include Otis Spann's band and the Chicago Blues All-Stars. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by the Bob Francis quartet. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees awhile, you might. Dancing to records from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Credibility Gap. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging rec-

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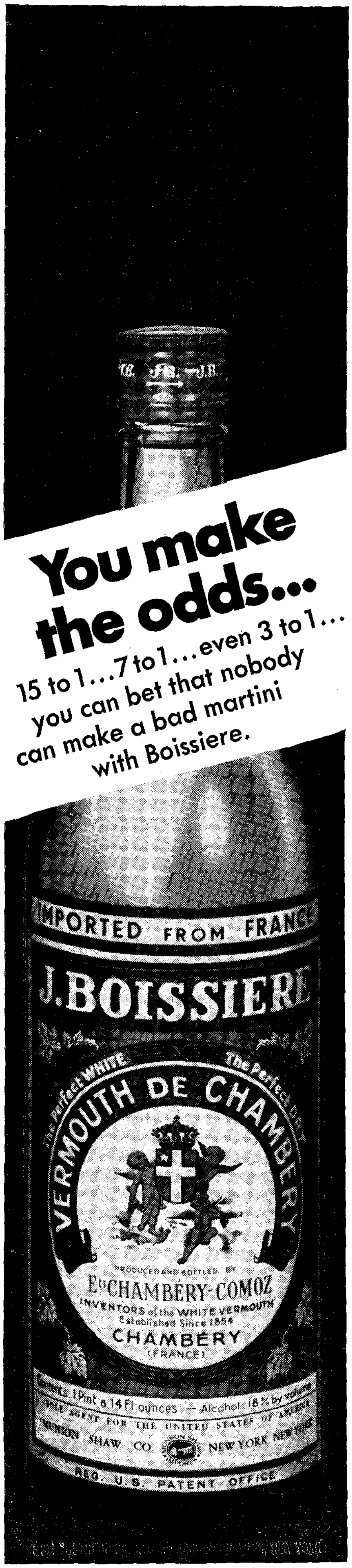
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ords, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(*Dining, too, unless noted.*)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A fine way to run a dinner-through-supper *dansant* is how the Café Pierre looks and sounds all the time. Music—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The seats of the mighty at Tintagel are empty, but the memory lingers on. Music ad infinitum, some of it taken from life (Lester Lanin's smoothies) and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The sporting life is always under wraps in the restaurant, even though it goes on as late as one or two. The music comes from Ernie Warren's light cavalry. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—Argueso's Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—sock-and-roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—From Wednesday through Saturday each week, there stands (and delivers) Joan Rivers, a wispy but also wiry and often witty girl who probably wears a karate belt under that cheerful frock. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian; Turkan offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre;* and Yoel Dan's trio is also present. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Blithe are the spirits of "Free Fall," the incumbent toy revue (the spiritual adviser was, after all, Ronny Graham), and blithe is the complaint-about-everything department they run. The leader of the pack is Patti Deutsch. Except on Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box offers a hands-across-the-sea arrangement: from Wales, Mary Hopkin, whose soprano has the blessing of the Beatles; from Greenwich Village, Charlie Manna, who lives by his own wit, not the wits of others. They clear out on Saturday, June 14; on Monday, June 16, Flip Wilson, a sharpshooting humorist, and generally a neat one, moves in. The Lee Evans orchestra, which stays on, sounds the way all dance bands should. Closed Sundays.

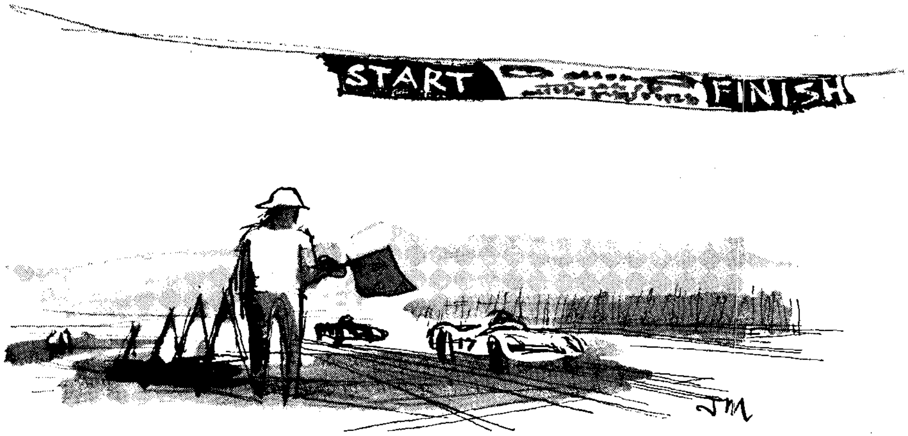
CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The age of chavalry returns as the light-horse regiment of Los Chavales de España deploys across the stage. The occasion is a sentimental, even grandiloquent one, but this marching, singing band carries it off. Twice every night, and three times Saturdays. . . . ¶ Domingo Alvarado, who bemoans the fate of all Iberian lovers in such touching flamencan tones, has returned to the theatre-in-the-round Flamenco Room, where he shares the podium night after night with the guitar of Emilio Prados.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Smokey Robinson and the Miracles (hot-shot song) and Dick Lord (jokes) depart on Wednesday, June 18; next evening brings on Jackie Kahane, down from the streets of Montreal with rough-and-ready (but pretty funny) comedy, and a singer named Steve Alaimo. No dark nights, ever. . . . ¶ The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegaries of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit by the Pacesetters, who take no nights off.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—On Thursday, June 12, the current bands (Roy Eldridge's quintet, for which Jimmy Rushing's voice serves as Gabriel's trumpet, plus a trio involving Milt Hinton, Don Lamond, and Marty Napoleon) blow merrily out to sea; one night later, Wild Bill Davison's cataclysmic horn checks in, along with his Jazz Giants and the threesome belonging to the everlasting Teddy Wilson. Muriel Roberts, who gives her piano many a first-class passage, remains on duty. Six-thirty until two. Closed Sundays; no (regrets!) dancing.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, an Italianate tenor for whom *diminuendo* is *démodé*, flourishes and fulminates during the dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room; the band run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders work out all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the threesome of Mousie Alexander, which does the exercise music for the customers, is contemporary, and so is the for-listening-only trio of Ramsey Lewis. On Tuesday, June 17, the Americana Brass will succeed the Lewis crew. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until nine, though not on Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL



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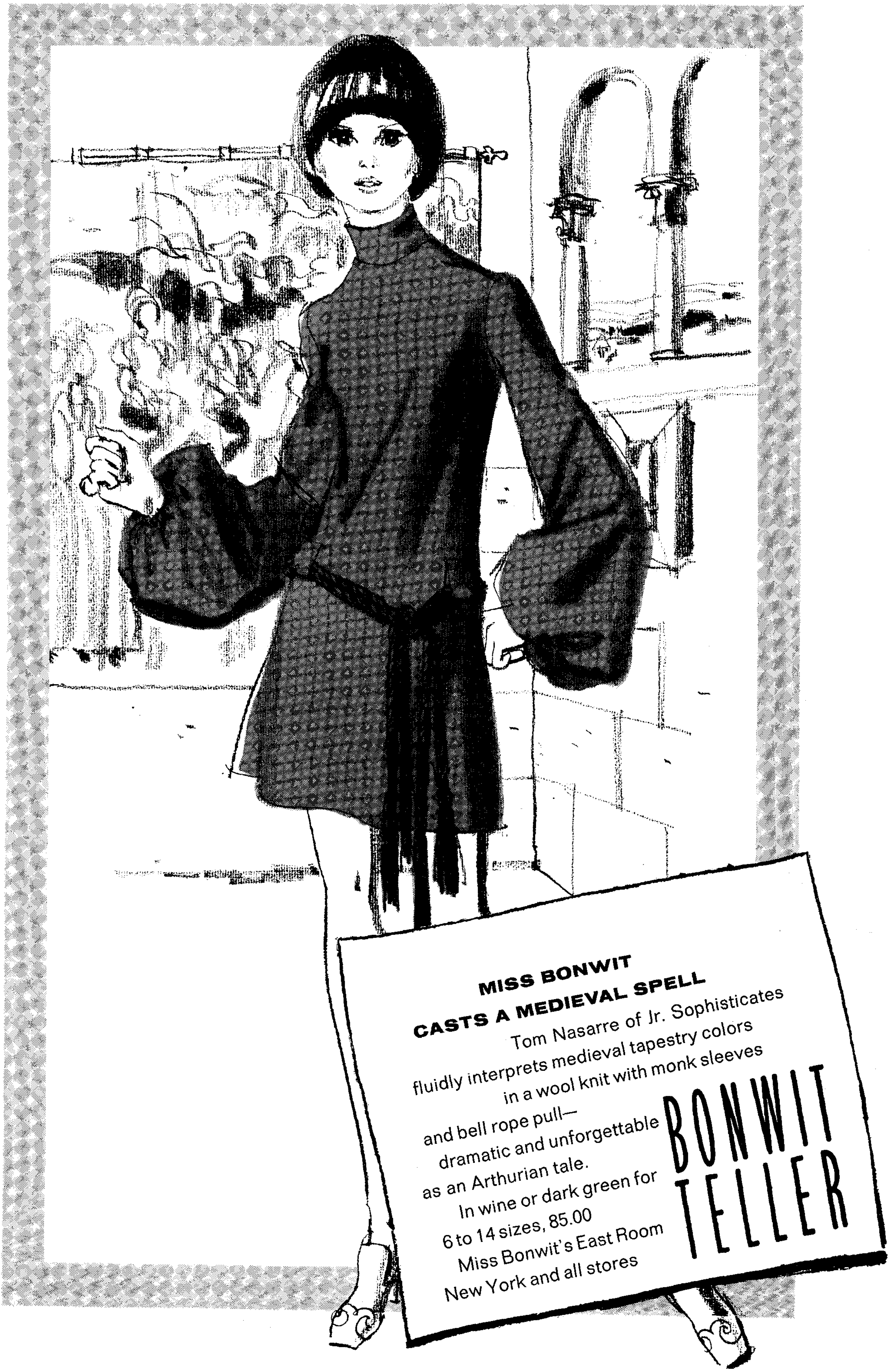

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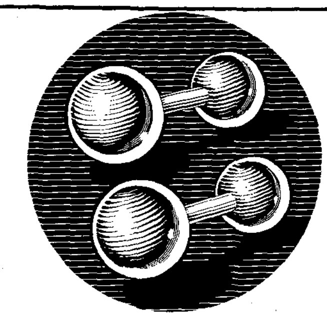

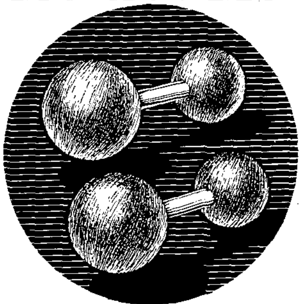

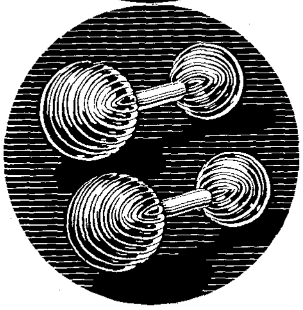

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3-4500)—The Maisonette, the city's leading *bibliothèque*, is a traditional gathering place for those who dance as they read, for which purpose the management supplies grandiose bookstalls and the energetic dance bands of Quintero and George Cort. In the course of the evening, there are outbursts by Him, He & Me, whose book learning may be vague but whose folk and country music is not. The enterprise goes on summer holiday as of Saturday, June 14. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, is, by comparison, Walden Pond—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time (3/4 time, anyway). Closes for the season on Saturday, June 14.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The menu for both dinner and supper in the Empire Room is made up of Mexican jumping beans, prepared practically at your table by Trini Lopez, guitar-bearing minstrel. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Abandon all mope, ye who enter these portals, for the double, but never double-or-nothing, piano of Louis Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, which takes root around eight, offers upbeat by the yard. Fraternal freewheeling from then until early morn. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The campus of a night school devoted to the lively arts. Chuck Wayne's triad is the dean. No music Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal progress—a joint project of the customers, the directorate, and the amusers. These last are Bobby Short, singer of songs in which the Devil can't take even the hindmost, and his blithe sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Nine-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): You wouldn't want to live here, but you can pay it a visit to hear Charles De Forest embellish the larksome and/or languishing songs of the demimonde. He is absent Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Hungarian musicians are fond of perpetual motion, and in this side street, unhampered by city traffic laws, they pursue their favorite sport. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band; Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fashionable watering place, even though most of the guests go there to take the rums instead of the waters. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, one can brush up on cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of itinerant minstrels, who commence at eight or nine and float about until one or two. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Grenadier,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The minimum speed is 78 r.p.m., the pace at which the staff whiles away its working hours with swatches of any Italian opera that happens to be lying around. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, where Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): *Toujours la politesse.* From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their benevolent way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **Rembrandt Room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The course of Empire (Austro-Hungarian, of course) runs smooth, to the tune of George Feyer, a conversational though conservatory pianist. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **Essex House,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Seated at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Polo Bar,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . **Umberto,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrois from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays; no music Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Martin Chirino—Forged-iron sculptures, some chrome-plated, some painted, and some enamelled; through Friday, June 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Christensen—Spray paintings in brilliant metallic colors; through June 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Clem Clarke—He copies Copley (John Singleton); through June 27. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

James Earle Fraser—Bronzes made from plaster models by a leading early-twentieth-century American sculptor; through July 3. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Stanley Frey—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, June 14. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St. Open Saturdays.)

Mimi Gross Grooms and Red Grooms—Drawings and watercolors of Europe; through Friday,

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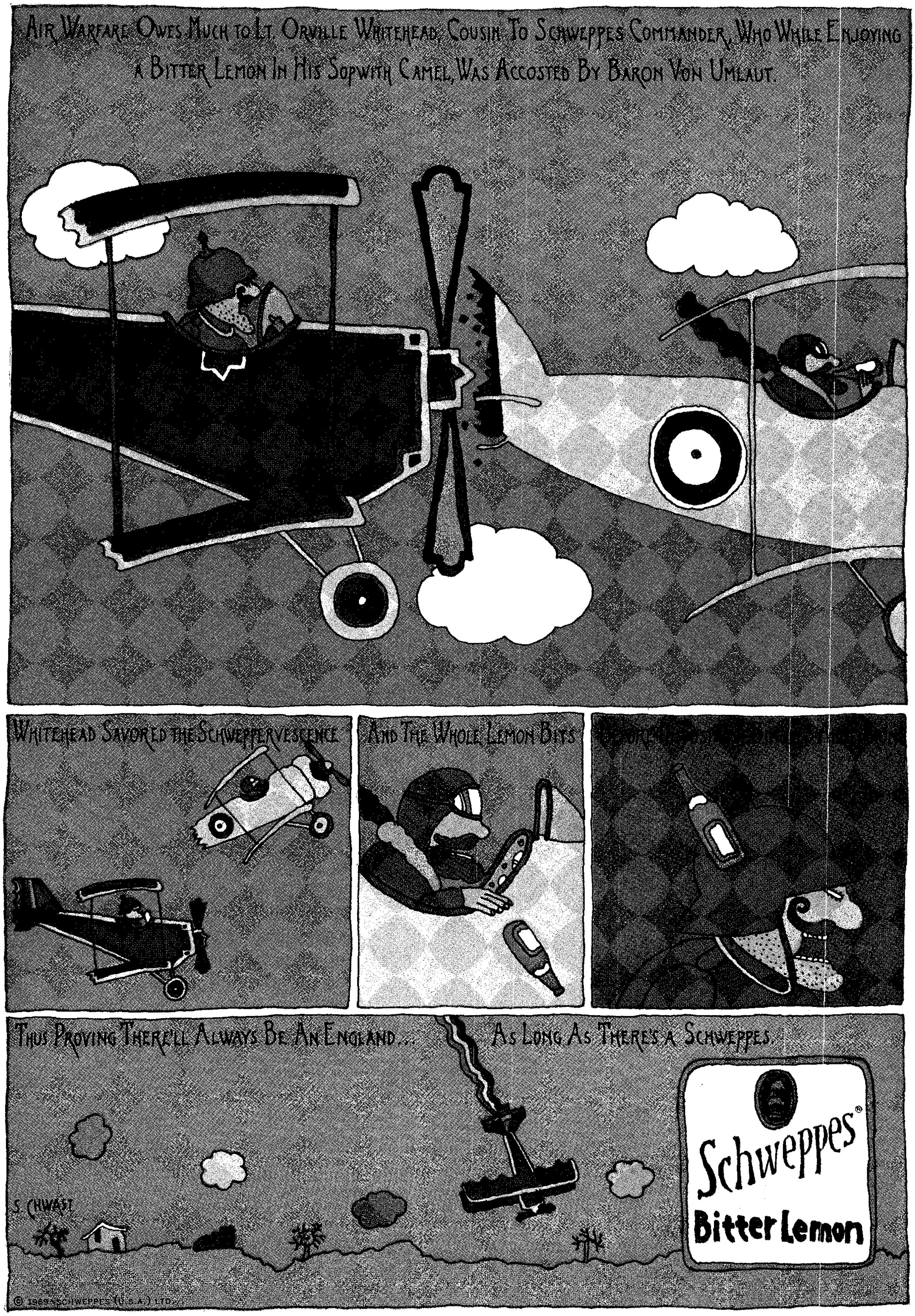
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June 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—The second half (1959-68) of a retrospective of paintings by a Viennese who has gained notice in international exhibitions but whose first one-man show in New York this is; through June 27. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kandinsky, Franz Marc, and August Macke—A large showing of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through June 27. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Robert Kaupelis—Paintings based on the figure; through Friday, June 20. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Klein—Abstract Expressionist landscapes and abstractions; starting Monday, June 16. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St. Open Saturdays.)

Howard Kottler—Porcelain plaques with Surrealist images; through Friday, June 20. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Leroy Lamis—Cubes made of translucent Plexiglas; through Saturday, June 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Luciano Minguzzi—Figurative sculptures, including studies for a door of the Cathedral in Milan; through June 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruce Nauman—Glass panels, in which 3-D images of the artist are seen, illuminated by green light, plus a closed-circuit-TV depiction of activities in his studio; through Saturday, June 14. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Gray paintings, some of them introducing the male nude; through June 27. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Watercolors; through June 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Stephen Pace—Figurative oils and watercolors by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Friday, June 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Richards Ruben—Drawings with Abstract symbols; through Friday, June 20. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Michael Secter—Sculptures in aluminum, steel, and Plexiglas, which spectators can move around; through Tuesday, June 17. (Artzt, 142 W. 57th St.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Constructions in mixed mediums; through Saturday, June 14. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff are some of the gallery artists represented in an exhibition of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.)... **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Words—as words—are the subject of works by such artists and poets as De Maria, LeWitt, Smithson, Rauschenberg, John Perrault, Michael Benedikt, and Hanna Weiner; through Wednesday, June 18. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Jack Beal, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley; through July 31. (Open Saturdays.)... **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A few of the artists in a show of paintings by leading Americans of the first half of this century are Homer, Hopper, Dove, Henri, and Max Weber; through July 25. (Open Saturdays.)... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Large paintings by gallery artists; through July 18.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Western American art by Remington, Russell, Catlin, Bierstadt, and others; through July 3.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Two hundred years (1750-1950) of American paintings; through Friday, June 20.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Watercolors and drawings by twentieth-century artists, including Feininger, Hartley, Marin, Prendergast, and Sloan; through Friday, June 13.... **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Drawings by prominent twentieth-century American painters and sculptors; through Friday, June 13.... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by Alechinsky, Bissier, Sugaï, and other gallery artists; through July

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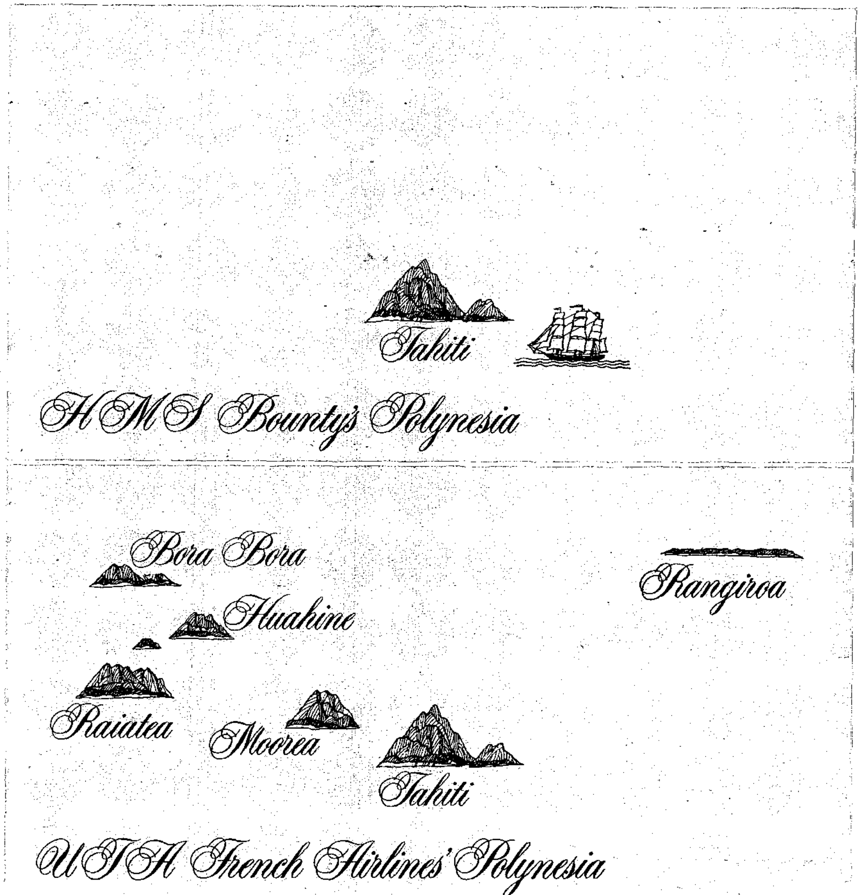

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11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER,** 119 E. 57th St.: Eighty-five paintings and drawings by artists of the Nabi group, including Bonnard, Vuillard, and Gauguin; through Saturday, June 21. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists with studios in downtown Manhattan, among them Methfessel, Kadish, Tulchin, and Baranik; through June 26. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works selected from items shown in the gallery during the past season by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; through June 27. . . . **PHOENIX,** 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: More than a hundred drawings, prints, and collages by Rosenquist, Grooms, Dine, Albers, Calder, Lichtenstein, and Lester Johnson (to name a few); through June 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists (for example, Cavallon, Brandt, Baber, and Boardman) and a few invited ones; through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, Walt Kuhn, and others; through July 18. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists, a few well known, exploring the aesthetic possibilities of TV; through Saturday, June 14.

SCULPTURES—At **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Arp, Maillol, Barlach, Matisse, Moore, Calder, and Giacometti are among the artists represented in a survey of twentieth-century works; through Saturday, June 14. . . . **NORDNESS,** 236 E. 75th St.: Contemporary American sculptures designed as water-and-light fountains by, for instance, Milton Hebald, William King, David Porter, and Ronald Stein; through Friday, June 20. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART,** 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About eighty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; starting Friday, June 13. . . . ¶ Seventeenth-century Florentine paintings, drawings, and sculptures from American collections. Columbia University collaborated in the exhibition. Through Sunday, June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through June 30. (Week-

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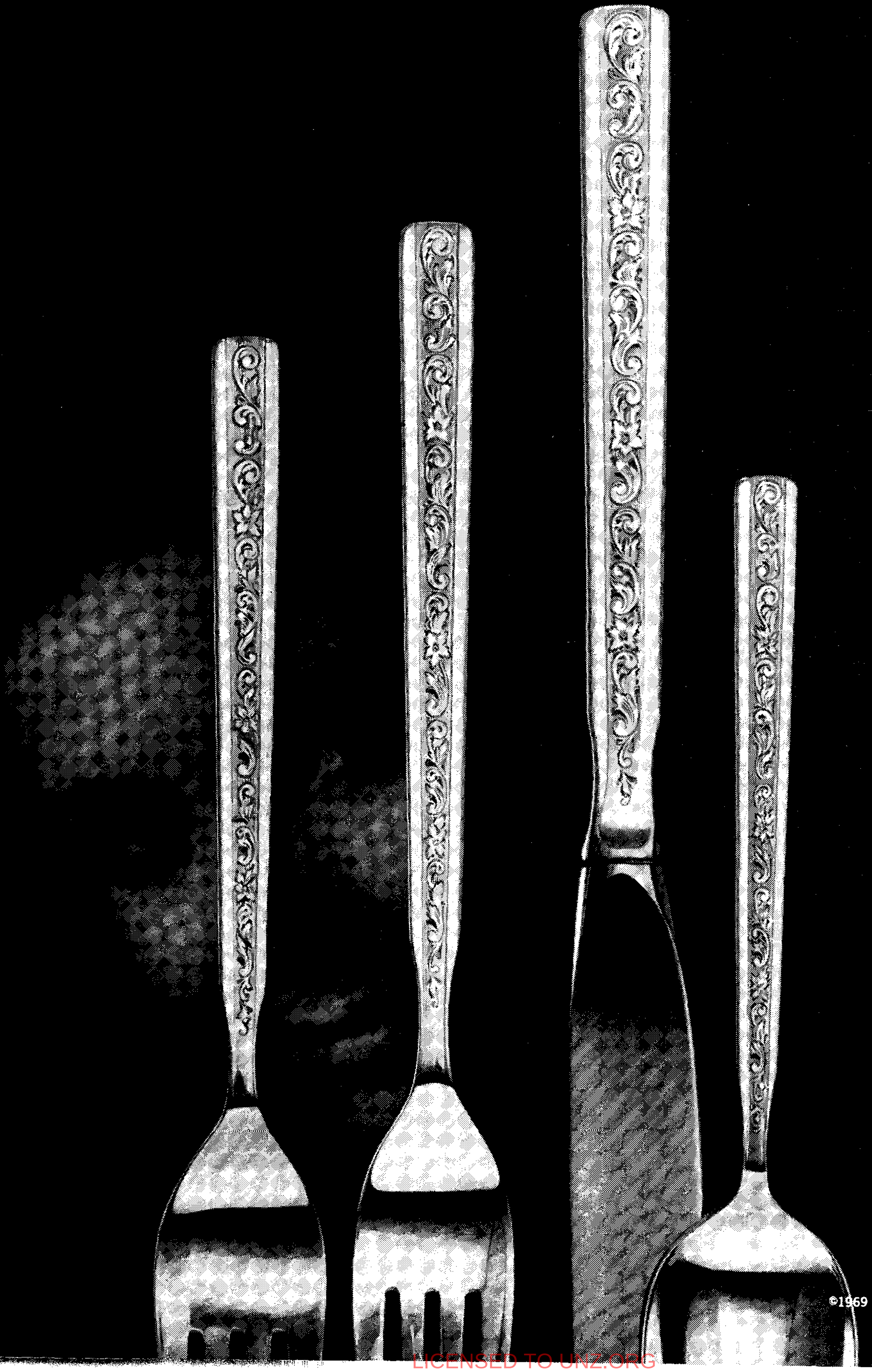

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days, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the sculptures and other creations of Jean Arp from the earliest works in 1903 to his death in 1966; through June 29. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty oils, watercolors, egg-tempera miniatures, and prints by Julius Bissier, a German refugee in Switzerland, who died in 1965; through June 29. . . . ¶ Thirty paintings and sculptures by nine young artists in an exhibition intended to reflect "a broad spectrum" of current work in Europe and the United States; through June 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, sculptures, films, and music, mostly created for an exhibition called "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials," and meant to exist only for the exhibit's duration, by twenty-two artists, among them Carl Andre, William Bollinger, Eva Hesse, Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Robert Ryman, and Richard Serra; through July 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions comprising some hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, and prints by sixty-seven artists, thirty-three of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through June 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-nine paintings, drawings, and watercolors by the contemporary Florentine Pietro Annigoni (best known for his portraits of the British royal family), including landscapes, allegories, and non-royal portraits; through June 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The treasure chest of the Morgan Hall has been reopened to an array of minerals and gems, among them the Star of India, the DeLong Star Ruby, and the Midnight Star. The whale is downstairs. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, graphics, posters, sculptures, furniture, and objects of art in the Art Nouveau style; through Sunday, June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social realist Philip Evergood; through June 29. . . . ¶ Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About two hundred articles, such as books, boxes, and tapestries, designed by a hundred prominent American and European artists, among them Oldenburg, Christo, Arman, Vasarely, Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Man Ray; through June 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.). . . ¶ A selection of drawings in various mediums by Reginald Marsh, documenting his work as book illustrator; through Monday, June 16. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Several very large works apiece

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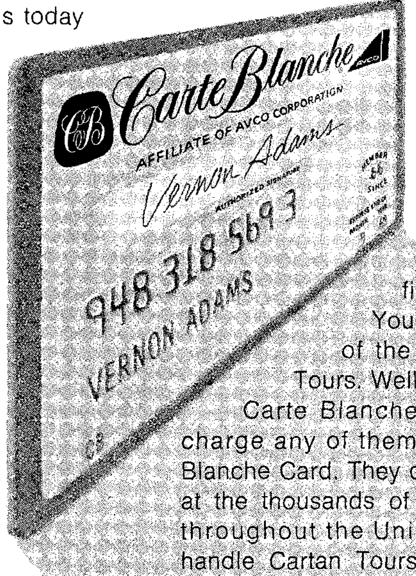

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by four artists; through July 13. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final performances of the season. Wednesday, June 11, at 8:30 (with David Bar-Illan, piano); and a program of French music on Thursday, June 12—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—and also on Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, all at 8:30 (with Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano).

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**prospect park**, Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 11, at 8:30 (rain date, June 12), "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . **botanical garden's daffodil hill**, Bronx: Friday, June 13, at 8:30 (rain date, June 15), "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . **crocheron park**, Bayside: Saturday, June 14, at 8:30 (rain date, June 15), "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, George Shirley, and William Walker. . . . **clove lakes park**, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and William Walker. . . . **central park's sheep meadow**: Saturday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil.

Riverside Park—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Lois Wann, oboe, and Harold Jones, flute. (Wednesday, June 18, at 8:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Mothers of Invention, Chicago (Transit Authority), and Youngbloods—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

Grateful Dead, Savoy Brown, and Buddy Miles Express—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

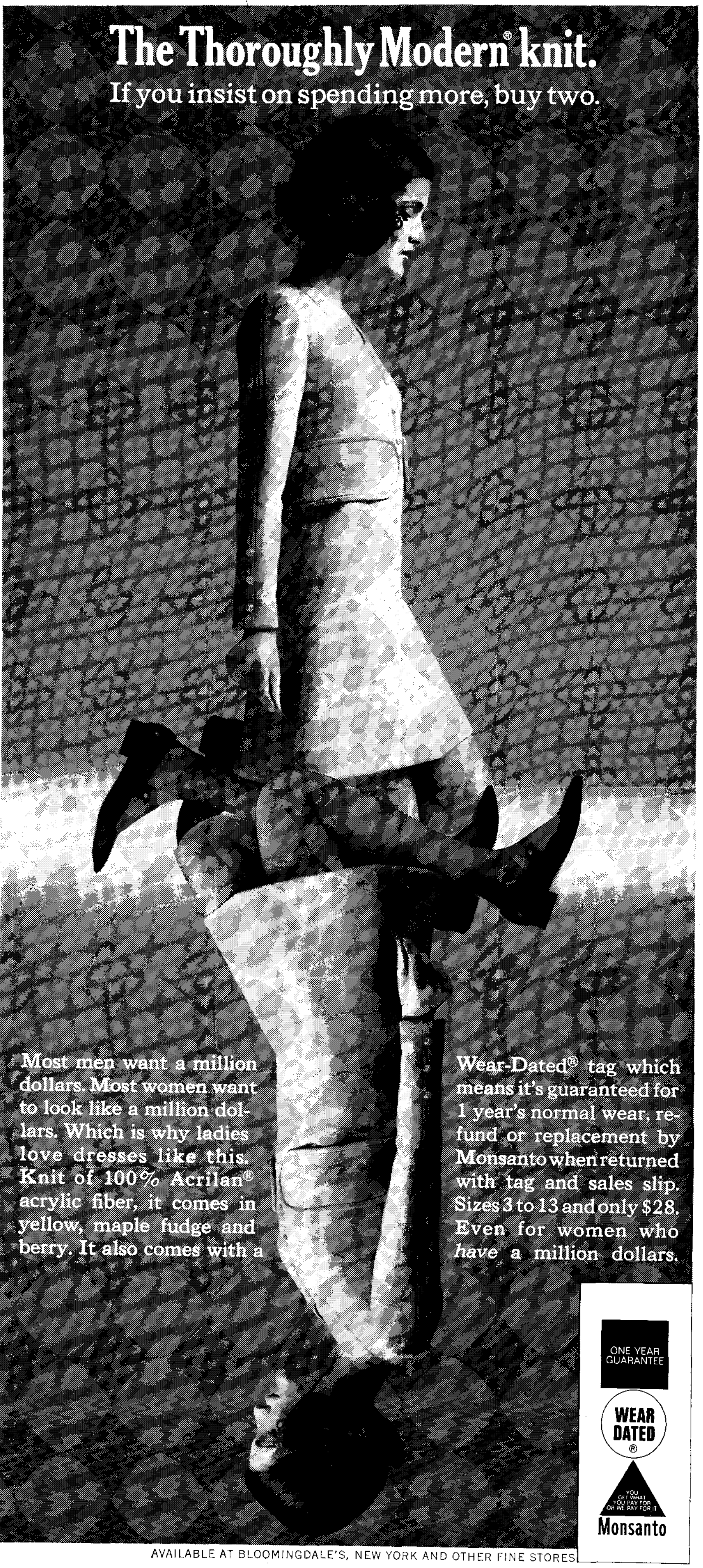
Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, June 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Seattle, Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, June 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Monday, June 16, at 8; Tuesday, June 17, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Wednesday and Thursday, June 18-19, at 8. . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 20, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 21, at 2:15.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 14; varsity race at 7.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 12-15.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 28. The Grand National Steeplechase, Thursday, June 12; the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 14; the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Wednesday, June 18; and the Coach-



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Understanding the

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The over-the-counter market is not a place. It's a *way* of buying and selling securities by *negotiation,* instead of public auction, as on stock exchanges.

Who negotiates, and how? Dealers and brokers. Some 4,000 of them —linked by a massive telephone and teletype network that stretches from coast to coast and around the world.

What kind of stocks are traded over-the-counter?

All the publicly owned stocks and bonds of all the companies not "listed" on stock exchanges are bought and sold over-the-counter.

About 3,000 stocks are available through the exchanges, compared to an estimated 50,000 on the *unlisted* market.

Over-the-counter securities range all the way from the most volatile penny stocks to the most conservative, gilt-edged Government bonds.

Many people assume that if a stock isn't listed on an exchange it somehow hasn't "made the grade."

Not necessarily true. Hundreds of companies which *could* qualify for listing on an exchange prefer to be traded over-the-counter.

Most important: when the securities of any company are offered to the public for the first time, they are always offered over-the-counter.

If there's an embryonic Xerox or IBM around today—this must be the place.

How do they do?

Last year, as a group, the average of the 35 leading securities that comprise the over-the-counter industrial index rose 72 points, compared to an increase of only 39 points for the Dow-Jones average of 30 N.Y.S.E. industrials.

Seven-Up and Diamond Crystal Salt *doubled.* So did Dravo. In fact, literally hundreds of over-the-counter stocks—such as Tappan, Eckerd Drugs, and Alco Standard—had price increases *exceeding* 100 percent.

However, to put the picture in its proper perspective, we hastily add that many of these stocks that went up double or more were very low-priced issues of a highly speculative character. Furthermore, a great many unlisted securities suffered *losses* last year, too.

What happens when you place an order?

From an investor's point of view, the procedures for buying listed and unlisted securities may seem pretty much the same. But there are differences at the broker's end. Big differences. And they could be important to you.

First, when you ask your broker to buy a *listed* stock, he buys it at *public auction* on an exchange. You pay the price that prevails for any buyer at a given moment.

All over-the-counter trading, on the other hand, is done by *negotiating, bargaining* among dealers and brokers. There is no set price at any one time. Indeed, there are frequently wide differences in price *between* dealers.

Second, when you ask your broker to buy a *listed* stock, he virtually always acts as your *agent.*

But in the over-the-counter market many stockbrokers may wear *two*

ver-the-counter market:

hats. That of an agent (a broker). Or that of a principal (a dealer).

As an agent, your stockbroker scouts the available sources of the stock you want, negotiates the price, and charges you a *commission* for his efforts.

As a dealer, he sells the stock to you directly *out of his own inventory,* either at a profit or a loss, adding a *markup* above the prevailing market price for his services.

Your stockbroker: the key

Obviously, as an *agent,* a broker must have facilities enough to be *able* to check a number of sources, be conscientious enough to *do* it—and be skilled in trying to negotiate the best price for you.

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As a *dealer,* a stockbroker may assume even more importance for investors.

The reason is simple. Tracking down stocks as an *agent* can take hours—or even *days.* If the price has been rising, you can end up paying more because of the delay.

But if your broker can put on a *dealer's* hat, and buy from you or sell to you from his own inventory (called "making a market" in a security), he is generally able to give you a quote and execute your order much more rapidly.

Thus, to a degree, the greater the *variety* of stocks and bonds in which your broker "makes a market," the better. And the *faster* he is able to handle your order, the better.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 21. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.)... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)... **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 21.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, June 21, at 2:45, and Sunday, June 22, at 2:30.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 24.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

YACHTING—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 14.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Wednesday, June 18), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOURS—"The City on the Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 15. Meets at the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—An open-air display of antique dealers and their wares. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 11, at 10:15 and 1:45: Drawings, watercolors, sculptures, and paintings from the sixteenth century to the twentieth; from various sources.... ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 1:45: Oriental art, including ivory carvings, snuff bottles, and Chinese early dynastic pottery and porcelain; from several owners.... ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 1:45: English and Continental silver, including a Queen Anne chocolate pot (London, 1702), a Swiss teapot (Lausanne, circa 1750), and a George III epergne (London, 1805); from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 12.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—N.Y.U., Wednesday, June 11; Harvard, Thursday, June 12; and Dartmouth, Sunday, June 15.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—June 11 at 2 and 5:30: "The Killing" (1956), with Sterling Hayden and Coleen Gray.... ¶ June 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Island of the Blue Dolphins" (1964), with Celia Kaye.... ¶ June 12 at 8: "My Side of the Mountain" (1969), with Tommy Eccles and Theodore Bikel.... ¶ June 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Misty" (1961), with David Ladd and Arthur O'Connell.... ¶ June 14 at 11:30: "The True Glory" (1945), a documentary of the war with commentary by Dwight D. Eisenhower and others.... ¶ June 14 at 3 and 5:30: Six Biograph films written by Anita Loos.... ¶ June 15 at 3: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith.... ¶ June 16 at 2 and 5:30: "The Social Secretary" (1916), with Norma Talmadge and Erich von Stroheim.... ¶ June 17 at 2: "The Southerner" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Betty Field and Zachary Scott.... ¶ June 17 at 5:30: "Brandy in the Wilderness" (1968), directed by Stanton Kaye.... ¶ June 18 at 2 and 5:30: "A Kiss for Cinderella" (1925), with Betty Bronson. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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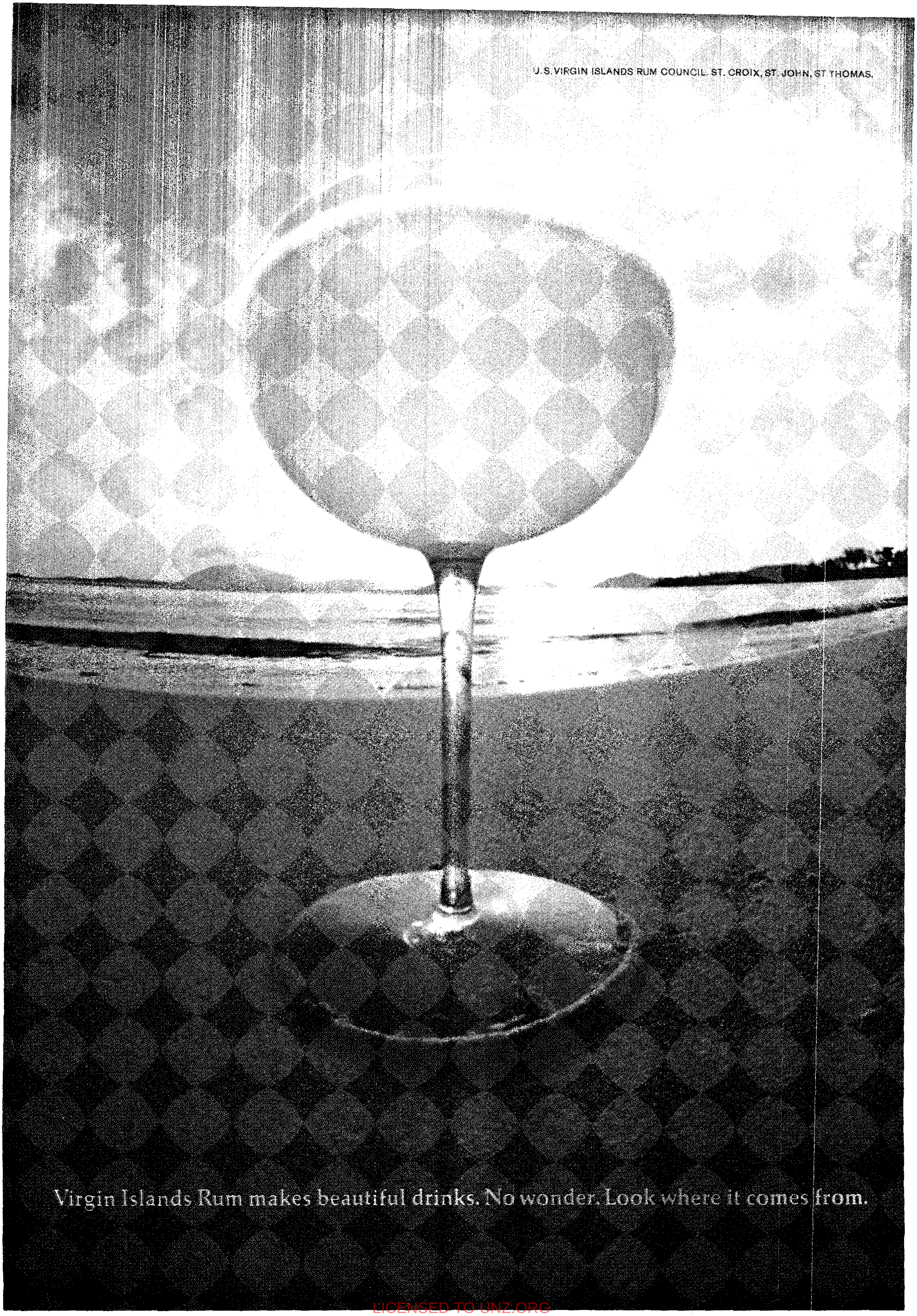
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting June 17.)

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

Barbarella—Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip stumbles along, but Jane Fonda may be the sexiest funny girl since Mae West. With David Hemmings. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 17.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 12-18.)

Bullitt—There are some good chase sequences around San Francisco in this low-key police melodrama, which is pointless and often dull, but efficiently directed by Peter Yates and well acted by Steve McQueen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through June 17.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through June 17.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 12.)

Le Départ (1967)—A Polish film made in French by Jerzy Skolimowski, about a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 14.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; June 12-16.)

Finian's Rainbow—Some of the whimsey in this message operetta is hard to take, but Francis Ford Coppola has done his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. He is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; Fred Astaire is there, too, and Tommy Steele. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting June 18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting June 18, tentative.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gates of Paris (1958)—Written and directed by René Clair, with Pierre Brasseur. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through June 15.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 12.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Richard Benjamin is very funny indeed in a film by Larry Peerce taken from Philip Roth's horrified novella about the Jewish skill in playing on guilt-strings. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Greetings—A pleasantly tawdry underground version of a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 18.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand in a sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through June 15.)

A Guide for the Married Man (1967)—A comedy about the pleasures and perils of infidelity, with Walter Matthau, Robert Morse, and nearly every other comedian you can name. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 18.)

Hard Contract—A thriller full of talk, most of it good and some of it blackly funny, about "a man of the extreme middle" (James Coburn). Lee Remick plays a tart-tongued birdbrain, and does it wittily. Lilli Palmer, Patrick Magee, Burgess Meredith. Directed and written by S. Lee Pogostin. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

How I Won the War (1967)—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war. Directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 13.)

If . . .—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 17.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Trivial but agreeable. The tidy comic performances of Peter Sellers and Joyce Van Patten save this from the ugliness and sourness that threaten at every moment (and sometimes take over). (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 18.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 12-18.)

King of Hearts (1967)—A comedy by Philippe de Broca of a First World War soldier waylaid by the inmates of a lunatic asylum and a zoo. In French and English. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; June 11.)

A Lesson in Love (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 14.)

Life, Love, Death—A killer of prostitutes is turned in to the police by his mother-in-law and executed. Directed by Claude Lelouch in approximately the same spirit as "A Man and a Woman." In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film adaptation of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 15.)

The Loves of Isadora—Karel Reisz directs this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced spectacularly by Vanessa Redgrave and acted by her with an observant mixture of High Romanticism and the astringent sense that often lies hidden in the Romantic's phenomenal drive. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 13.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness invents a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 16.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

Mexican Bus Ride (1951)—Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Mexican dialect. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 11.)

Midnight Cowboy—John Schlesinger directs James Leo Herlihy's story for horselaughs, but the movie is worth seeing for a look at Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, who play the cowboy and Ratso Rizzo. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. Playing with it is a basilisk-eyed short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday in Honolulu chatting about riot control. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Lola Montès—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown for the first time in its full form. His command of Baroque style and comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story in itself fairly trite—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through June 17.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—A film adaptation by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy. With Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 17.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist." (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Poor Cow (1968)—Carol White beds down among thieves in Kenneth Loach's adaptation of Nell Dunn's novel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 18.)

Popi—Alan Arkin in a rich part that includes a scene as a Puerto Rican busboy at a Cuba Libre banquet who is mistaken for a heroic veteran of the Bay of Pigs. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Muriel Sparks's witty novel has been handled rather conventionally by the director, Ronald Neame, but the material is so good that the movie is engaging anyway. Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on; Robert Stephens plays her lover, Celia Johnson her adversary. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn in a farce about Broadway. Written and directed by Mel Brooks. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 17.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking Japanese melodrama. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 11.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's vision of what men do on their last days on earth. A simple, lucid masterpiece, with a great performance by Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; June 11.)

Simon of the Desert—Luis Buñuel is in an unusually jovial mood in this playful little fable about the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 12-18.)

Three in the Attic—Christopher Jones as Paxton Quigley, the undergraduate who can't abandon promiscuity even after he has discovered love (with Yvette Mimieux), in a crude, unabashed exploitation picture that is occasionally funny. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 18.)

Warrendale (1967)—A progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, observed and recorded by Allan King. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; starting June 18.)

Winning—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward add *real* human interest to professional auto racing. Both the love story and the races are directed with great skill by James Goldstone. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Zita (1968)—A young girl, played by Joanna Shimkus, tries to cheat the time scale and spin out the night of her loved aunt's death. Directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 17.)

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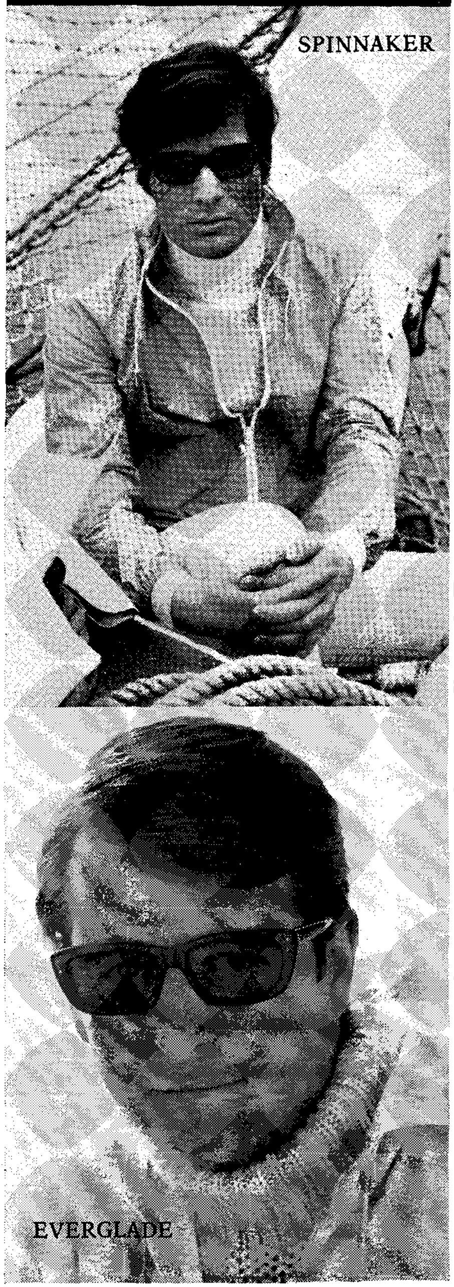

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
IF . . .

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 17: **NINOTCHKA**; and **CAMILLE.**
From June 18: **WARRENDALE**; and "Titicut Follies" (1967), a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 17: **ZITA** (in French); and "Joanna," Genevieve Waite.
From June 18: **GREETINGS**; and **POOR COW.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 17: "The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.
From June 18: **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
IF . . .

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
POPI.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through June 14: "Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.
From June 15: "You Only Love Once" (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
HARD CONTRACT.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
THE PRODUCERS.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 17: "Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies," Tony Curtis, Mireille Darc.
From June 18: "The Maltese Bippy," Dan Rowan, Dick Martin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 16: "Salesman," a documentary film.
June 17: Theatre closed.
From June 18: "Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Tree," Jordan Christopher, Eileen Heckart.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 17: **IF . . .**
From June 18 (tentative): **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 17: "Once Upon a Time in the West," Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale.
From June 18: "Mackenna's Gold," Gregory Peck, Omar Sharif.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Che!," Omar Sharif, Jack Palance.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
POPI.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
June 11: **SANJURO** (in Japanese); and **MEXICAN BUS RIDE** (in Mexican dialect).
June 12-18: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "Come Back, Africa" (1960), a semidocumentary film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 17: **THE ODD COUPLE**; and **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**
From June 18: **THREE IN THE ATTIC**; and "Wild in the Streets" (1968), Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LOLA MONTÈS (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 15: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** and **GATES OF PARIS** (both in French).
From June 16: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through June 15: "The Green Slime," Robert Horton; and "Heaven with a Gun," Glenn Ford, Carolyn Jones.
From June 16: Theatre closed.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 17: **BULLITT**; and "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.
From June 18: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 11: **SHAME** (in Swedish); and **KING OF HEARTS** (in French and English).
June 12-16: **DUTCHMAN**; and "Africa Addio" (1967), an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
From June 17: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954), Jane Powell, Howard Keel.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 12: "The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.
June 13-17: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom; and "For Love of Ivy" (1968), Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.
From June 18: **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sound of Music" (1965), Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
WINNING.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
LIFE, LOVE, DEATH (in French).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Fool Killer," Anthony Perkins.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through June 17: "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.
From June 18: "The First Time," Jacqueline Bisset; and "Sam Whiskey," Burt Reynolds, Clint Walker.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"2" (in Danish).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 11: "Barren Lives" (in Portuguese).
June 12-18: **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish); and **THE IMMORTAL STORY.**

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 17: **BARBARELLA**; and "African Safari," a documentary film.
From June 18: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 11: **MASCULINE FEMININE** and **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** (both in French).
June 12: **DARLING**; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.**
June 13: **THE IDIOT** (in French); and **M** (in German).
June 14: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** and **A LESSON IN LOVE** (both in Swedish).
June 15: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**
June 16: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
June 17: "The Thomas Crown Affair" (1968) Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway; and "The Swimmer" (1968), Burt Lancaster.
June 18: **HOW I WON THE WAR**; and **LE DÉPART** (in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

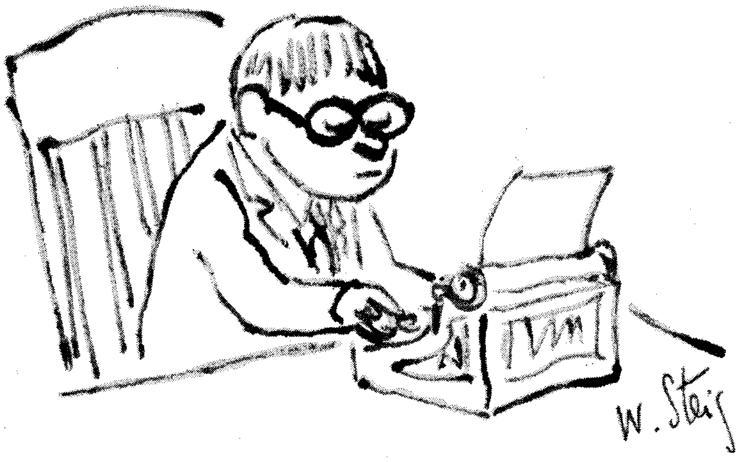
Notes and Comment

LATE last month, Charles Evers came to New York and made a speech. Mr. Evers is the man who, on the seventh of July, will become the first black mayor of the town of Fayette, Mississippi. He made his speech at a party given for him by some friends of ours, Arthur and Marian Logan, and listening to it gave us a great deal of pleasure. Mr. Evers did not prepare his remarks. He did not have to. We think what he said is the best speech we have ever heard by anyone running for or elected to the office of mayor. Mr. Evers said:

"All of us have won a victory in Mississippi. All the poor blacks, and all the concerned, scared whites. I'm not going to belittle the whites, because they need help, just as we need help. Whatever we have done was made possible by men like Medgar, John, Dr. King, and Bobby. Their lives made it possible not for Charles Evers to get elected but for all Americans in the state of Mississippi to have the right to go to the polls. They wanted to end hate and destruction in our country. This past Tuesday, part of their hope became a reality. Others came and helped us, too. John Lewis came, and he'd just got married. Paul O'Dwyer came all the way from New York just to be there. And many others helped us with their work and their prayers. This is not a celebration for Charles Evers but for all of us—the lesser-known and the better-known. I did nothing special. I don't deserve a pat on the back. It's my duty to do it. Everyone did it—doctors, mothers, fathers, pool sharks, and cabdrivers. I pray every day that I never become anything special. We've also got to mention Governor Rockefeller. He's one of the few whites who over the years has done something for the poor folks. We know that whatever happens in Mississippi affects the people in New York, and that whatever happens in New York affects the people in Mississippi. We're all God's children. He brought us all here. And those of us who are more affluent have something special to do. I don't mean being braggadocios. But He equipped us to go out and help our brothers. We're going to show the whites down there—the whites who have done so much to hurt us—that it's so easy to do good. We're going to say to all the blacks: Don't get mad, get smart. Don't shoot your brother, and don't bomb him. Just vote him out of office. Because the right will prevail. All the mean folks in this country will someday be gone. And then the country will belong to the good folks.

"You can't blame the kids for what is happening in this country, and you can't blame the blacks. It is the system which has kept *us* in the corner. But the black mayor and the black aldermen of Fayette are going to behave the same to everyone: young, in-between, old; black, white; rich, poor. We're going to prove this to white America. When you whites come to Fayette, you'll be able to drive there. And if you speed, we'll charge you the same amount we charge anyone. White and black, in our time, will pay the same cost of speeding—a dollar a mile per hour. Now, the mayor gets his salary from traffic fines. And when you win, I lose. I hope they put me out of business. When you get arrested in Fayette, you're not going to be abused. No policeman is going to strike anyone. If I ever hear of any policeman hitting any man, he will be fired in a moment. We are not going to tolerate any brutality. We need industry in Fayette. We got no jobs down there. We're seventy-five per cent of the population of that town, and sixty-five per cent of us blacks are on welfare. Twenty per cent of us are unemployed. The average level of education is less than the fifth grade. The average income is under a thousand dollars. There is not a single playground or swimming pool in town. It's not just the black folks who don't have these things. Nobody does. There are shack houses and no sewers. This is what white America has done to us. But we twelve blacks are going to make it better for blacks and whites. My dad always said, 'Don't ever destroy anything or anybody.' So we're all going to live and struggle together to make it a decent town. There are thirty-nine million poor folks in this country, and we blacks are only twenty-two million. That means there are a lot of poor Mexicans, poor Indians, poor Puerto Ricans, and poor whites—millions of all of us. That's why we're going to be mayor and aldermen for all our citizens. On July the seventh, we take office. On July the eighth, we are going to enact a law that will read something like this: 'Anyone found carrying a gun in this town will be sent to jail for six months.' There ain't nobody going to practice violence in our town. Then we'll issue an order saying that there will be no more discrimination in this town. And any contractor or shopkeeper—anyone—who doesn't comply is going to be prosecuted. Our schools will be open to everybody. There will be one school system, and that's all. Maybe what we do in Mississippi will help our black brothers and our white brothers all over the country. I'm only here to say: Let's help ourselves. Let's not cast anybody off, and let's not hate anybody. I'm not even going to hate that old chief of police, whom I'm going to fire on July the eighth.

"It can be done. It's got to be done. We got no choice. Please, any of you here who are sitting on the fence, get down off it on the right side. Thank you so much. Come visit us in Fayette. Have no fear."



N.A.S.A.,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:
May I suggest that in the forthcoming moon voyage—namely, Apollo 11—you consider using a lighter weight of fuel. My reasoning is as follows.

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Care-Ring

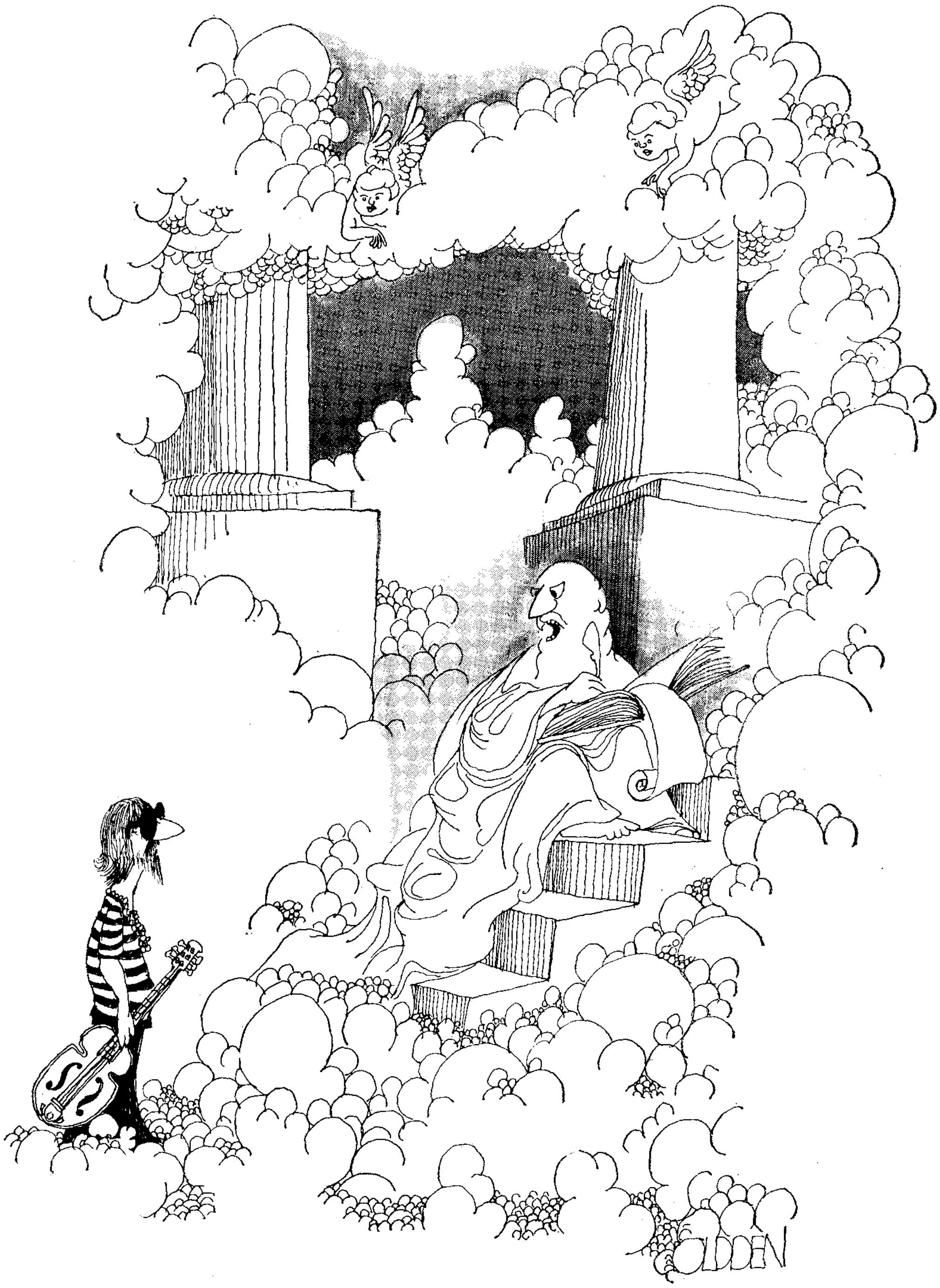
ONE of the notorious facts of contemporary urban life is loneliness. There are many lonely people here, as there are in other great cities, and some of these people, especially the aged, daily face the risk of almost mortal neglect. A few months ago, a local lady named Marion H. Parker started a service called Care-Ring to deal with one aspect of this situation, and we've recently had a talk with her about her new service. Mrs. Parker, a chic, lively divorcée with a son just out of college, told us that for seventeen-fifty a month each subscriber to Care-Ring receives two telephone calls a day from one of the service's "telephone companions." Subscribers usually choose a morning and an evening hour for their calls, but they are free to select any two times around the clock. In the morning, the telephone companion greets the subscriber cheerfully, tells him what the weather is like, and (if the subscriber is so inclined) chats briefly with him about, say, matters in the headlines. In the evening, the telephone companion may tell the subscriber what the night's radio and television highlights will be. A new subscriber to Care-Ring fills out an application blank that requires him to give the name and phone number of his doctor, his building superintendent, a neighbor, his nearest relative, and his closest friend; one of the registered nurses on Care-Ring's staff then calls the subscriber's doctor and obtains a brief medical history. The subscriber is told upon signing up with Care-Ring—and is frequently reminded thereafter—that if he doesn't expect to be at home to receive one of his regular daily calls, he is obligated to notify Care-Ring in advance. (He may receive his calls at another number or not at all, as he requests.) If Care-Ring calls a subscriber at one of the appointed hours and there is no answer, the telephone companion waits thirty minutes and then calls again. If there is still no answer, she notifies the doctor by phone and dispatches a nurse to the subscriber's apartment, after which she calls the neighbor and the superintendent, to arrange for the nurse to be let in. "The assumption that something has gone wrong has been right so far," Mrs. Parker says. "We haven't yet sent out a nurse on a false alarm. In one case, a subscriber—a bachelor in his forties—had sneezed mightily while shaving, had fallen on the bathroom floor, and had broken his hip. He knew our morning call was due and stayed put, certain we'd come to his rescue before long. When our nurse arrived, she called his doctor, who sent for an ambulance. He was taken to a hospital, where the hip was set. He was most appreciative. Another subscriber, a young girl, took an accidental overdose of sleeping pills. When she didn't answer her phone, we went into action and got her to a hospital in good time. She's fine now."

We asked Mrs. Parker how she had happened to think up Care-Ring, and she told us that she had resigned from a job in May, 1968, had taken a vacation, and was thinking about new jobs last October when she was felled by a nasty case of Hong Kong flu. "My doctor prescribed some medicine and told me to call him if I didn't get better," Mrs. Parker says. "My son always phoned me on Sundays from college, and this time I pretended everything was fine. His job is to study, and not to worry about his mother. Otherwise, the phone was silent. While I was lying in bed for ten days, I started to take stock. I realized that for the last seventeen years I'd been so busy working, night and day, that I had many acquaintances but very few friends. No one knew or really cared that I was ill, and why *should* anyone? I'd had several jobs since my divorce and been fortunate with all of them. I live alone by choice, and so my winding up alone and ill was my own doing. I had no right to feel sorry for myself. But I realized there must be many people who were far worse off than I was, and I decided to try to do something for them. During my ten days of introspection, the idea for Care-Ring came to me—perhaps because I would have enjoyed having someone call me regularly just to check up on me. When I recovered from the flu, I went down to the Census Bureau and learned that its estimate of the number of people in New York who live alone was seven hundred and fifty thousand. In November, I got up a letter describing Care-Ring, as I imagined it, and sent it to two thousand people listed in the Manhattan Directory, asking them to call me if they were interested. About two hundred people who replied did seem seriously interested, so I decided to pursue it."

Mrs. Parker spent the next few months launching the service. Banks don't lend money on ideas, so financing was one problem. Finding office space for the telephone companions and the nurses was another, because Care-Ring operates seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, and most office buildings prefer to close on nights and weekends. On February 24th, Mrs. Parker took on her first subscriber. "I wasn't quite ready, but the lady was frantic," she told us. "She kept calling me and saying she didn't want to be found dead in her apartment one day and have her poor dog go four or five days without food or being walked. I called her twice a day myself for a while. March 24th was my official starting date. Many of the subscribers are elderly people who value their independence and don't want to go to nursing homes; Care-Ring relieves them of much of the anxiety of living alone. One single girl with a nine-to-five office job lives with her very sick mother but subscribes for her, because the daughter can phone home only during her lunch hour. We call the mother at 10:30 A.M. and 3:30 P.M. The girl has told us that, thanks to Care-Ring, she now has the peace of mind to put in a decent day's work. A number of young bachelors use us simply as a wake-up service—we're cheaper than Western Union. Our telephone companions are bound by strict rules. They're not allowed to give out their names or any personal information about themselves, and they're pledged to hold whatever they hear in strictest confidence. They do try to be friendly, and they add to the subscriber's card file from time to time. They record such things as his favorite topics of conversation and his disposition. Telephone calls are limited to a minute and a half. I've heard that there's a listening service in London where for about three dollars an hour you can get someone to listen to you. The listener's task is simply to say 'Yes? And then what happened?' or 'Tell me more' every now and then. We advise subscribers at the outset that we're not a listening service. But we're prepared to answer a wide range of questions our subscribers may have—where to send out for Chinese food, for instance. We also have a special emergency number for subscribers to call if they should ever need sudden help. I have over five hundred subscribers now. One thousand is my break-even point, and I hope to reach it by July. I've already started to franchise Care-Ring in other cities around the country. I'm very proud of two facts—that my subscribers have recommended many of their friends and that I haven't lost a single original subscriber so far."

Takes

IT'S always an adventure to watch John Huston directing one of his movies—or, for that matter, to watch John Huston—and we didn't pass up the chance last week when he spent a few days here shooting some scenes for his latest movie, "The Kremlin Letter," which is his twenty-ninth, and is about spies and spying and various forms of low-life skulduggery. At sixty-two, Huston seems to have as much of a tendency as ever to attract dramatic characters and movie-like scenes to himself, so that he seems constantly to move as the leading character in one of his own movies. We started out with him on the morning after his arrival, riding with him in a limousine up through Central Park toward his first location, the Museum and Library of the Hispanic Society of America, at Broadway and 155th Street. He sat in a corner of the rear seat, his face browned, weather-beaten, furrowed, his hair gray and cut short, and his eyes narrowed against the smoke of a little cigar in his mouth. He wore a pale-yellow turtleneck under one of his self-designed bush-jacket suits (this one khaki-colored). Through the window, he regarded Central Park as though it were Kenya bush country. Next to him sat his eighteen-year-old daughter, Anjelica, a very beautiful, very tall, brown-eyed girl with elegant, Roman features and wearing an up-to-the-minute mini-costume; she is in New York understudying the part of Ophelia in a British production of "Hamlet." In what appeared to be considerable rapport with her father, she, too, looked at the Park through half-closed eyes. On one jump seat sat the producer of "The Kremlin Letter," an anxious but amiable young man, wiry, slightly built, and growing a villainous-looking beard—Carter De Haven III, grandson of a famous vaudeville performer of that name. Up front with the driver was Ernest Anderson, a longtime friend and aide of Huston's, who joined him in 1950, after combining Madison Avenue advertising and the production of concerts by jazz musicians in the nineteen-forties. This was the first day since Huston made "The Asphalt Jungle," in 1949,



"First off, get over to Supply and draw yourself a harp."

that he had arranged to shoot scenes for a movie in New York.

"Well, how does New York look to you?" we asked him.

Huston's face registered profound consideration of the question. He maneuvered the cigar to one corner of his mouth. He crossed his legs. He nodded to De Haven. Anderson half-turned in the front seat and waited for the answer. "Well, I'll tell you," Huston began. "My heart, my heart always *leaps* when I set down at Kennedy Airport!" He gave his full body as well as his full face to a laugh, uniquely Hustonian, and leaned toward us, putting his face right up to ours and taking a long time to let his laugh subside. *Cut.*

Heading north on upper Broadway, past the supermarkets and the tenements and the warm-weather sidewalk life of housewives, children, truck drivers, and loafers, we asked, "Do things look different from the way you remember them when you lived here?"

This time, Huston just talked. "When I was a kid, in the late twenties, there was such a wonderful variety of lives you could live in New York. I had the boxing at St. Nick's, the literary world of O'Neill and Anderson, the poetry of E. E. Cummings and Edna St. Vincent Millay, and the East Side social life, and it was wonderful to go from one to another. Harlem was one of the most creative places in the world. I used to love to go to the little clubs in Harlem. When I was twenty-two or twenty-three, I had a friend there named Billy Pierce, who ran a dancing school with a dancer named Buddy Bradley. Billy was getting old. And he walked with a cane. And Billy and I became very good friends. I used to go there in the middle of the night to watch Billy and Buddy make up dance routines." Huston paused dramatically. He puffed on his cigar. "One day. . ." He paused again. "One day, Billy said to me, 'Colored people fall out when things is going bad. White people fall out when things is going *good.*'" Pause. Hustonian, close-to-our-face laughter. *Cut.*

We stopped for a traffic light at Broadway and 144th Street. Two small boys crossing the street in front of our car looked at its occupants with a certain unfriendliness. One of them banged on the fender with a small stone and skipped away.

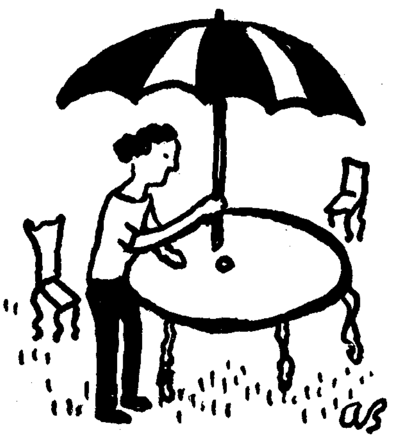
"New York has always been changing," Huston said. "In one's youth, one thinks it stands still, and one believes in absolutes. I came on a lovely metaphor this morning."

"What is it?" De Haven asked.

"I'm going to tell it to you," Huston said, lowering his voice mysteriously, then letting his laugh rise up in a nice crescendo, to subside in a fit of coughing. "I wouldn't dream of *not* telling it to you," Huston said. "I became very *fond* of this metaphor. It was 'These manifestations are just coming to the surface. Time is a slow-moving centrifuge.'" Pause. Laugh. Cough. *Cut.*

Into the Museum of the Hispanic Society of America. A bronze sign on the iron gates to the museum steps had been changed, for the scene in the movie, to read "The Tillinger Foundation." According to the complicated story of "The Kremlin Letter," the Tillinger Foundation was the front for a band of old-time spies who were enlisting a young American to take part in some anti-Communist dirty work. The young American was being played by Patrick O'Neal. Two of the old-time spies were being played by George Sanders and Nigel Green. The set was the front room of the museum—dark-red marble, with an open balcony running around the entire room, and, on the walls of both the ground floor and the balcony floor, large oil paintings by Goya, Velázquez, and others. Camera, dollies, lights, cameramen, crew, assistant directors, and the actors were waiting for Huston in the front room, along with the curator and overseers of the museum. Huston greeted everybody, then walked slowly toward a painting of the Duchess of Alba by Goya. He stood there quietly for several minutes, shaking his head in awe and disbelief. The Duchess of Alba looked coolly at him, a black lace mantilla covering her head and shoulders, one golden-sleeved hand on her hip, the other with a heavy-ringed forefinger pointing down to her delicate silver-and-gold shoes. "My God!" said Huston. "My God, isn't she *some*thing!" *Cut.*

The next morning, we met Huston at the location of his next set—the Central Park Zoo, in front of cages occupied by two baby gorillas, a black panther, and a lioness. In the movie, Patrick O'Neal and Nigel Green were going to be spying there on the daughter of a United Nations delegate from the Soviet Union. The early morning had been cloudy, threatening rain, and some of the crew were struggling with lights in case it stayed dark. As soon as Huston arrived—cigar in mouth, and wearing a light-blue version of his bush suit—the sun broke through the clouds.



"How do you do it?" one of the crew asked Huston.

"I make medicine in the morning, that's all," Huston said.

"It doesn't pay to monkey around with God," said the man.

"He smiled on this picture more than He did on 'The Bible,' I'll tell you that," said Huston, and he walked over to the cage of the baby gorillas and greeted them graciously. "Well. My goodness. Hel-*lo*, babies. How are *you* this morning?"

The baby gorillas leaped at the bars, as though Huston were a mother gorilla. De Haven came over and stood next to Huston, watching the gorillas, who were now working their mouths at Huston.

"Those are the babies," Huston said. "Aren't they the dearest, gentlest, most wonderful creatures?"

"Well, yes," said De Haven.

"A friend of mine has eight gorillas as pets," Huston said. "John Aspinall. He runs the Clermont, on Berkeley Square—the biggest gambling house in England. Just a beautiful house. And John Aspinall is a gentleman, an Oxford man. He lives out in Kent, near Canterbury. He invited me out to meet his gorillas. And I went into the cages with them. And, I tell you, they're the nicest people I've met in a long time." Hustonian laugh. "There was one young lady in the cage," Huston said, lowering his tone. "And she made it clear to me, if I sent her flowers—why, she'd go to the theatre with me."

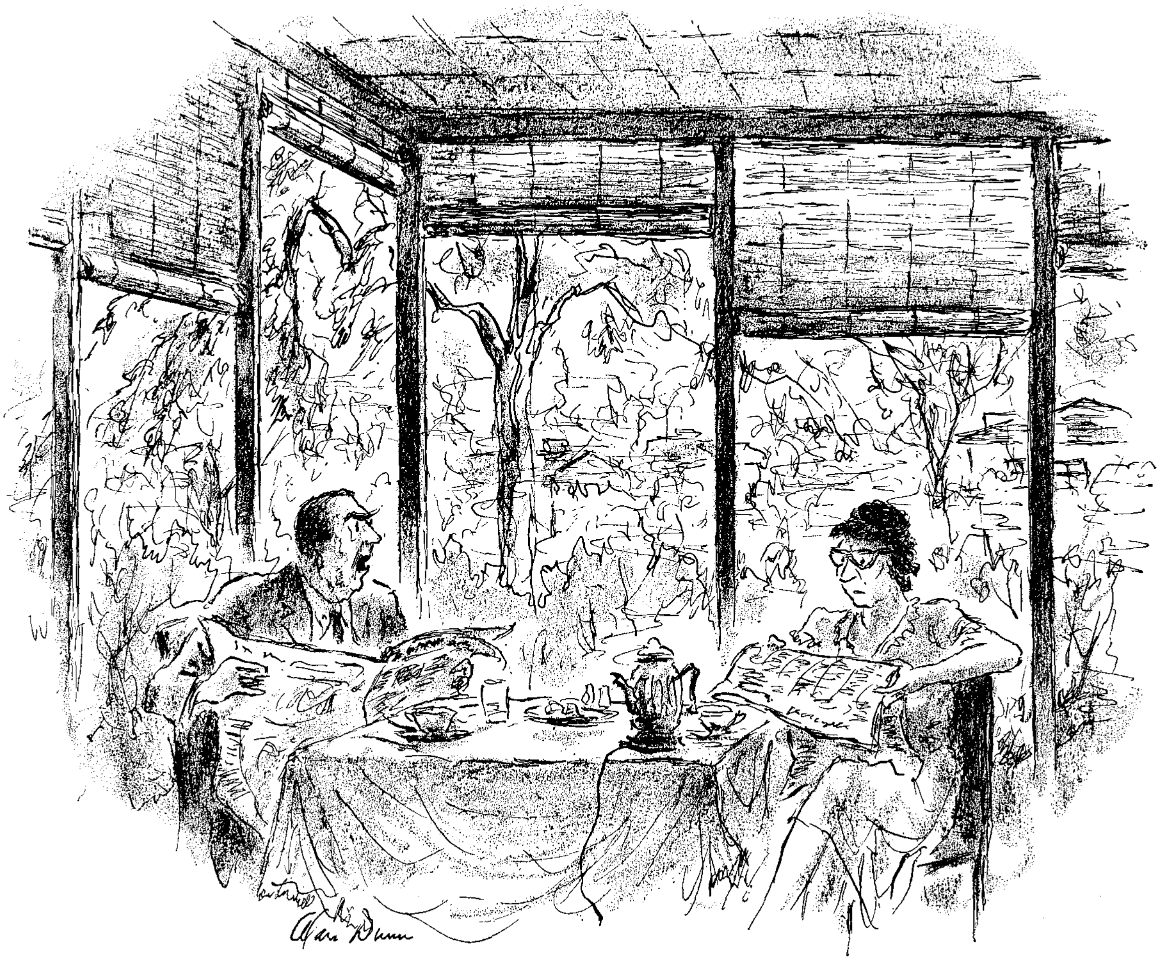
"I see," said De Haven.

"You go for walks with Aspinall's gorillas," Huston said. "He takes the gorillas out for walks, two at a time, holding each by the hand. I tell you, I'd love to spend the night in the cages with those gorillas, spend the whole *night* with them. To penetrate the *mystery* of it."

"Couldn't they break your neck?" we asked.

"Yes, but they wouldn't," said Huston.

"How come?" we asked.



"Be fair, now. The Supreme Court didn't invent sex."

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"Because they aren't that kind of people," Huston said, very softly. *Cut.*

Patrick O'Neal and Nigel Green were sitting on a park bench, the camera trained on them as they glanced around furtively, watching the Russian delegate's daughter while she sketched on a pad in front of the lioness's cage. Huston stood near the camera, waiting for the lighting to be ready. He was joined by Gladys Hill, the co-author, with Huston, of the screenplay for "The Kremlin Letter."

"I've just been to the Hispanic Museum," Miss Hill said. "It's just great. Tremendous."

Huston stepped away from the camera. "Did you see the Goyas?" he asked her.

"I did," she said.

"Three of the greatest Goyas I've ever seen," he said. "Unbe*liev*able Goyas. And those two Velázquez. Don't they make you *weep*?"

"They do," Miss Hill said.

"And they've got half a dozen El Grecos in there!" Huston said. "My God, those El Grecos! And the Roman glass! The doorknobs! The furniture! Everything! And done in absolute, beautiful taste. And all those people taking care of the place! All those wonderful, gentle, charming people."

"Anything in there you'd want to own?" we asked.

"Yes," Huston said, as though we were giving him an argument. "Everything!" *Cut.*

Another day of shooting "The Kremlin Letter" in New York. The Village. Location: Interior of a small coffeehouse on Macdougal Street. On the steps of a building across the street stood a large group of watchers—neighborhood people, mostly young, bearded, and costumed more outlandishly than a group of extras playing their counterparts, who were seated for the camera inside the coffeehouse. Huston came out of the coffeehouse for a breather. He was now wearing a short-sleeved version of his bush suit, in khaki. Someone had pinned an "Irish Power" button on his lapel. He peered at the crowd across the street. A boy wearing a boater and a sleeveless red undershirt waved to Huston, and he waved back. De Haven came over to him, and Huston said that Anderson was going to take him to one of the few places left in the city where jazz was being played.

"Ernie knows them all, and all the musicians love Ernie," Huston said. "You know, I want to tell you a story." He leaned toward De Haven, his manner highly conspiratorial. "One day, in Paris, Ernie introduced me to Dizzy Gillespie, and we spent a wonderful evening in one of those jazz places listening to Dizzy play. Some months later, I was in New York, and, through Ernie, I met Louis Armstrong, who invited me to be his guest at ringside at the Patterson-Johannson fight in Yankee Stadium. We arrived and sat down, and then Louis spotted Dizzy a few seats away. Louis called Dizzy over and introduced me, saying, 'This is Walter Huston.'" Huston paused, grinned, drew on his cigar. "Well, Dizzy shook my hand, and he said, 'Glad to meet you. I met your son in Paris.'" Laughter from everybody around, with Huston's loudest of all. *Cut.*

On the way back to his hotel, Huston stopped at an apartment-house development on La Guardia Place, south of Washington Square, to look at a huge, three-story-high stone sculpture, a reproduction of a head of a young girl by Picasso. Without saying anything, Huston walked around the sculpture a few times. It was late afternoon, and sunny, with a soft wind blowing. A small boy went past dancing, having a good time by himself. An old woman walked by with a Great Dane on a leash. A couple of teenagers were playing handball against a wall of the nearest apartment house. Still not talking, Huston started to leave. He rounded the corner of the apartment house, and when the Picasso sculpture was out of sight, he took us by the shoulder. We stopped. He looked secretive. He jerked his head in the direction of the sculpture. Very slowly, he drew us back toward the corner. "She's peeking at us," he said, in a whisper. Under his direction, we peered around the corner of the building, and, sure enough, there was the face of the sculpture, peeking at us. *Cut.*

MANDARINS IN A FARTHER FIELD

I'VE lived in Washington all my life except for going away summers and to college. Now I work here for Health, Education, and Welfare. In a report recommending me for promotion my boss said, "Mr. McEvoy is bright but not too bright." I got the promotion.

Before I became a dull bureaucrat, however, I was a spy. My death-defying mission was to attend the International Students' Festival at Helsinki one summer in the late fifties. I was at Yale, and some people who were in the same college with me got in touch with me. They were the local branch of the American Students' Union, which was sort of wishy-washy liberal, which was what I was, but they turned out to be in the pay of the government, which is what I turned out to be too. Anyway, they financed my trip over to the Students' Festival, where I was asked to talk it up with the Russian students and make reports on who seemed especially friendly. I assumed it was so that our people could get in touch with them and maybe proposition them, I didn't know for sure.

Of course, what happened was that the Russian students most eager to make friends were the ones who were supposed to find American students who were eager to make friends. Not too surprisingly we found each other. By and large we were the only ones who could afford to buy drinks for anybody else. We were very popular at the local taverns—well-behaved, affluent, cheerful. I suppose we did something for the local tavern industry of brave little Finland. I got the impression they'd never had it so good, so it was foreign aid if nothing else.

On the tenth day, one of the friendly Russian students took me aside. At that time I still lingeringly thought I might make a contact, so I got quite excited. He said (he spoke pretty good English), "My friend, we are having a very good time."

"Yes," I said.

"I also," he said. "But I am not sure how we should say it in our reports."

"Our what?" I said. "Do you mean . . ."

Looking at his face then I lost a preconception. I'd thought that the Russians had been somewhat maligned in our popular press, but I'd believed the part that made them out to be pretty crude from the point of view of being cool. The Russian smiled. "Ah," he said, "I am a very bad man."

I couldn't help laughing.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "Let us simply continue."

"Or continue simply," I said. This took him a while to get, which was what I hoped, so he wouldn't have the better of me totally. Cheap and stupid of me.

We spent more and more time together, and he never brought the subject up again. We talked about Billie Holiday, Jack Teagarden, Sidney Bechet. I suppose that's the great cliché about Russian students now—that they are as enthusiastic about jazz musicians as grade-school kids here are about baseball players. They have a crooning reverence in their voices as they go through a litany of the all-time greats.

My friend's name was Pavel. "Call me Paul," he said. I did until I figured out he didn't mean it. He took a sort of bearishly playful pleasure in adopting the clumsier manners of the Friendly Student Set.

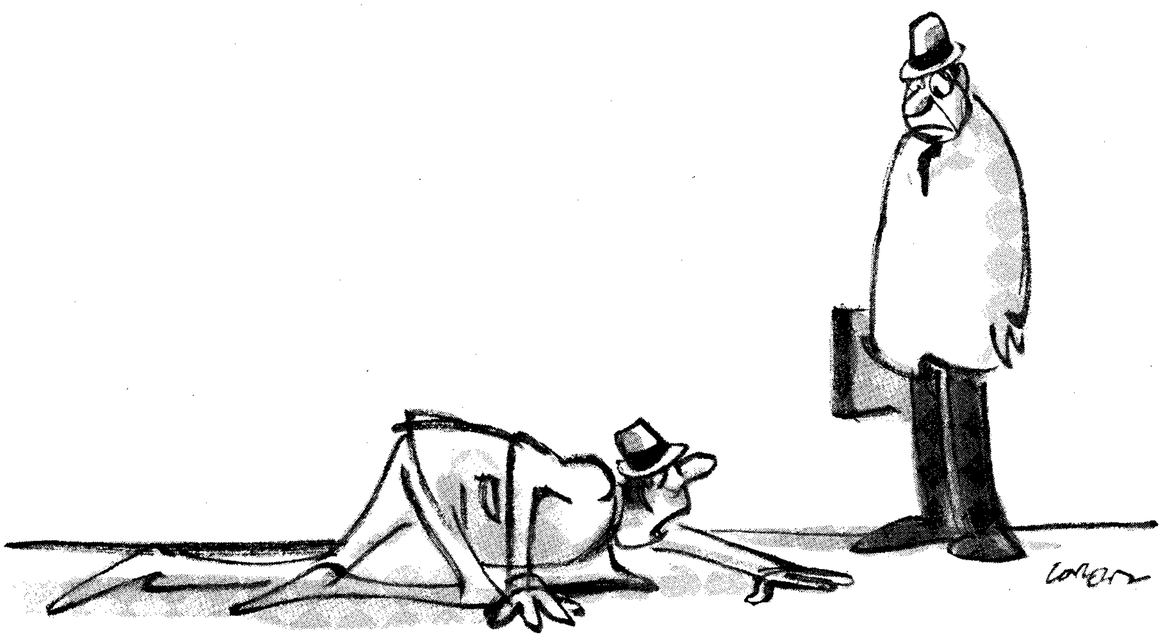
All in all, we did have a very good time. The only Communist students who were nasty to me were the French. But they were nasty to Pavel too. They called him a bourgeois revolutionary, the "revolutionary" being ironically rather than historically intended. Oddly enough, I got mad on his behalf at that. I said I thought he was "the real thing," whether they or I liked it or not. It was one of those moments of vehement, loud naïvety that still make me twist with embarrassment. Fortunately Pavel persuaded me to leave before I'd really waded in and said a few words about how useless France was during World War II. I had planned, too, to make them feel puny by quoting the Russian war-casualty statistics on Pavel's behalf. When I told him all this right after we left the French, he pointed out that neither of us had much to do with those statistics.

"The only way to win arguments like that is to be dead," he said. "That is all that has a chance to impress them. And even that . . . As for your 'real thing,' the 'real thing' is not a person. The 'real thing' that you mean is a romance, the 'real thing' that they mean is a theory, and the 'real thing' I think of is a machine."

"No," I said, still aroused to a lofty pitch of loyalty to friends and therefore to all human beings. "People are much more important."

"Oh, I mean people," he said. "People like you and me."

But I was sure that besides being embarrassed by what I'd said to the French students he'd also been touched that I'd been ready to go to bat for him. We went off and used some more of our expense accounts to buy drinks for ourselves and some Africans who turned up.



"Thank you, but I'm not looking for a contact lens. I'm crawling."

THE summer passed. We said goodbye. I went back and finished college. I

decided not to go right into law school. I decided I should work for one year at something that was indisputably good and got a job at H.E.W.

Three years later I was still there, even though I was, if not bored, at least physically restless. One day I sat down in the cafeteria in the basement of my office building, with my Salisbury steak and jello, and looked for the nine hundredth time at the Ben Shahn life-in-America murals. They're not bad—it's just that they weren't meant to be looked at nine hundred times. It was my own fault. I discovered I couldn't face another Salisbury steak and jello there. I went out for a walk.

I got as far as the huge concrete statues of heroic workhorses being controlled by huge concrete heroic workmen. They're right beside the Federal Trade Commission, across the street from the National Gallery. I tried to imagine the nineteen-thirties spirit that erected them. I was suspicious. My own devotion to service (I really do think H.E.W. is indisputably good) is so blue-button-down-collar and nine-to-five and progress-charts that I find it hard to conceive of the W.P.A. artist chipping away while his inner eye is on a personal vision of a new nation and a better world. Moreover, it would be sad to think that all he came up with was the concrete workhorses. And yet I find it sad, too, to think he was like me, just doing it because it was a job that was better than what most people were doing. That was my only claim to being in any way élite—that, in a high-school-civics-course frame of reference, I was a federal workhorse.

At that moment I saw Pavel. He'd seen me first. He looked very energetic and pleased. It struck him as very funny to come upon me, and he kept on grinning and pounding my shoulder. It took me until after we'd sorted out the details of how the two of us had ended up right there to feel as exuberant as he did.

He was working at the Soviet Embassy. He'd been there for some time. As cultural attaché and with some other duties. I told him what I was doing. I was surprisingly glad to see him too. We went off to have lunch at a seafood place.

"This is a very strange city," he said. "I have a very strange feeling that everyone will leave tomorrow. That everyone is here only for a moment. I can't believe that people are born here."

I felt I had a choice between two answers. One was that seventy-five per cent of the population hadn't been born here. And other statistics. The other answer was that I had.

"It seems like Potëmkin villages," he said. "Like Hollywood made it for making films. I can't find its core. However," he added, "I am not completely lost. There are details that are familiar, that are similar."

"Like what?"

"Those statues where we saw each other. They could be in a Metro station in Russia. Except perhaps we would have machines in place of horses. But still—something crude and powerful. And the Indians in their—" He made a circle around his head with his finger.

"Turbans."

"—turbans, coming to get degrees in engineering, or asking for money, food, dams. I don't mean to condescend," he said. His English had got even better. "But they are similar, here and there," he went on. "And you and I are similar details."

"I don't know about that," I said, and told him about the report on me—"bright but not too bright."

"Oh, yes, yes," he said. "You can't imagine how similar."

THAT Saturday I took him on a tour of Washington. He was surprised to learn that I was born here and grew up here. "A real native."

It was always a daydream of mine to take an intelligent, appreciative foreigner on a tour of Washington. Pavel even wanted to see where I went to high school. In fact he even wanted to hear detailed accounts of the football games I'd played in. It was nice. My ordinary childhood had never seemed so exotic to me.

We went to see the theatre where Booth shot Lincoln. "Alexander II emancipated the serfs also and was assassinated also," he said. "But what is not similar in this case is, I think, that our nineteenth-century assassinations had more constructive significance."

That rattled me. "I think I see what you mean," I said. "I mean, if you're just being comparative."

He said he was just being comparative.

He was amazed to find a mosque in Washington, and he was amused that it was air-conditioned.

"Are there Muslims in America?"

I said I thought this mosque was mainly for diplomats. I didn't want to go into the Black Muslims, because I didn't really know.

"There is a mosque in Leningrad," he said, "which is really for Russians, for people from the Central Asian republics."

I said I thought that the government was down on religion.

"That's not entirely true," he said, "but the mosque was built in the nine-

AND LO! HONORÉ'S NAME LED ALL THE REST

Myself when young was prone to conform to youthful mores;
Consequently, my acquaintance with Balzac was limited to his opus best adapted to youthful tastes, "Droll Stories."
Yet even then I understood that as a novelist he was undoubtedly major,
And I vowed that to read his complete works would be my project when I should matriculate at some Sunset Haven as a retiree and Golden Ager,
Because, to be truly cultured, a person should read the complete works of at least one major man of letters, or so they say,
And I decided that on my literary menu Balzac should be the *spécialité.*
I planned to devote each weekend from *Vendredi* through *Samedi* to "The Human Comedy;"
I looked forward with a wild surmise
To meeting "Cousin Bette" and "Cousin Pons," to say nothing of "The Girl to the Golden Eyes;"
Also, if only to discover what its title denotes,
"The House of the Cat Who Pelotes."
I should then have absorbed all Balzac, there could be no more.
But now I suddenly find that besides Honoré de there was another Balzac: Seigneur Jean Louis Guez (gâz) de, 1597(?)-1654,
And that praise for his prose was once on every literate lip,
Chiefly because he wrote "The Barbon" and "The Aristippe."
That's too many Balzacs for one gray head; I shall turn instead to the plays of Sir William Davenant,
And should you ask me if I have read anything by either Balzac other than "Droll Stories," well, I havenant.

—OGDEN NASH

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teenth century." I admired his answer. "You would like Russia," he said. "Would you ever be sent there?"

"With H.E.W.?" I said. "Are you kidding?"

"Oh," he said, "I thought you also worked with an overseas agency."

"That was just a summer thing," I said. "I was still in college."

I realized that I had at last given him a definite answer to his old question. I looked at him, but his face showed no satisfaction.

"You should take a trip if you can," he said. "You would like travelling in Russia."

"Are you still in intelligence work?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I work on consular matters, visas, and other consular matters. I have also duties of cultural attaché."

His English got suddenly worse, as though he was trying to make the point that he hadn't understood the implications of my saying "Are you still?"

"But you would carry out intelligence assignments?" I said.

"How shall I say?" he said. "Our diplomatic and consular activity is governed by laws and conventions of proper diplomatic and consular activity."

"That's a very good answer," I said. His accent had got even thicker.

He smiled and put his palm on his chest. "I am a very good man," he said.

"The soothsayers of Rome used to smile when they passed each other on the street," I said.

He didn't understand. I explained.

"Oh, I see," he said. "You're very well-read."

We continued the tour.

EVERY time I saw Pavel, I liked him more. And I felt I knew him better and better. Of course, I did think sometimes: he's still on the job, wants to find out state secrets. But then, I didn't know any, and I enjoyed his company.

I think he could see how I'd become the way I was better than I could see how he'd become the way he was. When we were talking about World War II, I discovered that he was a little older than me. I remembered that when the news came that the Japanese had surrendered I'd just won a sailing race at summer camp. I was annoyed that no one noticed I'd won. He remembered the beginning of the war. He remembered being evacuated from Leningrad in a truck convoy. They drove across Lake Ladoga while Leningrad was being shelled from the other side. He lived on a farm until a year after the war was over, waiting for where they were moving back to to be built.

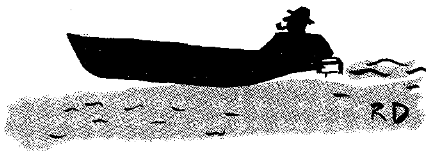
I wondered if all that made him different, tougher. He couldn't say; he didn't know how tough I was. In general, though, he thought Americans were cold-blooded. I said I thought that, on the contrary, they were mushy. He said that could be—they were cold-blooded about being mushy. He didn't mean to be insulting; he was just learning the language.

I wondered, too, what they had taught him in school. In my schools I was taught to be myself, to be a gentleman, to be a success. Several different things, it turned out. But what had they taught him in school?

PAVEL worked harder at his Embassy than I did at H.E.W., but I got to see him quite often. But there were still areas of misunderstanding—I'm not sure whose fault they were. For example, one time I decided to fix him up with the roommate of one of my girl friends. I confess I thought the girl I was interested in would be impressed. A real Russian. I was taking him along for his postcard value. I was guilty of that.

We were going over just for supper. The girls made a Mexican dinner and brought out some tequila. Pavel got smashed. Not sedate-drunk, but just the way Hollywood/Broadway portrays Russians getting drunk. As soon as we got there he started putting it away. What the girls had in mind was a high-tone question-and-answer period. Pavel, ignoring a question about the preservation of folklore in rural Russia, leaned forward and said, "I look forward until fashions change in Leningrad and skirts are that short." The girls tucked their legs in and tugged their skirts down. "But what will I see there?" he said, turning to me. "Potatoes. Knees like potatoes. But here we have such sweet little knees, like little apples. Bright little apple knees." He got on his own knees and advanced toward the little apple knees, smacking his lips and sighing extravagantly. Both girls leaped from their chairs.

"I frighten you," he said. He turned to me. "I frighten them." To the girls again, as he continued to advance—"Come back, darling little apple knees, come back and I shall behave, my juicy little apples." He drooled. He caught it while it was still on his chin by damming it with his forefinger and flicking it back up inside his lower lip. He lay down and laughed quietly to himself.



"Have we become very lumpen or am I just going crazy?"

"I've got to go to work pretty early tomorrow," my girl friend said. "I've already been late twice this week."

IT was only after several days that I decided the girls were too severe, especially in the context of how ordinary and uninterrupted our lives were.

I still had my suspicions about Pavel. He never mentioned that evening one way or the other, but one day he asked me if there were any corrupt officials where I worked. I gave him a fairly straight answer—that is, that the corruption was really petty, mainly to do with expense accounts and ducking out of hard jobs. When I asked him why he wanted to know, he said that he was just interested in making comparisons. He seemed to adhere to the convergence theory.

"In so many ways," he said, "we do not split the world in two. We are making it all the same. For better or for worse."

"Well," I said, "I hope for the better."

"That would be nice, of course," he said, "although you must know that you and I are not going to have any great effect."

I said, "If there are lots more people like us—"

"No," he said, "I don't mean people like us. I mean as single human beings, you and I. Neither you nor I have that desire, that high fever to devote each moment of our complete lives to changing all other lives."

I said that that might be so, but that I still worked pretty hard doing something that was pretty good.

"Of course," he said. "We aren't selfish. But we first of all wish to observe, to understand, to have our place in the world—and then we do our bit of good. We are officials, after all. But the real question is, who is leading the life we are building? We are not intending to sacrifice everything for the future. Therefore we keep trying to find pieces of this better life—like cooks who are tasting spoonful after spoonful of what they are preparing for others."

I laughed. I could see the people I knew in Washington tasting away: "Now there's a tasty program of a million dollars. I think we should take a little trip (*slurp*) just to see, and appoint a commission of a few of us, and run a little study (*slurp*) in our leisure time. . . ."

"It is not completely satisfying," Pavel said. "We are neither feasting nor starving. I don't mean riches or power that we nibble at. I mean possibilities of life in general. I mean time; I mean everything. We are not completing anything. And we are not being used up in order for anything to be complete. Everyone is becoming a little official. It is very badly arranged, I think. All the mechanics of policy should be only the outer defense for whatever part of life can go on. But the mechanics are still in the middle, taking up the space and the time, until no one knows anything else."

He paused again. I said I didn't think it worked out so badly. I was trying to get him to take it all less personally and not be so extreme.

"Were you ever ambitious?" he asked.

"Only a little," I said.

He laughed. "Only a little?" he said and held his hands about six inches apart. "I was so ambitious at one time that I wanted things to melt in me. That is what I hoped for; that was my ambition precisely. To make many different things melt into one thing. I wanted to be able to announce something new. Perhaps to announce that *I* was something new."

"What?" I said.

"Oh," he said, "it was a very"—he held his hands out again and curled his fingers up—"a very nameless ambition."

"But that's not what you want now?"

"I am less ambitious now."

I THINK it was the next day I had my first visitor at work. I had just sent a note to Pavel (I knew it was awkward calling him at work) inviting him to go quail shooting at my uncle's farm in Virginia. My visitor took me to an empty conference room. He said, "There is no need for apprehension on your part; this is a routine check on all contacts of the nature of the contact you have been having with diplomatic personnel of one of a number of specified foreign powers." He showed me his identification. "This identifies me to you, but let me encourage you to call this number"—he showed me a number—"to satisfy yourself that I am the agent identified on this identification."

I understood that he had to be thorough, but the third time through my very boring narration of every conversation Pavel and I ever had I was beginning to lose patience. I, of course, wasn't supposed to say to anyone what I had been supposed to be doing in Helsinki, but finally—just to get done—I let a long silence on the subject give a clue.

My visitor said, "Without going into the actual purposes of your visit to Helsinki, could you tell me if any other

"What are you doing after the race?"

agency of our government was concerned?"

I looked uncomfortable and said nothing. From that silence he deduced that the whole thing was the concern of "another agency." At least he stopped asking questions, encouraged me again to call the phone number, and left.

The Friday before the Sunday Pavel and I were going to go quail shooting, I had a second visitor. He took me to the same empty conference room and showed me his identification. He was from another agency. Different phone number. He asked me if I would be kind enough to meet him that evening at an art gallery on M Street.

I went to the art gallery and the owner, after watching me a while, asked my name. He took me to a back room. My visitor of that afternoon was there and said, "Hi—sorry to put you out, but we're mildly curious about—"

"My social life."

He nodded.

"Are you worried about me or interested in him?" I asked.

"Oh," he said. "I guess you've had another visitor."

"I'm not supposed to say," I said.

"That's just routine, I suppose," he said reassuringly.

"I don't really see a possibility of anything you'd be interested in," I said. "Of course, I don't mean to presume on your expertise."

"I think you could do a little something for us," he said. "It wouldn't take any time, and we'll take care of any expenses. We don't want you to propose anything specific. It's not a question of that. Just find out what you can about whether he's interested in talking to someone a little further along the line. Always gently, discreetly, ambiguously. You know."

"No harm in that," I said. "But I really don't think there's anything there."

"Can you see him this weekend?"

"I'll try," I said. I could have said I'd arranged it already, but I wanted to impress him with my efficiency. I suppose that's one of my government habits. But, having been a little dishonest, I made up for it by being frankly discouraging about the chances of my helping his project. I said, "You know what he was supposed to be up to in Helsinki?"

"Yes."

"Well, we reached a comfortable standoff on the whole subject."

"Let's just keep our eyes open for any counterindications on that score," he said.

We set up our next appointment. He gave me an *objet* to leave the gallery with. It was a nice-looking pewter inkstand. He said that I should bring it back next time. I was reassured by his agency's sense of economy.

Saturday morning I went to work for a half day. My boss called me in and said he thought I'd had my security check the year before. I said I had.

"I don't see why you're getting another," he said. "You're not thinking of leaving us for another job?"

I said no, that it was just some foreign contacts I had and that I hoped he wouldn't mention it.

He said of course, and that he'd said there was, of course, no question in his mind about my loyalty.

I said that was right.

He said that he'd said I didn't have any classified information available to me anyway.

I said that was right, except for one of the reports on school funds that had somehow got marked "Confidential."

"Oh, that," he said. "I don't know how that happened."

I felt better—I mean, I hadn't realized I'd been feeling bad until I felt better hearing us both dismiss it all. I was glad my boss sounded worried about my leaving. If you're going to be a workhorse, it's nice for people to know it.

On my way home that day, I went to have lunch at Bonat's with another H.E.W. fellow. It's not very far from the Soviet Embassy, so I wasn't too surprised when Pavel came in with a group of men all dressed in lumpy Russian suits. I began to get up. Pavel managed to get behind them and nod curtly to me. Then he turned away, his face blank and bored. It made me mad at him. It made me suspicious, or in any case righteous, about how open I was willing to be.

SUNDAY morning was a perfect gray fall day. Pavel and I left Washington for my uncle's farm at seven. Legal shooting began at eight.

The only reminder of what I was supposed to do was that Pavel asked how far away the farm was. I said about a thirty-five-mile drive.

"You see," he said, "we're only allowed to go fifty kilometres outside the city. That's about thirty miles."

"If you draw a straight line," I said, "the farm's only thirty miles away. The drive is sort of roundabout."

We drove past the new C.I.A.

building in Langley. He didn't look up.

We picked up the tenant farmer's dog, a middle-aged black Labrador, and got the guns from the main house. The dog began to jump when he saw the guns. He knew I was a terrible shot, but he may have had hopes for the other fellow. He kept nudging Pavel's knee with his nose.

An odd thing happened about then. I know it may seem paradoxical, but hunting was the most pastoral, quiet, private, and gentle part of my life. My uncle got the farm when I was nine. It wasn't in the gentleman-farmer Middleburg-Warrenton axis. It was north of all that, in an untidy backwater of independent beef and dairy farms. For example, there were more likely to be pigs than horses in the back yard, and there was a lot of rocky, weedy wasteland. More barbed wire than rail fence. More tarpaper and corrugated metal than wood in the sheds, barns, and silos. So when I was going to school I only brought friends out whom I really trusted to like doing nothing and who would understand what was nice about the place being unimproved, dreary, and still. Later on I preferred going alone—especially when hunting. And later yet I never gave any thought to the condition of the country as far as the Health, Education, or Welfare went. I'd brought no visitors or thoughts there since I was sixteen. So, although I'd taken Pavel around Washington and hadn't minded introducing him to girls I knew, just before we set out with the dog to go through a stretch of woods I felt a resentment at his intrusion. His intrusion into my land, into a piece of nurtured schizophrenia that gave my ordinary life its only other dimension. I felt more secretive about the feelings I had out there than any I had in the institutions I went to or worked for. I was even secretive about keeping my feelings secret.

We set off through the woods, each of us with a double-barrelled 20-gauge shotgun, the dog trotting in and out of the oak trees and sniffing deeply at the piles of leaves by the roots. Before we got out of the woods, Pavel stopped me and asked how big a quail was. I showed him with my hands. What shape? I drew a picture in some mud with a stick. I thought I'd better tell him how they'd go up when the dog ran into a covey.

"Yes," he said, "we have quail too. *Perepyolka*."

"Did you do a lot of hunting?" I asked. It struck me that the only picture of Russian hunting I could imagine was a Turgenev/Tolstoy one.

"Yes," he said. "Not for quail so much as for—I don't know the name. *Kurapatka*." He drew a picture in the mud.

"Some kind of grouse?" I said. "Or partridge."

"And this," he said. He drew another picture.

"It's either a woodcock or a snipe," I said. "That's sort of in between."

"Smaller," he said. "*Byeskaz*."

"Snipe."

"And ducks," he said. "They fly down the rivers in the fall. They fly all the way to Persia. Even to India, they say."

We stepped out of the woods. The meadow stretched for more than a mile, rolling down to another stretch of woods that lined a creek. The grass was knee-high in places. There were a few solitary stunted pines, some flowering thistles, and dried-out Queen Anne's lace. High above us there was a wind blowing the clouds slowly to the west, where—far in the distance—we could see the Blue Ridge. There the sun was shining through breaks in the cloud cover.

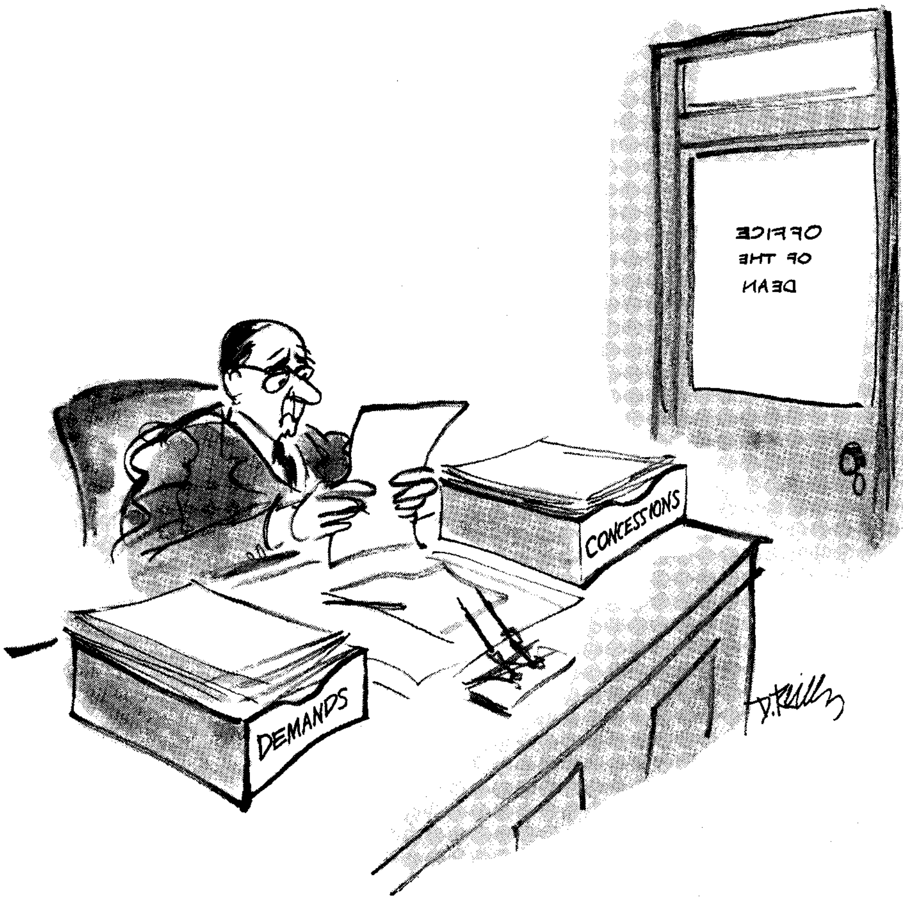
He walked ahead of me and stopped to look. I felt a twist of annoyance. The dog trotted stiffly back to him and nudged his knee. Pavel didn't pay any attention to him and the dog lay down heavily, raising his eyes to me to see if I'd be any quicker to get down to hunting. Pavel turned around and looked at me curiously. I don't know what he saw in my face—I was in the middle of changing my mind about having him there. After all, he was as much another dimension as the place. He raised his free arm and let it fall back to his side.

He said, "I would never have known this part of the world was like this."

The dog got up, stretched, and yawned. I said to him, "Hie on." He began to quarter the field with his stiff trot, going back and forth like a windshield wiper, always about thirty yards in front of us. We went across the field, pulling our legs through the tall grass, the dog padding back and forth, concentrated and happy, and far, far in front of us the Blue Ridge were spotted with moving sun and shadow.

The day went by as though it were tied to us—slowly when we were going slowly through the grass, enveloped and calmed by the still air; and then whirring up with the covey, swinging with the guns, bounding around with the dog as he eddied through the cover finding the fallen birds; and then stopping with long bright surprise as a single quail popped up and away past our empty guns; and settling on us again as we passed through some more woods and into a farther field.

We circled back to the house about



four in the afternoon. Seven quail. Not bad, not good. We thought it was a triumph, and the dog thought we were geniuses, since he couldn't count. We cleaned the birds and fed him the hearts and livers. We fried two of the birds, along with some bacon. We made a fire and let the dog come in the house. We had a few drinks and watched the sun go down.

Just as we were getting back into the car after dropping the dog off at the tenant farmer's house, I was feeling so full and effusive that I almost told him everything about what I was supposed to ask him. As a kind of present of confidence. Of course, I checked myself.

In fact I could almost feel the caution—the security—fence off that whole subject in my mind. It was a sudden shock, as though something clanged down around me. At first I was pleased that I knew how to keep quiet even after a few drinks. Then I had a sense of resentment even stronger than I'd had in the morning at Pavel for coming into my land. But it was a more frustrated resentment, because there was nothing I really wanted to do about this intrusion. In a way, it was my own.

THE following Tuesday I went back to the art gallery on M Street. I was careful to bring back the *objet*. I went to the back room and said, "No go."

My visitor from the other agency said, "What did he say?"

I said, "He's very loyal, that's all." For some reason I'd thought that would be all I'd have to say.

"How do you know?"

"He said so," I said. "Sort of." I wasn't very well prepared. It upset me, because I usually like to do presentations well—especially to other agencies.

"What *did* he say?"

"He didn't say it in so many words," I said. "I just inferred that he liked it here O.K., but that he would be glad to get back. That's all."

"How do you know?"

And so it went. Did Pavel try to make an overture to me? Did he complain about any of his superiors? Did he seem very knowledgeable about the United States? Did he have any special interests? (I said he liked hunting.) What did he say about girl friends? Did he express himself in any way about his job? Was he overworked? Underworked? Bored? Tired? Did he need money? Et cetera. We went over the same ground several times, each time with different footwork.

"I guess it's a blind alley," I said at last.

"That seems to be your unshakable opinion," the man said. He was annoyed. "Did it occur to you that you may have done a disservice to your friend as well as to us by not really pursuing the matter as we agreed?"

"Of course," I said.

We sat in silence for a while. I thought he was trying to think up some new way to get at me, but finally he just asked what my expenses had come to. I said I'd skip the expenses.

"I'd just as soon you didn't," he said. "It makes the record sloppy. How far did you drive?"

"Seventy miles or so," I said. "Round trip."

"Beyond the thirty-mile limit?" he said.

"No," I said, and explained. He shrugged and counted out some cash for the driving expenses. He said he'd be in touch if necessary.

DURING the next day I didn't think too much about it all. I thought I'd adroitly made myself as neutral as possible over something that could be forgotten.

The day after that I had a sudden fit of thinking I'd been wrong. Maybe the man was right. Maybe he knew much more than I did about Pavel's wanting to come over and I was the only way to contact Pavel but he couldn't trust me with the whole story.

But then I thought Pavel would surely have spoken to me. He knew me; he was a friend of mine. Of course, institutions, I thought, even in this country, know more than friends. I had a friend at Yale, a graduate student, whose girl friend found out he was going to propose to her when she saw, by chance, his application for renewal of his research grant. He'd asked for more money, and explained to the foundation that he was going to get married. She said nothing. When he got the money he asked her to marry him. She wasn't mad that the foundation knew before she did. She knew that that's how life is nowadays.

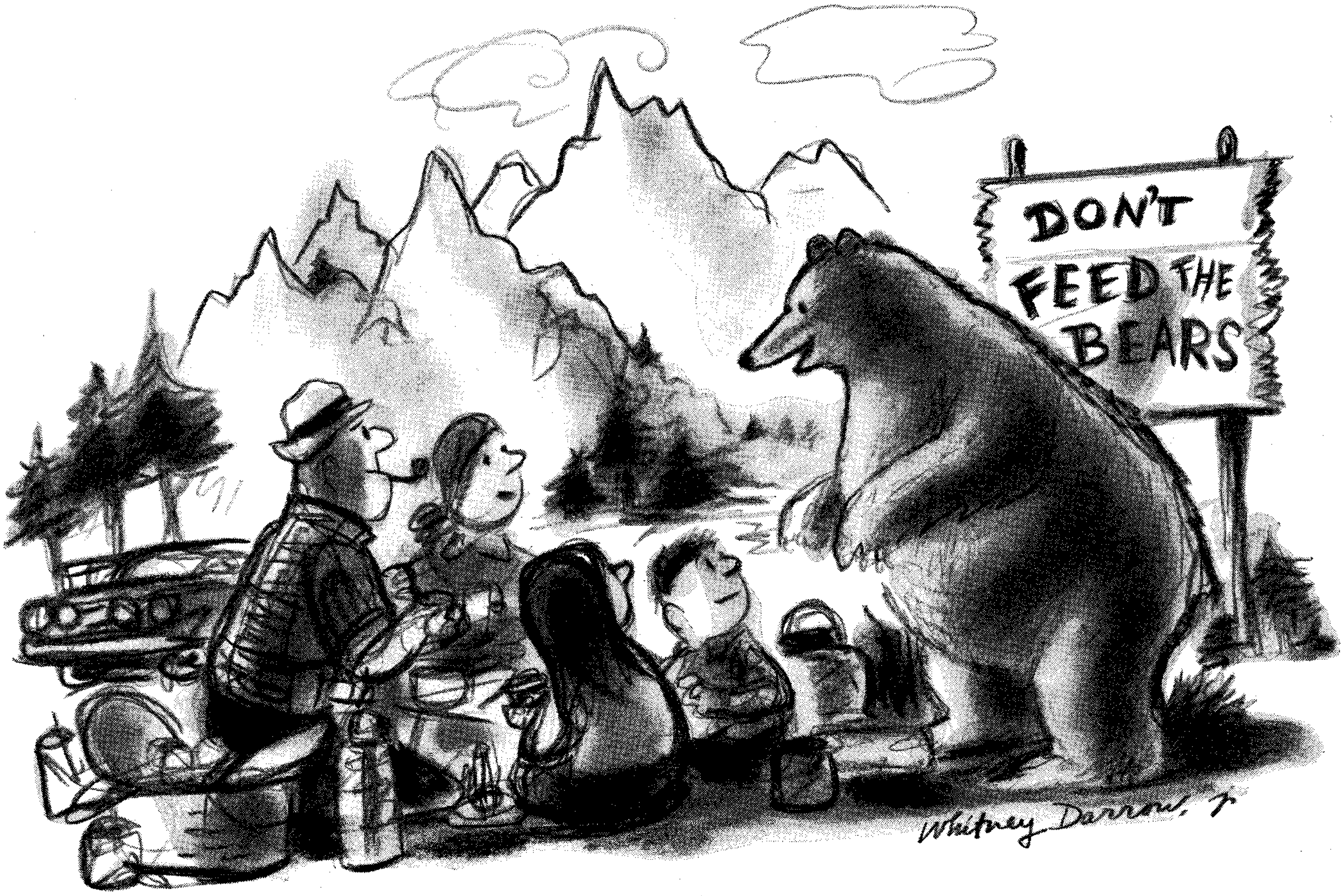
I balanced all these thoughts by thinking I'd been deceitful with Pavel, that one of the few values I still imagined myself holding had to do with friendship, with being truthful in friendship. I realized that I hadn't ever been put in a position where I had to examine what I meant by friendship. All I'd ever had to do was put a drunk to bed, vote for a friend's membership in a club, go to weddings. I hadn't even had to lend anyone more than twenty dollars.

The third day, I decided that on the basis of the past week my life was gray and feeble. I realized I should have resolved to play it out all the way. I became obsessed with garish, disruptive possibilities. No matter which way Pavel was working, I should have hired a girl to seduce him, offered him stock in General Motors, a plane ticket to Rio. Asked him to rob a bank. Anything to see in his face what was in his mind. I wanted to find out things just for myself. To have some interest—even some duplicity—of my own.

Even when I subsided and was working quietly along on my H.E.W. chores, I would suddenly think that at the very least I should have asked Pavel to confide in me—offered to explain my own small part—exchanged my own fabulous lies for his fabulous lies, some invention of what I was for his invention of what he was. At least that—at the very, very least.

But I subsided even further. I began to guess that the only value at the bottom of my life was preservation of a personal status quo. Me in my right place. I was apparently ready to work for twenty years—or, as they used to say around the office, work for one year twenty times.

But after a week of yearning for turbulence and revelation the automatic pilot of my life kept me routine. It took a special effort to lift the phone and call Pavel at home. I was even relieved when there was no answer. But I kept calling regularly until I had worked up enough frustration to call the Soviet Embassy the next day. They said he wasn't in—to try the consular-affairs number. I did. They said there to call the Embassy number. I did. They asked me to leave my name and number and said he would call when available. He didn't. I called again the next day. Same runaround. I went to his apartment. No one home. I left a note. Next day still no response. I had my secretary dial the Embassy number while I dialled the consular-affairs number. They both said to call the other number. I said to the Embassy that I was connected to the consular number and that the consular people said to call them. There was a silence. Then they gave a third number. I called that. A man answered and said to call the other two numbers.



"Bowwow!"

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"No," I said. "I've just called them."

Silence. "Who do you wish?" I told him again. Silence. Then a conversation aside in Russian. The man said, "Not available."

"Oh, well," I said, "I'll leave a message."

"Not available," the man said. "Not available on a permanent basis."

"What does *that* mean?" I said, but he hung up.

For a moment I assumed that it meant something dire. I couldn't think of anything to do, of course. I didn't know how to get hold of my contact from the other agency. What could he do anyway? Raid the Soviet Embassy?

My secretary went out for lunch. I stayed at my desk thinking. I kept lapsing away from the problem into all my other thoughts—thoughts about what my yearning for disruption meant to me or about me. I began to feel that my mind had suddenly become double-jointed. I began to have a yearning for the boring competence I'd developed over the past three years, and then, like the coils of a Slinky toy going down a flight of stairs, my thoughts would flip over and be about how to cut loose from it all.

Pavel came into the office. "Farewell, farewell," he said, "unless you haven't had lunch yet."

"I thought you were supposed to be in trouble," I said.

"Ah," he said. "What have you been doing?"

"I've been trying to call you."

"You were worried about me?" he asked.

"Of course I was."

"Then you are not yet completely dead as a human being," he said.

"What's going on? What are you doing? Where are you going?"

"To Paris," he said. "Don't you think that's nice?"

"I thought you'd done something bad," I said.

"Perhaps I have," he said, "and Paris is my reward."

"Be serious," I said. "I wish you'd tell me exactly what's going on."

"Come have lunch," Pavel said. "I want to eat a crab before I leave."

We took a cab up to a restaurant by the National Theatre and had crabs.

"This is a perfectly normal move, then," I said. "You're just getting on in the world."

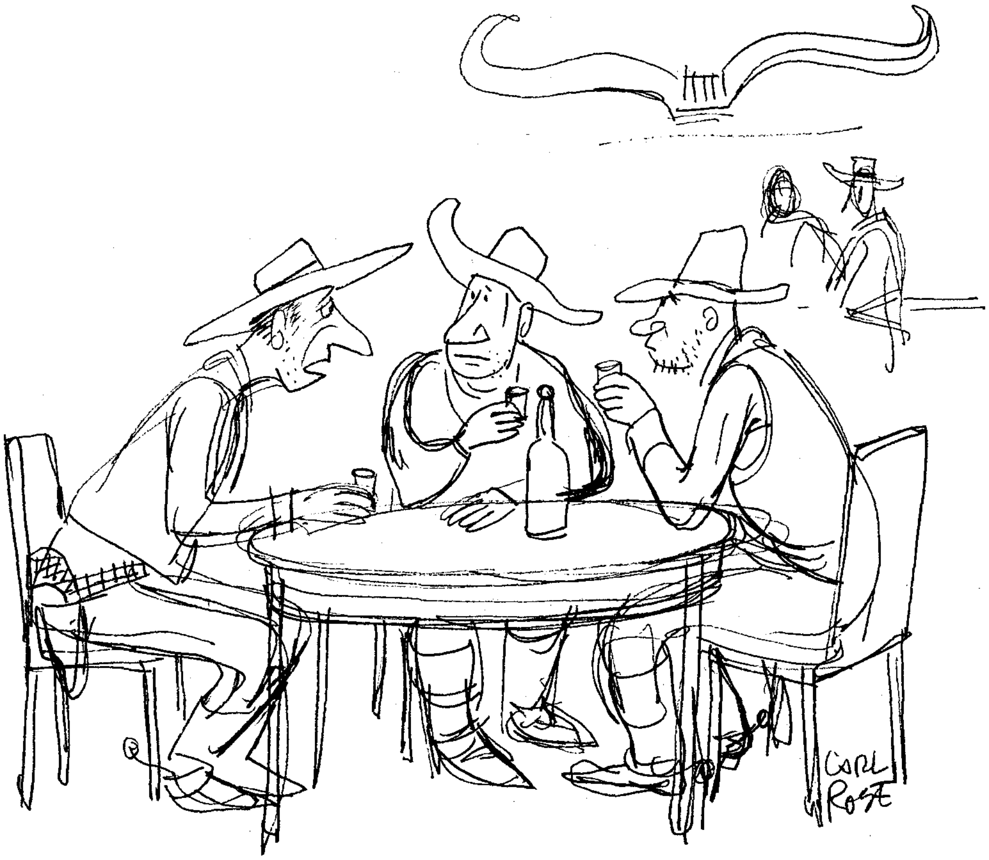
"Yes," he said. "This is still all my career."

"I didn't mean just that," I said. "I thought you'd gotten mixed up in something important. I mean, what were you doing here, really?"

"I'm surprised that you still want to know the mechanics of things," he said. "I mean for yourself. You would be bored. Truthfully. The mechanics of things are a bad novel you read when you cannot sleep. You do not want to remember them and you spend time thinking about them anyway. That is really all you should know about that. Now let me tell you something else."

I didn't know about all that. I said that if he were to tell me anything he didn't want me to talk about, he could be sure I would keep a promise to him just as well as any promises I made to institutions. I said I just wanted to know about him.

"It would give me great satisfaction to build a city," he said, ignoring what I had just said. "Or to grow a forest. But I will not. Nor you. We are enmeshed. The most exalted feelings we will have will be on the day of marriage, of the birth of a child, of a peaceful time. That small fraction of our lives will be the only time our bodies will be full of blood and alive. The rest of the time is for mechanics—and bad jokes about how dull we are. We are not artists or



"I really am *the fastest gun in the West. The trouble is I can't hit the broad side of a barn."*

leaders. When I was young I wanted to be as triumphant and right as Lenin. Then—a little older—I wanted every moment of my life to be as full and right, in another way, as when I first began to see paintings in museums. I thought I could feel life at all times as though it were painted by Cranach, Rembrandt, Matisse. But afterward I saw that of my life that is the smallest fraction of all. Triumph and rightness—whether of Lenin or Matisse—are not possible. They are not my possibility. And that is why I am content to cultivate these small fractions of life that mean something to me. It is not possible to find the whole. Why? I will tell you. Ever since men learned to throw stones, most of us have been at a distance from the rest of life. There are very few who can do anything but keep backing away with their stones. That is why I am content with the fractions of time when that is not so. For example, the day at your farm was a fraction about which I am very satisfied. And yet *you* still wish to know *everything*, because *you* still believe that life is not fractions, that people are not fractions to each other. I will tell you—no matter what I would explain to you, you will not know more than a fraction. Isn't that right? You know that I am right."

I said I didn't know.

"Well, it isn't something to complain about," he said. "I am not complaining. I just came to say goodbye. One would-be mandarin to another."

We left the restaurant and walked until he found a cab.

"Maybe I'll be able to come see you in Paris," I said.

"That would be nice, of course," he said.

He went off in the cab, and I walked down Pennsylvania Avenue past the Justice Department. It was true that I had been sure, in a prosaic way, that knowing more about anything or anyone I would be able to embrace more, unite more in myself, and blend my virtues and accomplishments into a whole that was in turn part of a larger whole of everyone's virtues and accomplishments. I had assumed that the proper arranging of things in the world was something that I could become a part of to the point where everything that went right, that was brought into its place, would give me satisfaction.

That is what I thought it was to be a mandarin. That was not what Pavel meant. What he meant was resignation to fractions—resignation to having to maneuver his life through what was unavoidably being done; resignation to rationing his pleasures, to restricting them to such bland and inert sharers as me; to admitting that, of the part of life that could still go on, these fractions were all he would ever loose his natural feelings toward.

As for myself, in several ways I had divided the world into compatible, even mutually attractive, halves. Theirs and ours, to name just one set. Or the urge to be spontaneous and disruptive and free (without personal consequences) and the satisfaction of being an agent of benefit (without inflicting anything that anyone could say was not good).

I'd always had a balanced view. I'd always felt I could be within reach of both halves of everything.

But by the time I got to the horses on the Capitol side of the Federal Trade Commission I was giving in. I think I had been planning to walk by them because I'd run into Pavel there, and also because they stood for all the convergences I'd expected in my own life or in the way the world was meant to go. I had even worked out such elaborate similes as the likeness of the way I'd hoped to see with how a horse sees, an eye on each side. But when I got there, all this conscious and optimistic symbolism gave way. It was all in pieces. I remembered thinking that, as a last comfort, as a last justification, I had always been able to think of myself as a federal workhorse. That had been sweetly imaginary.

I'd thought my ambitions were safe because they were so orthodox and modest. But those notions of duty, labor, and what couldn't be called anything but good weren't really the ambitions of a person. And as for personal ambitions, I really hadn't even hoped for as much as Pavel had. And there we were, both settled in. Not even as workhorses. We were less like horses than like the flies that follow them. Bottle-green mandarin flies following the federal horses, who aren't people, after all. And we could stare with flies' multiple-prism eyes at all that might be going on or not, but what we ended up seeing for ourselves was fractions, repeated and repeated, from which we could subtract the few that made up our small personal lives.—JOHN CASEY

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The door of Martha's house opened and a gust of human sound burst out. The stars, now, were beginning to show themselves, and in the west there was a hint of the moon about to rise.—*From "This Island, Now," by Peter Abrahams.*

God knows we've been tinkering with it.

THE CHEESE

I THINK with envy of the children of Rome. What children want from a picture is plain statement enriched by gaudiness. They admire a demonstrably clever and neat-fingered technique, with no art concealing art about it. Whether or no the picture tells a story is immaterial to them since they make up their own stories. The children of Rome have only to walk into Santa Prassede, Santa Maria Maggiore, St. John Lateran—or for that matter many admirable fish restaurants—to find just what they want in the mosaics. By the time I walked into these establishments considerations of art and history had clouded my vision. I was admiring what I ought to admire and saying what I should say: in the churches, "The design is so majestic, so unequivocal;" in the restaurants, "It's extraordinary how the tradition hangs on." But somewhere inside my grownup self I was aware of a child's beady-eyed expectation at last and fulfillingly satisfied; when I was the right age for pictorial mosaic there was only the Cheese.

However, I got a great deal of pleasure out of the Cheese.

No one directed me to the Cheese. I might not have found it, if my nurse had not been on such conversational terms with the nurse at the Rectory, whom she looked in on just for a minute or two from time to time. While the minutes extended and multiplied I was left to entertain myself in the churchyard. It was a fine crowded churchyard, democratic, too, with all sorts and conditions; parishioners lying higgledy-piggledy under two centuries' taste in monumental masonry: crosses, headstones, altar and coffer tombs, Victorian broken pillars with carved ivy climbing up them, earlier pillars without, cherubs, some grieving, some taking a brighter view, urns, obelisks, reclining anchors—in short, a variety of tombstones in various degrees of preservation (a slab in one altar tomb had a challenging crack across it) as well as many little grassy hillocks with jam pots and seasonal bouquets. There was also Port, a guard on the London & North-Western Railway, whose epitaph my nurse would read aloud, with an appreciative "Poor fellow!" as an Amen.

> Bright rose the Morn and with it rose poor Port.
> Gay on the Train he used his wonted sport.
> When Evening came to close the fatal Day
> A mutilated Corpse the Sufferer lay.

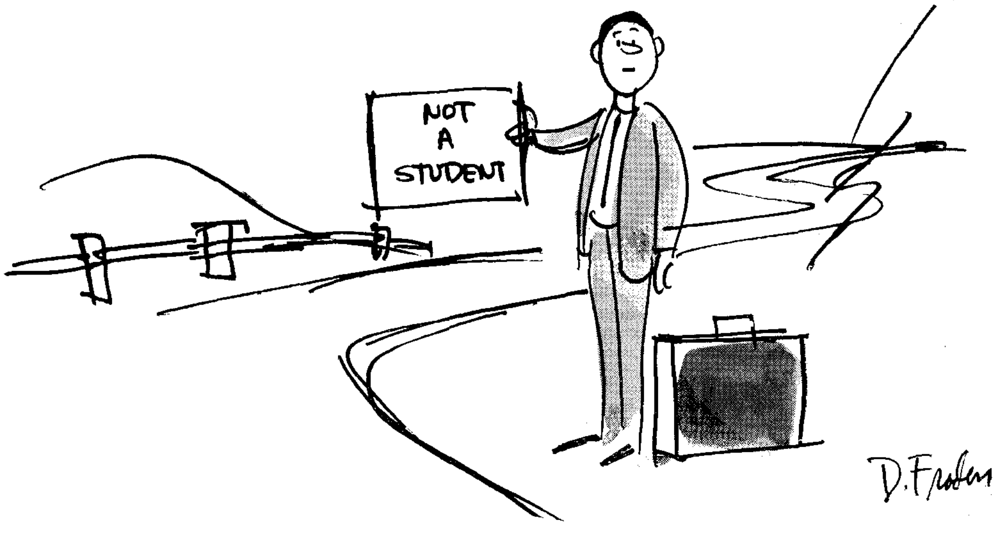
Since children make up their own stories, I knew that Port spent the intervals between one station and another by frisking along the running board and exclaiming "Peep-Bo!" to passengers; but by inadvertence fell off and was run over.

Farther on, and standing aristocratically apart with an iron railing enclosing it, was a structure like a sombre summerhouse—a summerhouse designed to be used in very wet weather by people who because of the weather had given up all interest in an outer world. It was windowless, except for a four-inch glazed slit in the rear wall. Its peaked roof had guttering under the eaves, though nothing so worldly as a water butt. Between it and the railings was a narrow paved walk, where dead leaves accumulated. The ground sloped away in front of it, and this, together with the peaked roof, allowed the architect an extra couple of feet in the height of his western façade. Here, behind a padlocked gate in the railing, was a defensively conceived door with iron hinge-bars crossing it, and iron studs set close between them. Centered above the door was the Cheese—a round plaque of mosaic embedded in the wall.

It was a half Stilton which had been allowed to fall into very bad repair. Mice had gnawed holes in it, tunnelling into its verdigris interior; much of its base had been eaten away. I have never seen a minuter or more exact mosaic. Every rent was there, every wrinkle and fissure, every discoloration. Yet it still retained an air of massiveness and dignity. You could see that in better days, when a clean napkin was wrapped round it and a silver cheese scoop circumspectly delved in it, it had been a fine cheese. For some queer reason—perspective, perhaps—the artist, for all his technical mastery, had shirked giving it a plate to stand on. The Cheese was, as it were, suspended against a cornflower-blue disk—which didn't do as well. But the disk was a beautiful shade of blue, even if it couldn't be a plate, and showed off to perfection the rich melancholy mottle of the Cheese itself—the browns and dusty beiges and bleached greys brightening to the raw yellow of London clay, declining to lichenous tints of mildew. I knew every detail of it, and knew that when I saw it again every detail would be reliably there. This was a great part of its charm for me. The mosaic imperturbability absolved me from the human responsibility to be responsive or grateful or polite. The Cheese remained in its being and I remained in mine. But once, on a stormy autumnal afternoon, when a shaft of sunlight broke through the clouds, I felt the Cheese and the sunset and the falling leaves and the smell of the bonfire in the Rectory garden and the wetness of my shoes in the churchyard grass as a single perception, as though they were held together by some mysterious glue.

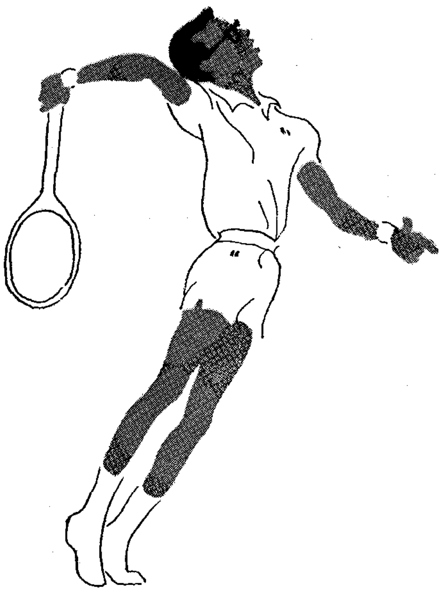
Naturally, I never spoke about the Cheese. It posed no questions, since it was so indubitably a cheese; and I did not want anybody else coming to admire it. I had asked my nurse about the summerhouse. She told me it was a Maw-soleum, and that no one could get into it now as the family it belonged to were all dead or gone abroad. I had no wish to get into it. I pouched the word, and left it at that. The Cheese was there, wherever the family might be.

I SUPPOSE a child with more religion would have known from the start that the Cheese was a skull. But I was unused to skulls, except on pirates' flags and corroborated with crossbones, whereas my father's Stiltons were a venerated part of our home life. How and when I lost this illusion I can't remember. It is nothing to children to lose their illusions, tadpoles are much more put about when they lose their tails. —Sylvia Townsend Warner



PROFILES

LEVELS OF THE GAME—II



Arthur Ashe

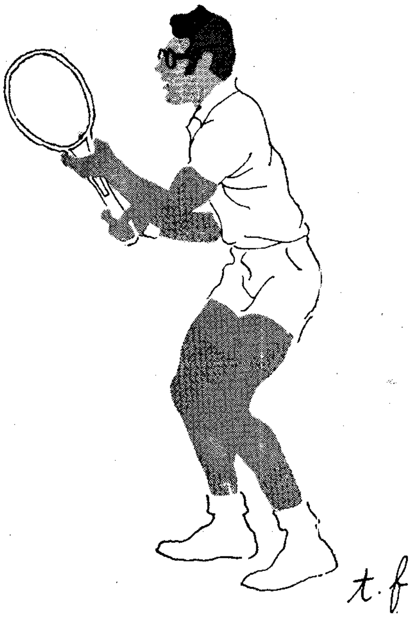
THE mind of Arthur Ashe is wandering. It wanders sometimes at crucial moments, such as now—in the second set of the semi-finals of the first United States Open Championships, at Forest Hills. Games are six–all. Ashe and Clark Graebner have long since entered the danger zone where any major mistake can mean the loss of the set—and for Ashe, who is down one set already, the probable loss of the match. Ashe has just won three service games while losing only two points. Graebner, in his turn, has just served three games, losing no points at all. Ashe lifts the ball and hits to Graebner's forehand. Graebner answers down the line. With the premium now maximum on every shot, Ashe is nonetheless thinking of what he considers the ideal dinner—fried chicken, rice, and baked beans. During matches, the ideal dinner is sometimes uppermost in Ashe's mind. Graebner, like other tennis players, knows this and counts on it. "He'll always daydream. That's one of his big hangups. That's why he escapes to the movies so much. But in a match he won't dream long enough. I wish he would do it longer."

At these moments, Ashe thinks primarily of food, but also of parties, places he has been, things he has done, and girls, whom he dates in three colors. "This is my way of relaxing. Other people call it lack of concentration. Which is true. But I do it by habit, instinctively." Moving up with his racquet low, he picks up Graebner's forehand drive with a half volley and sends the ball, perhaps irretrievably, to Graebner's backhand corner.

There is a personally signed photograph of Richard Nixon on Graebner's desk in his apartment. Watching Nixon on television, Graebner will say, "Doesn't that make sense? How could *anyone* be more right? How could *anyone* fail to be *for* the guy?"

"Graebner is a straight, true Republican," Ashe will say. "He seems to tend that way. You think of a person, when you first meet him, in reference points. Clark is tall, strong, white, Protestant, middle-class, conservative. After a while, the adjectives fall away and he's just Clark. As far as most Negroes are concerned, whites are categorically bad until proved otherwise. My upbringing leads me to think the same way. But Clark is just Clark to me now. I don't think about it. It's just Clark over there, not a white man. I don't think he is a liberal. He's tight with his money, and he wants to see the poor work for their money. I don't entirely disagree with him, but he probably doesn't see all the ramifications. He probably doesn't care what's happening in Spanish Harlem. . . . The guy was spoiled rotten when he was a kid. All of us are spoiled to a large degree. Clark played with Charlie Pasarell, doubles. If they lost, Clark's mother said it was Charlie's fault. Clark is an only child. He's high-strung, and he can be very demanding. His speaking style sometimes sounds abrasive, staccatolike, but he doesn't mean it that way. It sounds pushy. If I'm in a bad mood, it bugs me. But I wouldn't say he's ill-tempered. There is no way you could say he is not a nice guy if you had just met him, with no preconceived notions. With his kids, he is like any father—eager to show them off. He's a nice guy, but he has been accustomed to instant gratification. As soon as he wanted something, he got it. Put all this on a tennis court, and the high-strung part, the conservative, and the need for instant gratification become predominant."

Running flat out, Graebner hits a superb hard backhand that surprises Ashe and slants past him to win the point. Ashe has been thinking of food, among other things, and did not keep his eye on the ball. Love-fifteen. Graebner feels the surge of possibilities, and tells himself, "I have a chance in this game. I'm ahead now, and Arthur is sleeping."



Clark Graebner

Ashe hits a twist to Graebner's backhand, and Graebner, instead of hitting out, chips the ball back—the cautious thing to do.

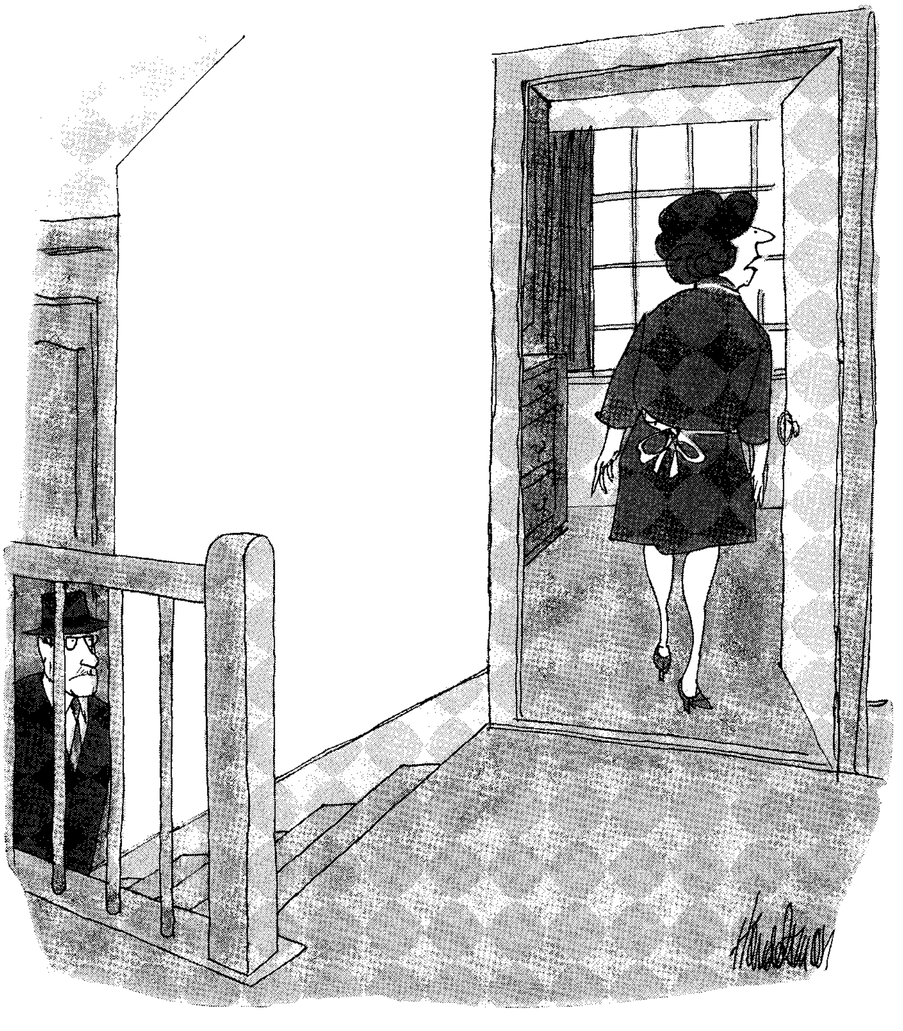
"There is not much variety in Clark's game. It is steady, accurate, and conservative. He makes few errors. He plays stiff, compact, Republican tennis. He's a damned smart player, a good thinker, but not a limber and flexible thinker. His game is predictable, but he has a sounder volley than I have, and a better forehand—more touch, more power. His forehand is a hell of a weapon. His moves are mediocre. His backhand is underspin, which means he can't hit it hard. He just can't hit a heavily top-spun backhand. He hasn't much flair or finesse, except in the lob. He has the best lob of any of the Americans. He's solid and consistent. He tries to let you beat yourself."

Ashe, on his way to the net, picks up the chip and hits it without exceptional force or placement to Graebner's forehand. Graebner could now probably explode one. He has what is almost a setup on his power side. But instead he tries a careful, hang-in-there, soft crosscourt top-spin dink, and it is Ashe who explodes. The orthodox way to hit a volley is to punch it, with a backswing so short that it begins in front of the player's body. Ashe now—characteristically—draws his racquet back as far as he can reach and volleys the ball with a full, driving swing. The impact is perfect, and the ball goes past Graebner's feet like a bullet fired to make him dance. "I hit too soft and short," Graebner tells himself. "That's the difference between playing on one level and playing on another. You've got to hit it *authoritatively*." Fifteen-all.

Ashe hits a big serve. He is not daydreaming now. Graebner blocks back a good return. Ashe, moving in, must half-volley. The shot should be deep—to protect his position, his approach to the net. Instead, he tries one of the most difficult shots in tennis. Basically, it is a foolhardy shot. It is not a percentage shot, and is easier to miss than to make. Players call it a half-volley drop shot. Ashe reaches down, lightly touches the rising ball, and sends it on a slow, sharply angled flight toward the net. The risk is triple—hitting the net, missing the placement, and leaving a sitter for Graebner to put away if he should be able to get to the ball. The ball settles down to a landing in Graebner's forecourt. Graebner is headed for it at top speed, and he almost gets there in time. He drives the ball into the umpire's chair, and straightens up with a disgusted look on his face. Ashe's half-volley drop shot was the sort of thing a person should try once a match, if at all, and hardly in the most vital moments of the second set, when—already losing—he is in imminent peril of falling almost hopelessly behind. It was a loose flick shot, requiring tremendous ball control, and Ashe, in Graebner's view, was very lucky to succeed with it. "How can he do it?" Graebner asks himself. His shoulders droop as he walks back to the baseline. Thirty-fifteen.

"I've never been a flashy stylist, like Arthur. I'm a fundamentalist. Arthur is a bachelor. I am married and conservative. I'm interested in business, in the market, in children's clothes. It affects the way you play the game. He's not a steady player. He's a wristy slapper. Sometimes he doesn't even know where the ball is going. He's carefree, lacksadaisical, forgetful. His mind wanders. I've never seen Arthur really discipline himself. He plays the game with the lacksadaisical, haphazard mannerisms of a liberal. He's an underprivileged type who worked his way up. His family are fine people. He's an average Negro from Richmond, Virginia. There's something about him that is swashbuckling, loose. He plays the way he thinks. My style is playmaking—consistent, percentage tennis—and his style is shotmaking. He won't grub around. He doesn't gut out a lot of points where he has to work real hard, probably because he is concerned about his image. He doesn't want to appear to be a grubber. He comes out on the court and he's tight for a while, then he hits a few good shots and he feels the power to surge ahead. He gets looser and more liberal with the shots he tries, and pretty soon he is hitting shots everywhere. He does not play percentage tennis. Nobody in his right mind, really, would try those little dink shots he tries as often as he does. When he hits out, he just slaps. He plays to shoot his wad. He hits the ball so hard that it's an outright winner or he misses the shot. When he misses, he just shrugs his shoulders. If he were more consistent, he might be easier to play. Negroes are getting more confidence. They are asking for more and more, and they are getting more and more. They are looser. They're liberal. In a way, 'liberal' is a synonym for 'loose.' And that's exactly the way Arthur plays. I've always kidded him, saying, 'If the Negroes take over, please make me a lieutenant. Not a general or a colonel. Just a lieutenant.' "

Lieutenant Ashe, USA (stationed at West Point), professes to enjoy the irony of this request, and promises to do what he can. He endorses Graebner's analysis of his game, and says, "To put it simply, I just blast the ball back and the point's over. Of course, I miss a lot. Tennis is a means to an end, that's all. If I could really be what I wanted to be, I would love to be a pro quarterback." He lifts the ball and hits another hard first serve at Graebner. Almost an ace, it jerks Graebner far off balance, but he hits it back solidly, up the middle. Ashe, moving up, is again confronted with the need to half-volley. For the second time in a row, instead of hitting the deep, correct ball, he tries to pull a drop shot off the grass, and for the second time in a row he succeeds. "*Another* half-volley drop shot!" Donald Dell comments. "How loose can you get?" Dell is captain of the United States Davis Cup Team, of which Ashe and Graebner are members. Graebner, sprinting, gets to this one, barely, and more or less pushes it down the line—a remarkable effort—but Ashe, standing straight up and not even bothering to stroke with



"Dr. Gilbert is here, and he says you'd better be damned sick."

form, flips a slow, looping crosscourt wood-shot forehand into Graebner's court and just beyond his reach—a stroke that might have been made with a broom handle. Forty-fifteen.

Graebner slams his racquet down onto the turf. He shouts, "God damn it, Arthur, you're so lucky!" To anyone who can halfway read lips, the sentiment goes out over national TV. Ashe stands quietly. He does not show the pleasure he must feel. He bounces the ball six times with his racquet, and he shoves his glasses back up his nose. "Graebner is now completely infuriated," Dell continues. "Look at him—the Greek tragic hero always getting pushed around by the gods. He really sees himself that way, and it's his greatest weakness." Graebner has been known to do a great deal more than slam his racquet down, spit sour grapes, and take the Prime Mover's name in vain. He has been a behavioral case study in a game in which—at least among Americans—brattishness seems to be generic. Apparently, he feels that he can accurately assign blame outside himself for almost every shot he misses, every point he loses. He glowers at his wife. He mutters at other people in the crowd. Airplanes drive him crazy. Bad bounces are personal affronts. He glares at linesmen. He carps at linesmen. He intimidates ball boys. He throws his racquet from time to time, and now and then he takes hold of the fence around a court and shakes it violently, his lips curling. He seems to be caged. The display of misery that he can put on is too convincing not to be genuine. If his opponent makes a great shot, Graebner is likely to mutter a bitter aside, then turn and say "Good shot" with mechanical magnanimity. He has shouted four-letter obscenities at people in the grandstands, and in the Australian National Championships one year he told an umpire to shut up. At Longwood in 1966, he swatted a ball at a linesman about twenty feet away from him. The ball didn't harm the man, perhaps because it didn't hit him.

Ashe is detached about Graebner in a way that some tennis players are not when they talk about him. "When things go wrong, Clark can't seem to resist saying or doing something that shows dissatisfaction, to put it mildly," Ashe says. "I think it has sunk in that he sometimes offends people, and I can see him fighting it, trying to correct it." Tennis players frequently compare Graebner to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the essence of what they say being that he is a completely different, friendly, smiling person away from a tennis court, and that off the court of late he has obviously made a particular effort to be nice. Graebner's friend Warren Danne has always enjoyed his company off the court, but says that "Clark has behaved like an ass on the court since he was eighteen." Dr. Paul Graebner, Clark's father, argues that Clark is merely ignoring an irrational ethic. "Just because someone once wrote that this is a gentleman's game, you have no right to blow up like any full-blooded desirous person," Dr. Graebner says. "Tennis is a business. Tennis isn't fun. The opportunities tennis gives are tremendous, but not at no cost to the individual."

"He has gone out of his way to be a good boy," his mother says. "Basically, I don't know of any better boy all around than Clark has been. He was never a problem, never a bad teenager."

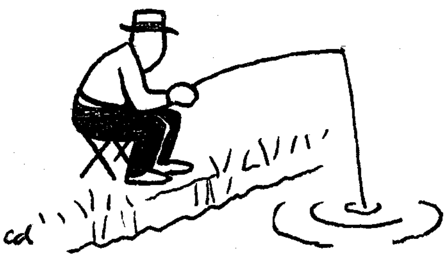
"He has always tried to be what we have wanted him to be, what he felt he should be, what he felt we would have liked him to be," his father says. "He makes friends wherever he goes. He has more friends than you can shake a stick at."

"Someone should have sat on him when he was young," Clark's wife, Carole, says. "Officials threatened him but did not act. No one blocked him."

"He's very German," Warren Danne goes on. "I don't think I've met anyone in this country who's more German than Graebner—clean, positive, always moving forward. I don't think he debates alternatives. He sees things one way and acts."

There is perhaps something Germanic about Graebner on a tennis court. His kills are clean, but when he kills he tends to overkill. His overhead is hit with his whole arm—no mere flick of the wrist. The arm comes down like the moving part of a paper cutter. "One fell swoop of the arm and the ball is gone," Ashe says. "And I think he enjoys hitting his forehands as hard as he can. He can hit them harder than anyone else playing, I think." Graebner likes to hit drop shots, and when other players race to them and make desperate gets he stands at the net and crunches their feeble returns—a standard thing to do, except that other players sometimes believe that the direction the ball takes indicates that Graebner is trying to kill them. They have stopped in the middle of matches to ask Graebner what he thinks he is doing. "Graebner will sometimes literally hit the ball through you," Ashe will say. "If you don't get out of the way, he'll hurt you with it."

Graebner has won cups for sportsmanship. At crucial moments in crucial matches, he has stepped to the umpire's chair to say that a point apparently his should be credited to his opponent, because his racquet ticked the ball. After hitting the ball at the linesman in 1966, he was suspended from the United States Davis Cup Team. The team—Ashe was on it—went to Pôrto Alegre without Graebner, and the United States lost miserably to Brazil. "Clark felt that this was a way that God was looking out for him," his wife reveals. "Instead of being away when we had our first baby, he was at home and he was not in on the disgrace of losing in Brazil. He has always been very religious." The day he was suspended happened to be Clark Graebner



THE DUMP

The trolley has stopped long since.
There is no motorman.
The passenger thinks
he is at the end of the line.
No, it is past the end. Around him
is the graveyard of trolleys,
thousands of oblongs tilted
at angles to each other,
yellow paint chipped.
Stepping outside, he sees smoke rising
from holes in roofs.
Old men live here, in narrow houses full of rugs,
in this last place.

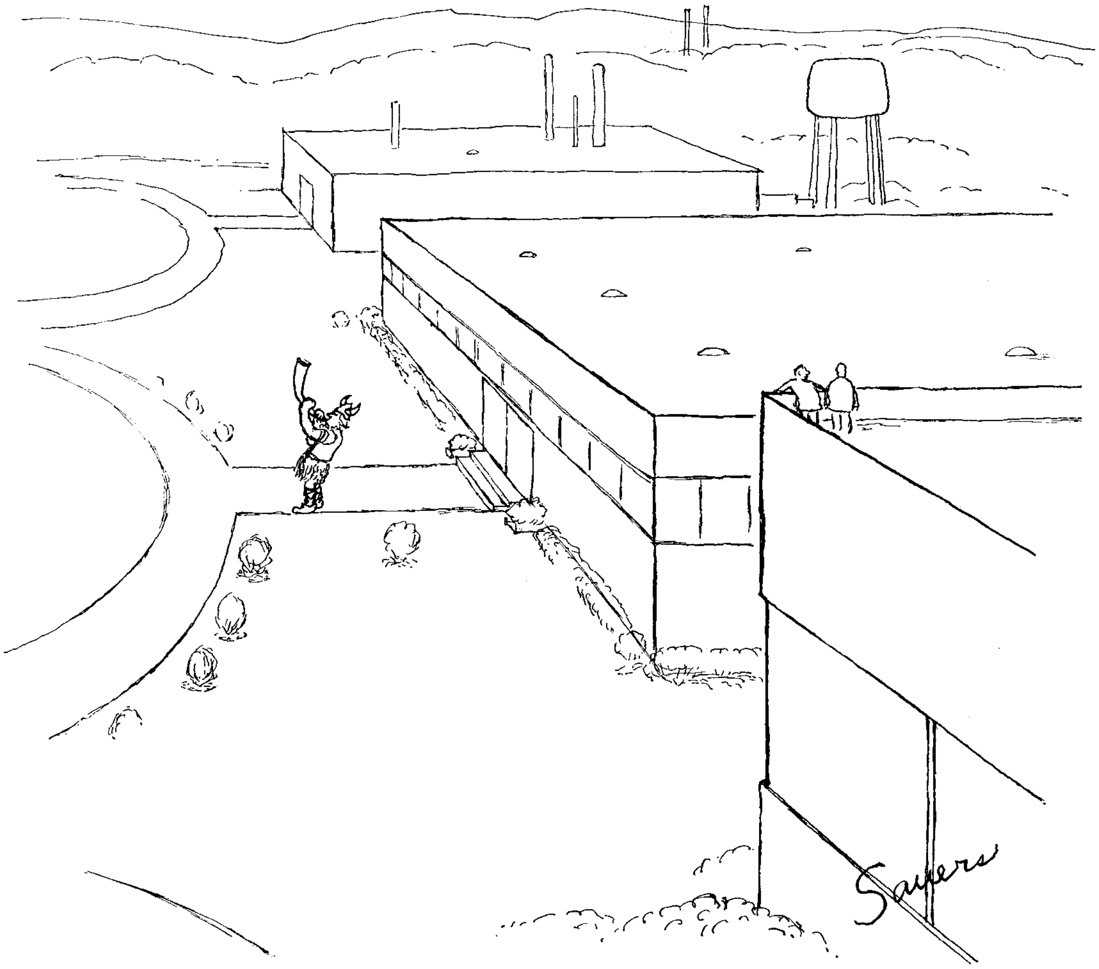
—Donald Hall

• •

Day in Beachwood, Ohio, his home town.

"Arthur's manners have always been quiet and restrained on the tennis court," Graebner says. "What I wonder is: Would he have been that way if he had been white? For me, there was always the spoiled-brat thing. I probably *was* a brat, to some extent. People have called me—and a lot of others—spoiled brats. Would it have been the same for Arthur? He has had to master the restraint of his emotions on the court. In fact, I think he works too hard at trying to keep his cool. He comes off the court after winning a title and gives it the cool play. It's not human to be that cool. He is penned in. Feelings need an outlet. I hope he is not going to lose his cool by trying to keep his cool."

Ashe was trained, in large part, by Dr. Robert Walter Johnson, of Lynchburg, Virginia, who has given much of his life to the development of young black tennis players. For many years, within the strict dimensions of Dr. Johnson's approach to white tennis, Ashe played under the disadvantage of stifling his reactions, of never complaining, of calling close ones against himself. Now the training is paying off. When things get tough, he has control. His latent confidence—his cool—works in his favor. Even in very tight moments, other players think he is toying with them. They rarely know what he is thinking. They can't tell if he's angry. It is maddening, sometimes, to play against him. He has said that what he likes best about himself on a tennis court is his demeanor. "I strive to cultivate it. It's a conversation point. It's a selling point. 'He's icy and he's elegant. Imperturbable.' What it is is controlled cool, in a way. Always have the situation under control, even if losing. Never betray an inward sense of defeat." He once lost in the finals of the Australian National Championship when a foot fault was called against him on the last point of the match. Almost any other American player would have instantly turned into flaming gasoline. Ashe came very close to it, but he kept control. "You must expect four or five bad calls a match," he says. "A match can be won or lost on a bad call." About as close as he will come to complaining is to stare evenly for a moment at a linesman. In an extreme case, he may walk to the point just outside the line where he believes his opponent's shot landed and draw a little circle around the spot with the handle of his racquet.



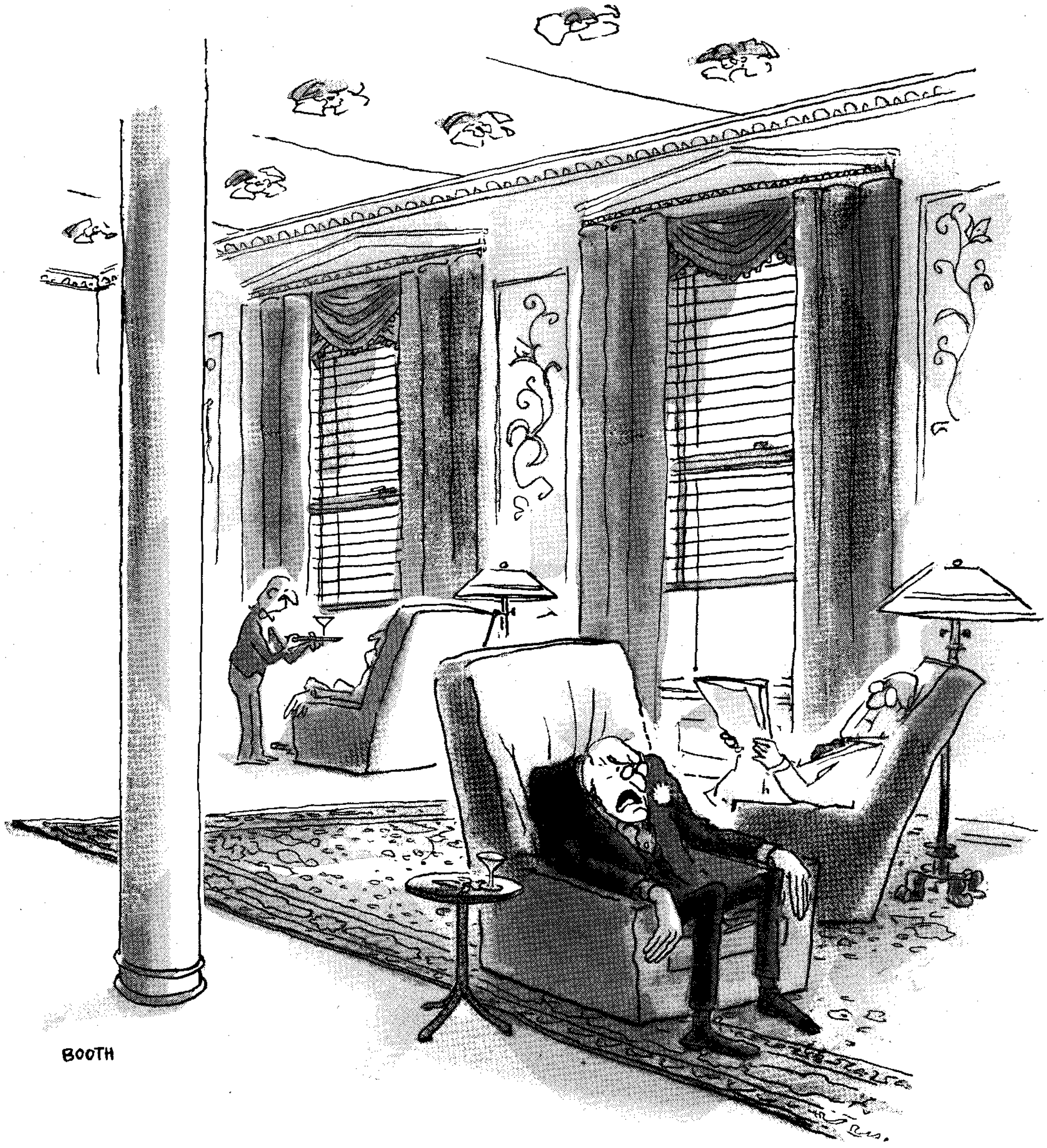
"Volvo can't be calling them back!"

• •

"I used to have a hang-loose attitude," he will say. "That suggests a don't-care attitude. If I won, fine; if I didn't win, too bad. But you just *have* to care—about anything you have to do. You appreciate excellence for excellence's sake." It is part of his cool that he almost never lets himself say or show how much he loves the game he plays, but one has only to watch him on the courts at West Point, playing with the cadet varsity tennis players, to see the extent of his athletic generosity and his affection for what he is doing. He gives away points when he knows that the cadets will not suspect him. He plays at a minor pace with a spectacular suggestion of high effort. He mixes encouragement with instruction and humor in an unending stream of words across the net. "When you run for a ball that's real wide, you run as if you were going to take one more step when you get there. One more step and you would have had it," he will say. Or, "One of the best shots against a man at the net is to hit it right at him. If he's standing there and you hit it hard right at him, what the hell is he going to do?"

As a cadet's good shot goes past him, he shouts, "That's just too tough!" But, of course, he is realistic with the cadets. He doesn't want to hurt them, or waste his own effort. So he always wins. "I am really happy in this game sometimes," he will admit. "One time I am really happy is when the last point is over in a tournament and I have won. Five minutes later, however, it's all gone."

He lifts the ball and hits a deep, flat serve at Graebner down the middle—too deep. Fault. He goes up to serve again, deciding, "I might try to fool him by hitting to the other side, even if I waste a point." He hits a slice so hard and with such sharp placement, close to the sideline, that the ball jumps cleanly past Graebner's racquet for a service ace. "Way to go, Art, baby," Ashe says to himself, and he walks to the umpire's chair and



"Ferguson, do you have days when you don't feel a cut above the rest?"

• •

reaches for a cool, damp towel. Game to Lieutenant Ashe. He leads, seven games to six, second set.

"I don't know how deeply rooted Arthur's feelings are. I would guess they are getting deeper at the moment. He's going to be very wrapped up in civil rights. He's got to come through that first. The question is: Is he going to make a business out of civil rights, or is he going to be a businessman and give time to civil rights? Is he going to be a devotee of a belief, or is he going to attend to a business career? He works now, part time, for Philip Morris International—a job he got as a result of tennis. I got my job with Hobson Miller through tennis, but even without tennis I would have had a good job, through my background and social contacts. With his poor, liberal, Democratic background, he has to be always striving to get ahead, striving for recognition, and he is achieving something daily through his tennis conquests. I think he'll stay with Philip Morris. I think he's too selfish not to want to *be* somebody at the age of thirty-five. Of course, he's never going to be chairman of the board, or president. He'll be a brand manager, or a vice-president in charge of marketing, making fifty or sixty thousand a year. That's an easy way to go. It's a lot easier to make half a fortune than a whole fortune. Even though Arthur is well accepted in a place like Philip Morris, he's never going beyond that level. I accept Arthur any way, but many people don't. He's accepted only because he's a tennis player. If the West Side Tennis Club rejected Dr. Bunche, they're going to reject him. Meanwhile, he'll get married around age twenty-eight and have three kids. I think he's too smart to marry a white girl. That's a headache. If he marries a white girl, who's going to house him? He'll live in a very lovely residence somewhere, but I don't know where. I don't know where a Negro executive lives in New York. I don't even know. I don't know where they live. I just don't know."

"I think I might live in Europe for a while. In Spain or Sweden. I go out now and then with a Swedish tennis player. Her name is Ingrid. She really enjoys life. It's unbelievable. If two people are in love, they're cowards not to get married. In general, though, I lean toward a Negro girl. It's easier. I haven't the slightest idea what I am going to be doing twenty years from now. Graebner will still be in New York. His daughter and his son will have gone to the best private schools. His son will be at Princeton or Yale. Clark will be a member of the Knickerbocker Club, or one of those. He'll just be living the quiet, middle-class life. He'll be the president of that paper company if he tends to his knitting. I'll probably be something like Jackie Robinson, involved in business and politics. I'd like to be in business for myself. I have my hopes—for financial security, for three or four children. What else is there to life besides a family and financial security?"

"If I could, right now, I would join the Racquet Club or the River Club, but these things take time and can't be hurried. I don't want to be just a fifty-to-sixty-thousand-a-year man. I don't know if I'm shrewd, but if I see an opportunity I'll try to take advantage of it. If I had to bet on it, I would say I have a good opportunity to be a millionaire by forty, or perhaps even somewhere on the thirty-five-to-forty plateau. I'll be living in Manhattan, Greenwich, or Scarsdale then. My kids will have gone to Chapin, Spence, Trinity—the best schools—and on to Lawrenceville, Williams, Vassar, Northwestern. Carole will be active in the Junior League—that type of circle. I'll be the president of Hobson Miller and on the board of Saxon Industries, the mother company. I'll play tennis a little, and, hopefully, belong to the Racquet Club and the River Club. Hopefully, I will have made a lot of

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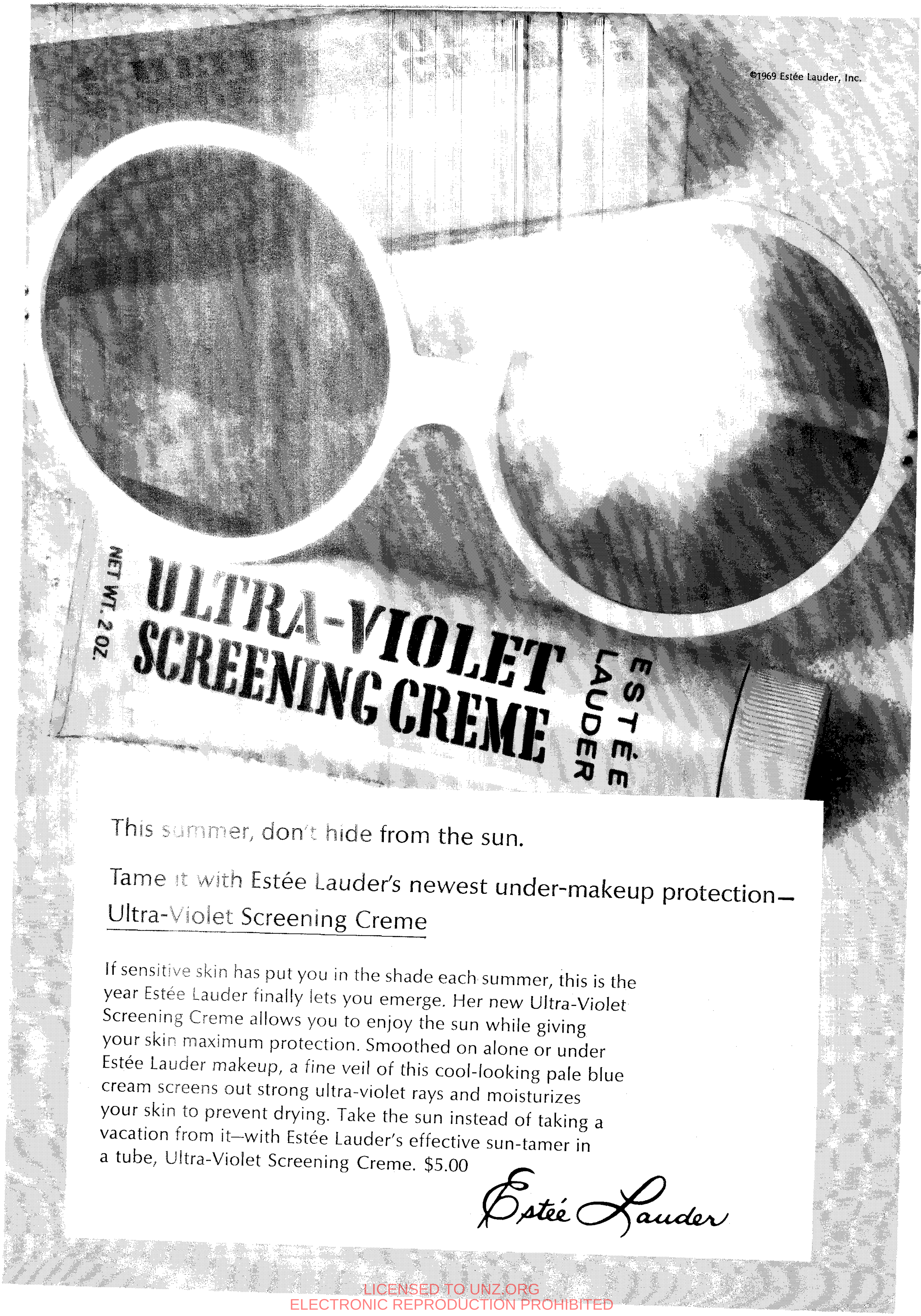

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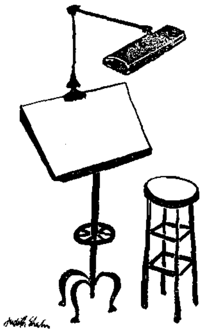
money. One thing I'll always try to do is keep religion in the forefront of the children's minds. That I regard as very, very important. If you lead the type of life that the Lord wants you to lead, He'll give to you. Things come to those who profess and believe."

Graebner, standing with Ashe by the umpire's chair while exchanging ends, rubs sawdust on his racquet handle to dry it and keep it from slipping in his grip. "Thank God I never have trouble with my handle," Ashe remarks, and returns to the court. Graebner eventually follows, and serves. The ball is too fast to be playable. Ashe gets his racquet on it but deflects it low, into the net. Fifteen-love.



Graebner serves wide. Ashe stretches to hit a crosscourt backhand. Graebner volleys from his own backhand—a deep, heavy ball. Ashe flips a lob into the air. Both players now make tactical errors. Graebner decides that the ball is on its way out, and fails to pick the overhead out of the air. The ball drops safely within the baseline, and Graebner desperately sprints around it and drives it with his backhand. Ashe, meanwhile, has watched all this in fascination and has forgotten to go to the net to position himself to destroy what has to be a vulnerable return. As it happens, though, Graebner's shot lands several inches out of bounds. "I'm one of the luckiest guys around," Ashe tells himself. Fifteen-all.

Graebner rocks and hits, and Ashe lets the serve go by. He thinks it ticked the cord and is a let. He waits for official confirmation of this, but none comes. The serve is an official ace. Thirty-fifteen.

Ashe says nothing, and walks to the other side of the court to await Graebner's next one. He sends it back down the line. Graebner, coming to the ball about a foot behind the service line, volleys it on his forehand—into the net. "Can you imagine *me* hitting a shot like that?" Graebner asks himself. "Lazy. Lazy. Bad volley. I was too far back. I should have been in another two feet." The set itself is now hanging on one or two threads. Graebner has the commanding advantage of the serve. Ashe has the unnerving advantage of being within two points of winning. The pressure is total in both directions. Graebner glances at his wife, Carole, who is sitting in the Marquee, a covered grandstand at the east end of the lawn. She is holding her fists up—a signal that means "Come on, now. This is a big point." Thirty-all.

Graebner rocks. Hits. Fault. He serves again, safely, in the middle of the box, and Ashe, who has not moved in on the serve, hits a backhand up the middle—so far so conservative on both sides of the net. Graebner half-volleys to Ashe, on the baseline, in the middle. Ashe loosens. He drives the ball to Graebner's forehand. Graebner punches back hard a volley down the line. Ashe is on it with speed, his racquet back. He hits a flippy backhand, acutely angled crosscourt, with lots of top spin and lots of risk. There is no possibility of Graebner's getting near it but every possibility that the shot will go out. It's a liner. It leaves chalk dust in the air. Ashe turns, in the cascade of applause for his sensationally incautious shot, and walks away from the court. He withdraws into himself, his back to the court and to Graebner. Thirty-forty. Set point.

"Look at him going away from the court, away from the situation," says Donald Dell. "Believe me, he never does that. He's nervous. Think of the pressure on him. And still he hits a shot like that one. That's why he's a great tennis player. It's like a pro quarterback when he is down six points, third and twenty on his own forty, forty-two seconds to go, and he throws a pass into the end zone. The big play at the right time. He not only tries it, he makes it."

Graebner hits his big serve to Ashe's forehand, and Ashe drives the ball into the umpire's chair. But the serve was a couple of inches out. Graebner serves again, and Ashe's low, underspun return drops in the service box. Graebner moves up and hits to Ashe's backhand. Ashe gets set to hit. He can do anything out of his backhand backswing, and now he seems to be preparing for a dink or a drop shot. But he is faking, to draw Graebner in. Graebner runs for the net. Ashe lobs. Graebner is moving one way and the ball, above him, is moving the other way. It drops fifteen inches inside the line. The set is over. The match is even.

"He fooled me completely. I had no idea," Graebner says to himself.

Ashe is saying to himself, "I think I'm going to win it all."

"A set apiece. I'm still in there," Graebner thinks. He looks worried.

Ashe bounces the ball ten times,

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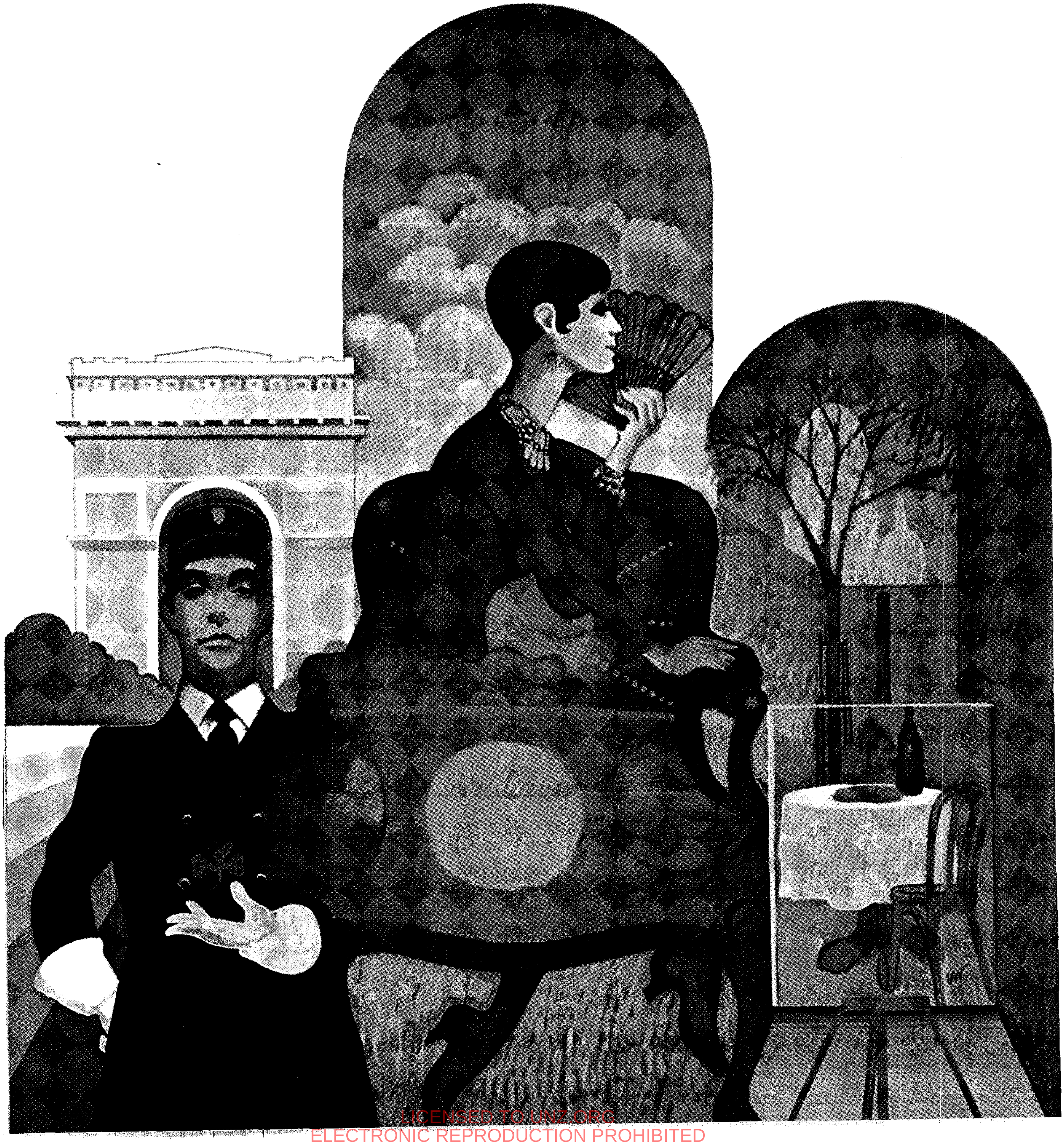

while applause subsides, and then he pushes his glasses into place, lifts the ball, and hits an uncomplicated ace that splits the court. He hits another ace. And with four additional shots he wins the first game of the third set.

WHEN Ashe's alarm clock sounds, he gets out of bed and, sleepily, invariably, says, "What's happening?" Sometimes he stumbles as he crosses the room, because any number of objects may be on the floor. There is always an open, half-filled suitcase somewhere. Tennis clothes fan out of it like laundry spread to dry. Racquets are all over the place, strung and unstrung—on the floor, on bookshelves, under the bed. "I hate orderliness," he will say. There are piles of unanswered letters. His conscience tells him to answer them all. Ripped envelopes are so numerous that they should probably be removed with a rake. There is a stack of copies of the Richmond *Afro-American*. Tennis trophies are here and there like unwashed dishes—West of England Lawn Tennis Championships; U.S. National Clay Court Men's Singles Winner 1967. His books are more or less concentrated on bookshelves, but some can also be found on or under every other piece of furniture in the room. They have accumulated during the time—fourteen months—he has been living in the Bachelor Officers' Quarters at the United States Military Academy. Under his bed is "Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders." On a chair near his pillow are "Fundamentals of Marketing" and "The Autobiography of Malcolm X." Along the shelves go "Human Sexual Response," "Black Power," "Emily Post's Etiquette," "Contract Bridge for Beginners," "Ulysses," "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," "The Confessions of Nat Turner," "The Human Factor in Changing Africa," "Paper Lion," "Mata Hari," "Dynamic Speed Reading," "The Naked Ape," "The New York Times Guide to Personal Finance," "Marketing Management, Analysis and Planning," "A Short History of Religions," "Elementary French," "Spanish in Three Months," "Aussie English," and "U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission Hearings—N.Y., N.Y. 1968."

The Graebners' apartment, on East Eighty-sixth Street, is trim and orderly, with comfortable new, non-period furniture and a TV set that rolls on wheels. The apartment is a module many floors up in a modern concrete hive. The hall outside is narrow, and

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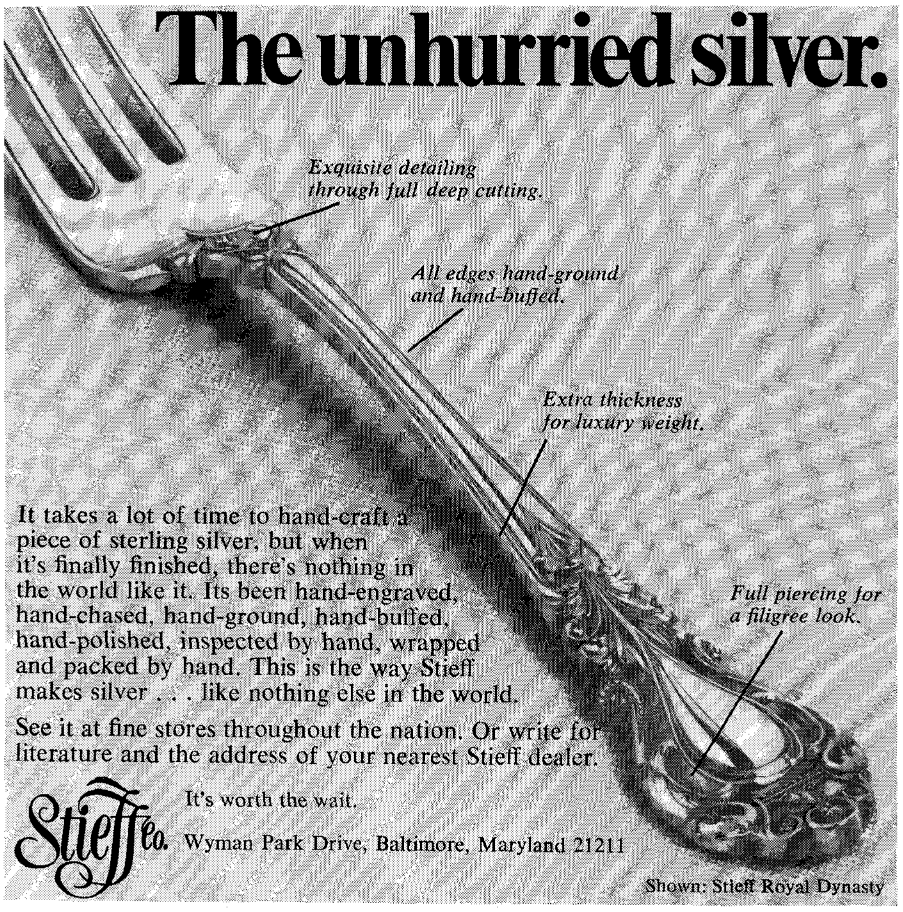
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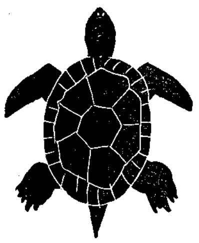
all the doors along it are made of hollow steel and have peepholes. Graebner has been reading "The Arrangement" ("just for trash"), "The Effective Executive" (because that is exactly what he would like to be), a biography of Richard Nixon, "The Rich and the Super-Rich," "Airport" ("for more trash"), and "The Pro Quarterback." Graebner is less verbal than Ashe. Graebner's language is casual and idiomatic. A word like "phraseology" will come out of him in four syllables, and if Ashe happens to hear it he is likely to call Graebner's attention to the error, for Ashe is meticulous about some things, and language is one. Ashe is very literal. In restaurants, for example, the Davis Cup Team trainer is forever asking waitresses for "diet sugar," and Ashe will say, "Diet *sugar*? Diet sweetener, maybe." He says he would like to write. Meanwhile, he does the *Times* crossword puzzle every day and drives himself crazy until he has it complete and correct. He calls up friends long distance to ask for help if he needs it. When they ask him why he does the crossword with such energy, he will say something like "I'm not sure. It may give me a false sense of intellectual security."



The door of Ashe's clothes closet is always open, and the light in there has been on for fourteen months. Love beads hang on a hook on the door. Ashe looks extremely contemporary when he goes off to New York for a date wearing the beads, a yellow turtleneck, and what he calls his "ru" jacket. More often, he just looks trim and conventional, like Graebner, in a business suit. In uniform, he is the model soldier—salutes and does all the things an officer is supposed to do. He seems to get pleasure out of it. It would probably be an exaggeration to say that he enjoys the West Point life, but he plays the game. He works hard when he is on the post. He gets up at seven and is at his desk by eight. Graebner works even harder. A million dollars must seem a long way off when you can't even get an American Express credit card. Graebner applied and was turned down, apparently on the ground of insufficient visible income—to the limitless amusement of all the other players on the Davis Cup Team. Ashe and Graebner are both extraordinarily conscious of the stock market, and each thinks he is a shrewd investor. An amateur tennis player at their level can have something to invest, since he can collect in expenses and sundry compensations as much as twenty thousand dollars a year. Ashe never misses the *Times'* stock-market quotations, and as his eye runs through them he says, "Too tough. . . . Fantastic. . . . Unbelievable." Graebner has three brokers. He describes them as "a conservative, a middle-of-the-roader, and a flier." The conservative is his mother's broker, in Cleveland. The middle-of-the-roader is a man in Richmond whom Graebner met on the tennis circuit. The flier was a friend of Graebner's at Northwestern and now works in New York for Smith, Barney & Co. When tennis takes Graebner to a place like Las Vegas or San Juan, he goes to the gaming tables and hangs on every roll of the dice as if he were in the semifinals of the United States Open Championships. Ashe is a few feet up the velvet, behaving the same way.

New balls come into the match. Graebner hits three unmanageable serves. He quickly raises the score to one–all, third set.

As amateurs, Ashe and Graebner qualify for none of the prize money that is available to professionals in this tournament. Noting this, an anonymous woman feels such pity for Ashe that she sends him a hundred shares of General Motors common. One evening, Graebner learns about it from Ashe.

"A *hundred* shares of General *Motors*!" Graebner says, and his vocal cords seem tight.

"That's right," Ashe tells him. "From an anonymous donor."

"White or Negro?"

"I don't know. She saw me play and felt sorry for me."

"How much is it a share—forty dollars?"

"Hell, no. Ninety-five."

"She gave you *nine thousand five hundred dollars*?"

"You better believe it."

"That's too tough. Why didn't she give it to me? I deserve it as much as you. You son of a bitch, you owe me four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars."

Graebner appears to be somewhat tense under the pressure of not being able to do much against Ashe's serve, which is becoming perceptibly stronger. In the last ten games that Ashe has served, Graebner has won only nine scattered points. Ashe double-faults. Graebner looks happy. Ashe takes four straight points, including one on a

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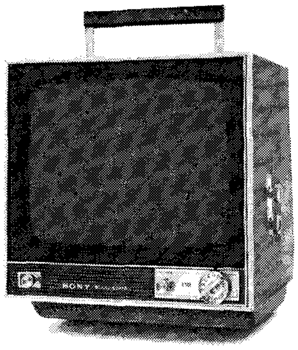

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loose, liberal, infuriating touch shot. Graebner mutters, "Arthur, you lucky bastard. How can you hit that shot?" Game to Lieutenant Ashe. He leads, two games to one.

Donald Dell once asked Graebner to name his best friends in tennis. "I don't have any friends in tennis," Graebner answered. Dell says that Graebner becomes suspicious when someone likes him. "I don't have too many friends, period," Graebner has also said. "I like to escape, to go on my own. I'm not one of those kind of guys that needs people around him all the time. I hate to put on a façade. I don't enjoy it. It's too tough. I feel pretty close to guys like Arthur and Charlie Pasarell, because of the camaraderie we've had in growing up together. Mr. Miller, my boss, has become a very, very, very close friend, kind of a fatherly friend, but I don't confide in anyone my own age."

Charlie Pasarell could be almost anyone's best friend. He is a Puerto Rican, tall, handsome, thoughtful, agreeable, generous, sleepy, and hedonistic, who grew up near San Juan. Banana trees grow beside his swimming pool, which has tiled racing lanes. His family is rich, and prominent in Puerto Rico. Charlie developed as a tennis player on the courts of the Caribe Hilton. On the junior circuit in the United States, he sometimes travelled in the Graebners' car, and now and then he stayed in their home. He has known Graebner and Ashe as long as they have known each other. The three are about the same age, play the same game technically, and are a vintage of American tennis. Ashe is national amateur champion. Graebner is (and Ashe has been) national clay-court champion. Pasarell has twice been national indoor champion. Pasarell is the only tennis player in the history of Wimbledon to have beaten a Wimbledon defending champion on Wimbledon's opening day. He and Ashe have at different times been ranked No. 1 in the United States, and Graebner has been ranked No. 2. Now a private in the Army, stationed at Stewart Air Force Base, in Newburgh, New York, Pasarell has a room there that consists of several square yards of linoleum, some steel lockers, and a cot. So he spends a great deal of time in Ashe's suite at West Point, enjoying the perquisites of an officer's life with none of the responsibilities. Ashe and Pasarell were college roommates—the No. 2 and No. 1 tennis players, respectively, for U.C.L.A.—and ever since those years they have been inseparable. On a ten-

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Washington/ Flood Pontiac Company

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Boston/ Foreign Motors, Inc.

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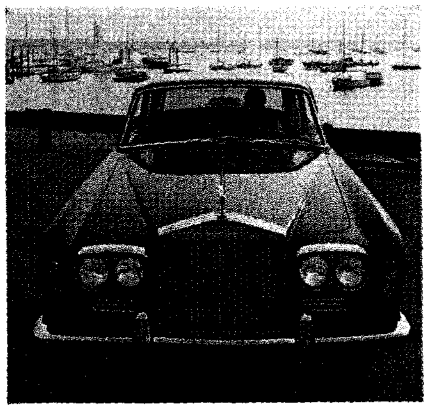
The personal Rolls-Royces: $19,600, $29,200 and $31,600.



Silver Shadow Sedan $19,600

The Silver Shadow is a new kind of Rolls-Royce. A personal Rolls-Royce. It has been designed not for a chauffeur, but for the personal pleasure of the owner-driver.

Interiors are sybaritic. You ensconce yourself in deep bucketed seats covered with glove-soft English leather. The panelling is of rare Circassian walnut. The carpets are wool, trimmed with hide.

Air conditioning is standard equipment, and there is an unusual split-level ventilation system. You can warm your feet and cool your face at the same time.

A deferential driving seat provides eight different adjustments of height, reach and angle at the touch of an electric switch. The backs of the front seats, even the armrests on the doors, adjust individually.

Electric shift and friendly lights

The drive selector is electric, and effortless. The power steering is light but not numb. It has a reassuring feel. The whole car is only seventeen feet long. It turns full circle in little more than twice its length, and seems almost to park itself.

Press a button on the dashboard, and you can open the gas tank. Other knobs and switches let you balance radio speakers throughout the car, or raise the antenna, or control all the windows. On Sedans and Coupés, still another button controls 1,300 invisible wires that demist the rear window.

Scan the instrument panel, and friendly lights tell you whether or not all is well with such essentials as fuel and coolant levels, oil pressure, or pressure in the power brake system.

You feel very safe

Monocoque construction provides a low center of gravity. A unique hydraulic levelling system keeps the Silver Shadow level, and its headlights correctly aimed, even with a full complement of passengers and luggage. This levelling system also allows very soft coil springs on all four wheels without giving you the nightmare feeling that you are driving a double bed.

The Silver Shadow's silence, even at 100 miles an hour, adds to your peace of mind. Even more reassuring is the triple hydraulic braking system. It operates the disc brakes like steel hands in velvet gloves. A special valve balances braking between front and rear wheels. You slow down as firmly and gracefully as you accelerate.

Personal preference

You can get the personal Rolls-Royce in three different body styles. The Silver Shadow four-door Sedan is the standard. It costs $19,600. There are also two limited edition coachbuilt models. The Coupé, at $29,200. And the Convertible, at $31,600.

Silver Shadow Convertible $31,600

Silver Shadow Coupé $29,200

The bodies for these coachbuilt cars are almost entirely handmade by H. J. Mulliner, Park Ward, of London. Founded in 1770, this firm has been building custom bodies for Rolls-Royce cars for half a century.

Some of their techniques are old world indeed. They still devote a whole week's work to the panelling of a single Coupé, or to the tailoring of a single Convertible top. They apply as many as seventeen coats of paint to each car, and buff each coat by hand. They choose hides for the upholstery with extravagant care, selecting only one out of every five hundred. The rejects make expensive handbags.

Expose yourself to temptation

For more information about these magnificent cars, write to Mr. Norman Miller, Executive Vice-President, Rolls-Royce Inc., Room 464B, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. Or, visit your Rolls-Royce dealer. He can offer you a profusely detailed and illustrated brochure on the personal Rolls-Royce. Better yet, he can let you drive one.

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How a four hundred year old tradition became the first name for the martini.

KOBRAND, N.Y. • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Rulers have always had bodyguards. These came with William the Conqueror. In a time of no standing armies, they were his shield and his good right arm.

He stationed them in that high Norman keep commanding London called the Tower. And all below knew who ruled England.

The Guardians of Royalty

Within a month of his victory at Bosworth in 1485, Henry VII made the royal bodyguards into the first permanent military group in England.

And so began the participation of the Beefeater in a magnificent human drama. Never before or since has one body of men shared so fully in the pageant of royalty.

From his vantage point in the Tower of London he watched as his ruler pitted himself against Pretenders and Parliament, Church and foreign powers for the prize of England. Sir Thomas More, Raleigh, Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, Guy Fawkes—all strutted and played their scenes before the Beefeater.

How the "Beefeater" Acquired His Name

There were times of happiness. Times of circumstance and pomp, of boisterous banquets and swaggering nobles, of boards groaning beneath the weight of delicacies unnumbered, and of comely serving wenches too.

It is from these occasions of state that the Yeoman of the Guard acquired the name Beefeater. Among his trusts was the supervision of the buffet at royal banquets—of being a "buffetier." And through the delightful Cockney propensity to make foreign words into the King's English, "buffetier" became Beefeater.

A Gin for Gentlemen

When James Burrough gave to his London Distilled Dry Gin the name of Beefeater, he did not do so lightly. He was well aware of the esteem in which the Beefeater was held in the hearts and minds of gentlemen. He knew that the Beefeater stood for integrity, quality and was the guardian of all that was traditional in Britain. And until that time, no gin had dared make a bid for a place of honor on a gentleman's sideboard.

It was with due regard of the consequences that James Burrough introduced to Victorian England, Beefeater Gin.

Needless to say, he was successful. Never before had a gin achieved such softness, such clarity, such fullness and balance of taste. Men used words that were heretofore reserved for vintage wine and venerable brandy to describe it.

First Name for the Martini

In the same age that James Burrough produced Beefeater Gin, an American fashioned the martini. Never have there been two more fortunate and fortuitous events. The two have been inseparably linked ever since.

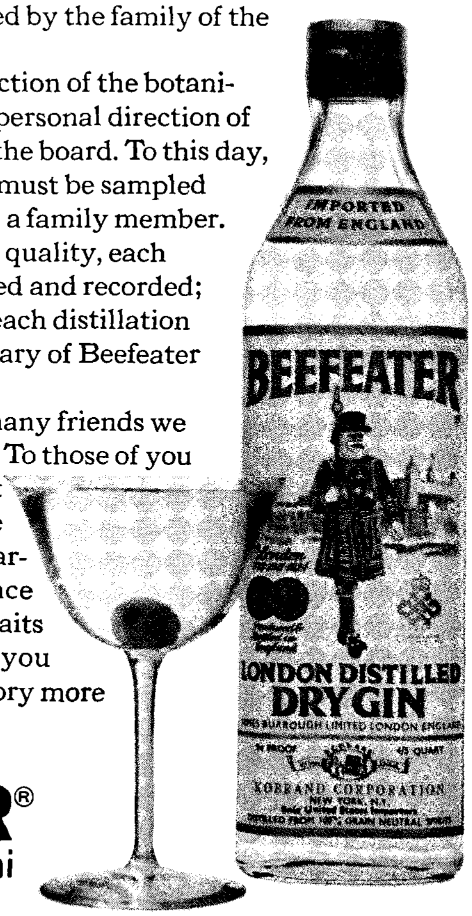
To those accustomed to the delights of the world, Beefeater is the first name for the martini. Before the meal, a Beefeater Martini arouses the appetite for further delights; between friends it is an appreciation of shared tastes; and as an indulgence of self, little if anything can compare to the identifiable excellence of Beefeater Gin. And yet to our surprise, there are those who have asked, "What does a Beefeater Martini taste like?" In truth, words give but poor approximation of its identifiable excellence. We can only promise that Beefeater will double your martini pleasure.

So Characteristically English

The identifiable excellence of Beefeater is due in no small part to the personal supervision of the Burrough family. Beefeater is the only gin in England still produced by the family of the founder.

The selection of the botanicals is under the personal direction of the chairman of the board. To this day, each distillation must be sampled and approved by a family member. To further insure quality, each bottle is numbered and recorded; and a sample of each distillation is placed in a library of Beefeater Gin production.

To our many friends we now give thanks. To those of you who have not yet had the pleasure of a Beefeater Martini, an experience most sublime awaits you. Never will you find English history more enjoyable.



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First name for the martini

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Buick introduces automobiles to light your fire.

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Buick introduced you to the Riviera GS, California GS and GS 350.

Buick brought you the GS 400 and Stage I.

Buick introduced you to the Opel Rallye Kadett.

Now Buick introduces the Opel GT, and you have every reason to be excited. Only, please. Have patience. You may not be able to get one right away.

Like all good things, the Opel GT is available in a limited quantity. Which, if you'll think about it, is really the way it should be.

Automobiles like this don't come along very often. Especially automobiles equipped like this that nearly everyone can afford.

There really isn't much you could ask for that isn't already standard on the Opel GT.

A 67 horsepower engine is standard on the Opel GT. A 102 horsepower engine is available for the most enthusiastic enthusiast.

Power-assisted front disc brakes, dual exhausts, and radial ply tires (165 HR x 13) are standard.

A short-throw, 4-speed stick is standard. Mounted in a console on the floor. A fully automatic transmission is available. Mounted on the floor.

Specially-contoured vinyl bucket seats are standard.

A tach, amp and oil gauges, and 0.1 mile odometer are standard.

And, of course, a very lengthy list of GM safety equipment is standard, too.

There you have it.

The beginning of an exciting story that can be heard in full at any Buick-Opel showroom. Brought to you by you know who.

Who else?

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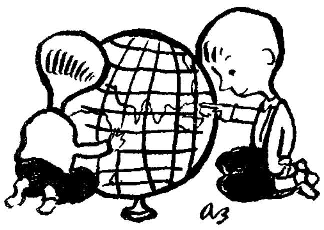
The light-your-fire Buicks: Riviera GS. GS 400. Stage I. GS 350. California GS. Opel Rallye Kadett. Opel GT.

nis court, Pasarell can drive Graebner out of his mind, because he sometimes waits until Graebner has him at or near match point before he opens up his full game and fights back to win—as he did in the finals of the most recent Eastern Grass Court Championships, at Orange. Pasarell has been behind Graebner two sets, five games to none, and forty-love, with Graebner serving, only to turn around and beat him, and cause Graebner to shake the fences in outrage. "As long as I live, I will never understand the Latin temperament," Graebner once said at such a moment.



"I would love to play you in the finals of any tournament" was Pasarell's amiable response. "The more pressure there is, the better my chances would be."

Graebner once asked Pasarell how he could conceivably style himself a Democrat. "You're from the social class, the inbred class, and you're wealthy," Graebner said. "Don't you want to protect what you have? I can see a man like Jimmy Ling, of Ling-Temco-Vought, being a Democrat, because he wants contracts with the government. But I can't see why anyone else—you, H. L. Hunt, my father—should want to contribute to things like Medicare and Medicaid. How can you be a Democrat?"

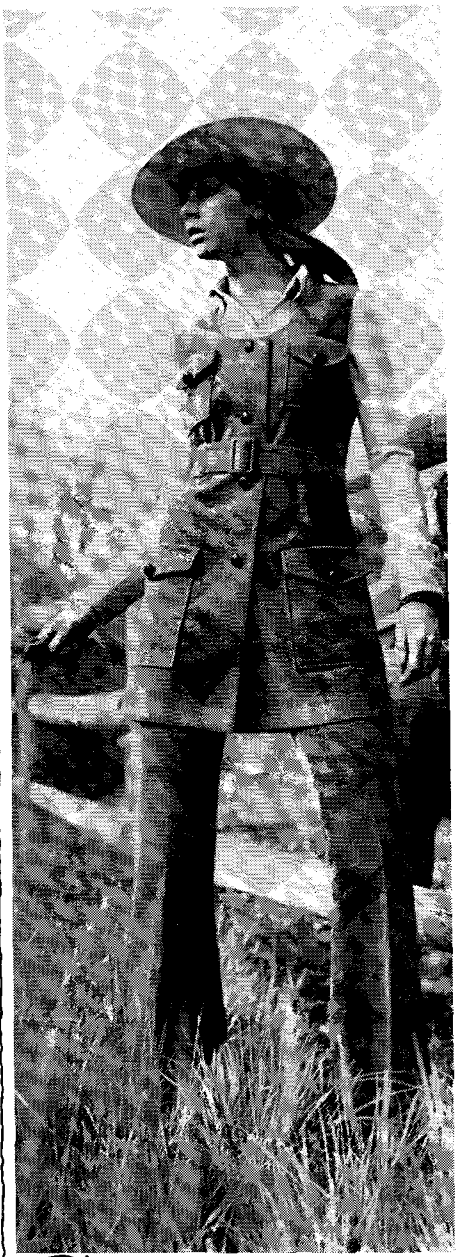
"Conscience is more important than money," Pasarell said.

Pasarell once observed, "Tennis is a fight of character. A couple of good shots can build the spirit. It used to be impossible to get into a match with Arthur, because there was no character in his game. It was like hitting against a backboard. He was just out there hitting balls. He either hit or missed. If he was missing, he lost. If he was hitting, he won. It seemed to suit him either way. You have to put some heart into many things. Arthur sometimes hasn't. We once took a three-hour exam in a course at U.C.L.A. and Arthur walked out after forty-five minutes. I told him later that I had found the exam extremely difficult, and he said, 'You must be kidding.' He got a B. He would have done better if he had got involved. He majored in marketing, but his favorite course was anthropology. He thinks out loud, and, without meaning to, he used to hurt people's feelings. He was indiscreet, saying things that embarrassed his friends. The usual view of him is that he is cool, even-tempered, and unemotional, and this is right to a certain extent. His dad taught him to be humble, quiet, to live and let live, and that others are entitled to their opinions. His father was protective of Arthur—because of racial prejudice and because Arthur's mother died when he was so young—and Arthur developed a shield. He would never let anything grab him emotionally. He would accept things as they occurred. I consider him my best friend and I think I am his best friend, but if I had gone to him and said, 'I have a bullet in my stomach,' he would have said, 'What else is new?' He would have cared, but he wouldn't have shown it. His character *and* his tennis are different now. He still has the ability to go for the outright shot from any position at any time, and this is why some players are petrified of him. But he plays more percentage tennis, too. He will dink. He spins his first serve in more, instead of going for the outright ace. He'll block his return of serve, instead of always hitting away. He'll fake a little bit. He'll intimidate. He'll slice. He'll lob. He'll take speed off his passing shots. His volleys are more consistent. He's alive now. He is more concerned about things—about racial problems, family, business, his friends, his game. He is a little more careful now of what he does. He's more involved in the match, more emotionally involved, and that is why he has become a great, great tennis player."

Games are two–all, third set. Ashe, hurrying again, double-faults for the fifth time. Nonetheless, there is nothing stiff about the way he walks. He remains loose and limber. Love-fifteen.

In an automobile, Ashe does not like to be a passenger, and he will go to any lengths to avoid making a trip in which he is not the driver. He explains that it is his belief that even in a context of reasonable speeds he can move an automobile from one place to another faster than the next man. He owns a red Mustang, and wants to put a telephone in it. He is bored easily, hates routine work, and hates wasting time. He wants to complete anything he starts absolutely without delay. Now he bounces the ball twice, snaps his wrist at the high pivot of his swing, and hits a serve down the middle that is too much for Graebner. Fifteen-all.

Graebner has hypochondriacal tendencies, and other tennis players call him Hypo. He worries about drafts, coughs,



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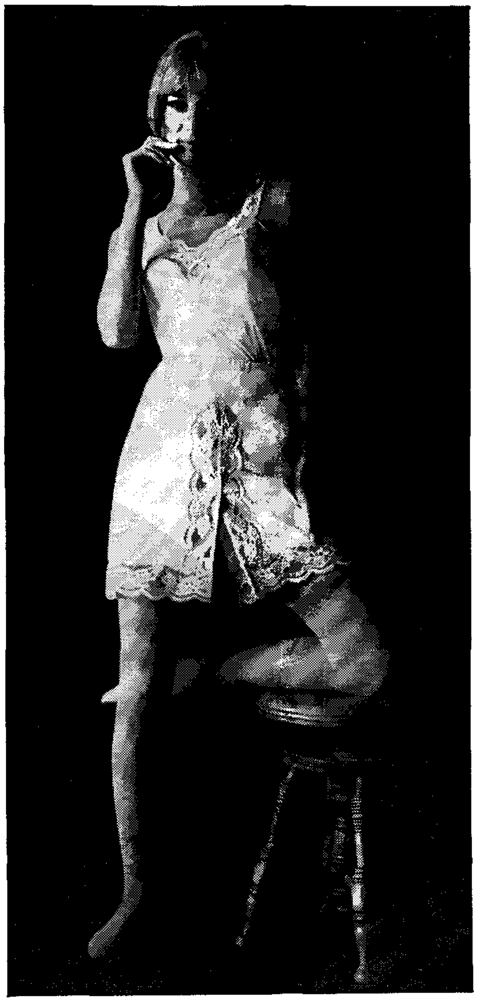
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hiccups, sore throats, and colds, and mistakes muscle twinges for coronary thromboses. He sticks a finger *inside* the necks of freshly opened Coca-Cola bottles and rubs them "clean" before he drinks. Before almost any match, he makes remarks about the several besetting ailments that happen to be uppermost in his mind at the time.

It is doubtful whether a trimmer, healthier, better-built, or more powerful human being than Graebner has ever stood on a tennis court. Ashe serves to his forehand—a dangerous thing to do—and Graebner muscles one down the line so fast that Ashe's volley makes a high, awkward parabola and lands beyond the baseline. Graebner has Ashe down fifteen-thirty, and is thinking, "I have a great chance for a break here."

Ashe's signature—"Arthur R. Ashe, Jr."—is about halfway between bold and timid, and well within the sub-Hancock zone. Graebner's signature, full of sweep and dash, is pi Hancock squared. The "G" is two and a quarter inches high. He waits, a foot behind the baseline, for Ashe's serve. It is wide. And now Graebner knows that Ashe's second serve will almost certainly be a twist to the backhand. If Graebner wins this point, he will damage Ashe's morale and set himself up to break through in the game. Ashe will be down fifteen-forty, and Graebner will have the match in his control. Ashe lifts the ball, hits, and the twist falls exactly where Graebner had imagined it would. He decides to detonate—to go, as Arthur surely would, for the big point with a single bold shot. He swings and hits it—a flat backhand. At twice the speed necessary to win, the ball goes down the line, but on the out side. Thirty-all.

Graebner seldom goes to the movies. Ashe seems to spend more time in movie theatres than he does on tennis courts. From all the films he has seen, the two characters who seem to remain most prominently in his mind are "the guy in 'A Thousand Clowns,' because he is self-taught and doesn't give a damn about society," and Zorba the Greek, "because *he* doesn't give a damn about society, either, but would go out of his way to help you." Certain symbols mean a great deal to Graebner. He can identify a pair of Gucci shoes a block away. Tennis travelling takes him to as many as five continents a year, but he says he is not interested in sightseeing anywhere. Ashe is an aggressive tourist, with a movie camera over his arm, sunglasses over his eyes, and an article on Afghani-

Announcing the North American Philips Corporation

On February 14, 1969, North American Philips Company, Inc., merged with Consolidated Electronics Industries Corp. The merger created the North American Philips Corporation. It now has 46 divisions and subsidiaries.

These days, there are many multi-market companies. But none of them is quite like North American Philips.

Here's why:

1. We are a growth company. But unlike many others, we concentrate our efforts in clearly defined fields: electrical/electronic and chemical/pharmaceutical. These are the things we know, the things we know we do well.

Our technological innovation and research are systematically focused in these areas. Many of our member companies have their own new-product development facilities. They are also supported directly by our central research laboratories in New York, and benefit from our association with one of the largest research complexes in Europe. Their aim is constantly to strengthen and broaden our position in the markets we have chosen to serve.

2. We prefer to cultivate our own garden. At North American Philips, we look over the garden fence only when we feel fenced in. We select opportunities for external expansion very carefully indeed.

When we spot a market, we study the market's profitability. When we spot a potential acquisition, we study the company's management and products with the same care.

In short, we discriminate. Our objectives determine our acquisitions; we never allow an opportune acquisition to shape our objectives.

3. North American Philips Corporation likes to give maximum autonomy to its member companies. We expect them to turn a profit, but we let them do it their own way.

We don't turn entrepreneurs into faceless company men. We think that if a man has the stamina and individuality to create a successful business, he is the best man to run it successfully.

One company owner actually turned down an offer a million dollars higher than ours, because he knew he would still be his own man at North American Philips.

We have only three rules. Our member companies must make good products. They must make a sensible profit. They must be inspired with the divine unrest that leads to better things.

4. But autonomy is not anarchy. North American Philips Corporation is not a holding company counting profits. We guide our divisions, but the guidance is relative and personal, rather than absolute and mechanical. This has the great virtue of allowing us all to function in our respective areas of greatest competence. We are, so to speak, professional generalists with the advantages of a broad objectivity. Our division managers are professional specialists, with the means to implement their enthusiasms.

5. North American Philips Corporation is already a success, not a speculative venture.

We're financially stable: a half-billion dollar company with an uncomplicated capital structure and a long-term debt of only $53 million.

One of our family of companies introduced the tape cassette to America. Another sells the most popular men's electric shaver in the country. Another has come up with a vaccine for German measles.

One earned an Oscar for an extraordinary motion picture projector. One designed a little machine that stays at the supermarket after hours, and gives inventory information when a computer calls on the telephone.

6. North American Philips Corporation has quite a future. We're sound but not stodgy. Innovative but not wild.

We look before we leap. We find out what people want but don't have. Then we figure out how we can fill the need profitably.

This marketing approach gives North American Philips a much better than average record for successful new products. Our entrepreneurs will see that it keeps happening. They have a built-in radar for good business.

If any of this sounds interesting to you as an investor, send for our Annual Report. It's good reading. Write to North American Philips Corporation, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

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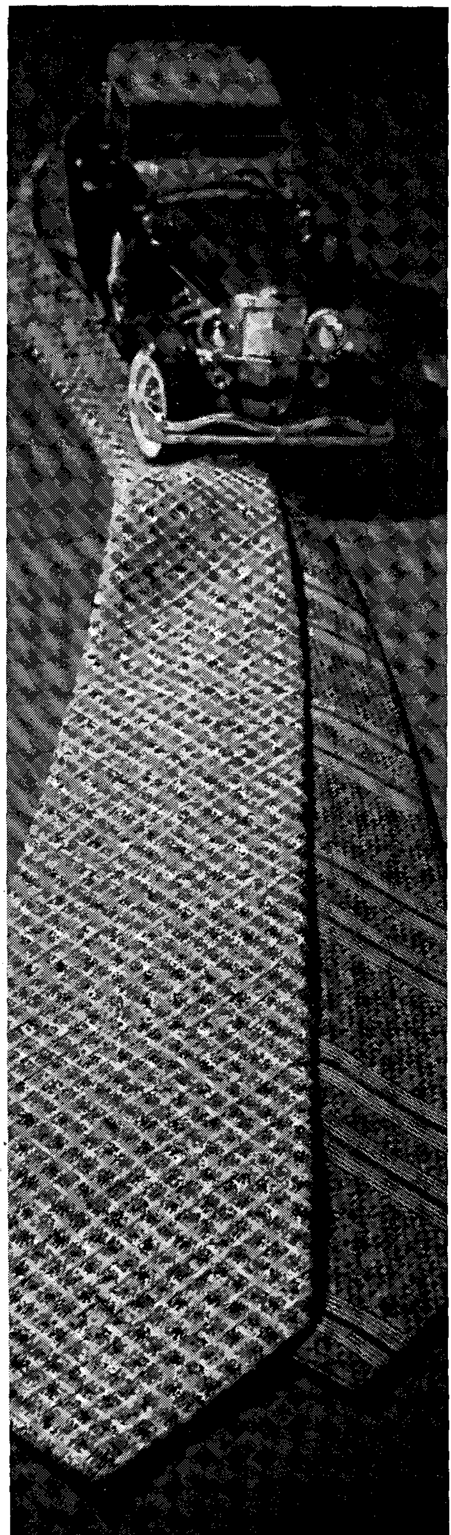

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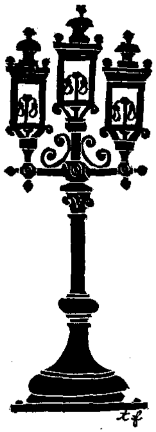
stan—or wherever—in his hand. He says that Charlotte Amalie reminds him of Tasmania. Australia is “unbelievable,” a sporting fantasia, by his report, because the only news of Australia that he has ever seen on the front pages of Australian newspapers is news of sports. “Australian English is a barroom language,” he will say. “It is not a language for a woman.”

Ashe and Graebner would rather win the Davis Cup together than win Forest Hills as individuals. “Tournaments are no sweat, but you lose sleep in the Davis Cup,” Ashe says. “If you lose a tournament, it's just *you* losing. If you lose in the Davis Cup, the United States has lost.”

“It's patriotism,” Graebner says. “I'd rather win in the Davis Cup than win Wimbledon.” He gets goose pimples when he hears “The Star-Spangled Banner.” Sometimes the Davis Cup Team's daily training exercises are declared optional, and when that happens Graebner is likely to be the only one who does them.

When Graebner is off the court, his mind sometimes wanders in the way that Ashe's does in action. Graebner frequently clicks off in the middle of conversations, but he is not thinking about ideal dinners. Ashe, if he is in New York, trains on soul food at places with names like the West Boondock Lounge. Once in a while, he will have a glass of beer with a shot of lime juice in it. Graebner, during Forest Hills, eats big breakfasts, has soup and tea for lunch, and eats the same training meal every night—a vodka Martini, a shrimp cocktail, a baked potato without salt or butter, and roast beef or steak. Neither Ashe nor Graebner smokes. It has been many years since Budge Patty, deciding to take his tennis seriously, bought a pair of scissors so that he could cut his cigarettes in half.



Ashe slices his first serve in, follows it, and volleys deep and hard to Graebner's backhand corner. Graebner reaches on the run and makes an underhanded save, flicking the ball into the air in a short and immensely vulnerable lob. Ashe, standing at the crossroads in the middle of the service line, points in the overhead and drives it down Graebner's throat. Scrambling far behind the baseline, Graebner makes an unbelievable retrieve and sends up another lob—this one very high and deep. It comes down with wind drift and lands by the sideline, one inch out. Graebner shows his disappointment. His great chance appears to have left him. Forty-thirty.

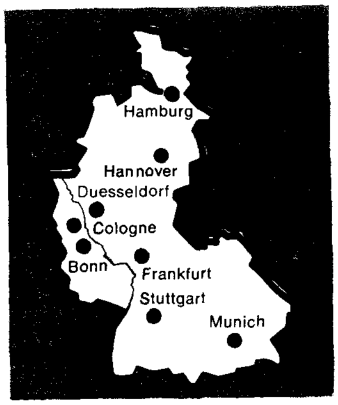
Ashe pushes up his glasses, wipes his chin on his shoulder, bounces the ball twice, and hits his flat maximum serve precisely into the corner where the service line and the sideline meet. The closest the ball comes to Graebner is fifteen feet. Graebner never moves or lifts his racquet. Ace. Game to Ashe. He leads, three games to two.

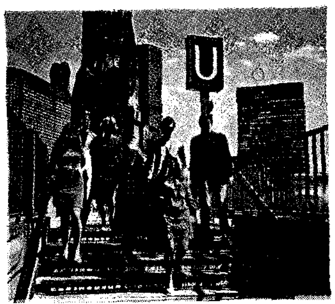
Coming into a room—any room, anywhere—the first thing Ashe says is “What's happening?” When he ends a conversation, he says, “Well, it's been nice talking to you.” These are the frames of his relationships with other people—these expressions, and a habit he has of wearing sunglasses indoors. They keep the world at one remove. The sunglasses are uneroded bits of the shield that Pasarell talks about. “I don't mind being by myself,” Ashe will say. “I prefer the company of people I'm interested in, but I don't seek out people just to be with people. Jesus, sometimes it's exactly the opposite. Music is my best friend. I know every rhythm-and-blues station in the country. Most Negro stations are way over on the right on the dial.” Ashe does not seem to be quite together unless a radio or a tape recorder is playing. He irritates friends by turning up the music and flipping through books or magazines in the middle of conversations. “I can do three things at once,” he explains. His responses to things are interesting, if not always clear. Ideas roll out of him unexamined, and he doesn't seem to care if they collide. He is very bright, fast, and articulate, and sometimes grows impatient with others while they catch up. Of the six young men on the United States Davis Cup Team, he seems to have the widest range of interests. But he often conceals his enthusiasms or commitments, and his all-purpose answer to questions is “Not really.”

“Do you care if the sun comes up tomorrow, Arthur?”

“Not really.”

He does care, though. He is, for example, acutely anxious about the fate of the astronauts. “They make me so nervous I can't stand it. I'm waiting for our first in-flight fatality. It's like a tennis match—everything is written out, but there are unseen variables that come up.” No one could call him—or, apparently, ever has called him—spiteful, mean, or petty. “Arthur Junior is





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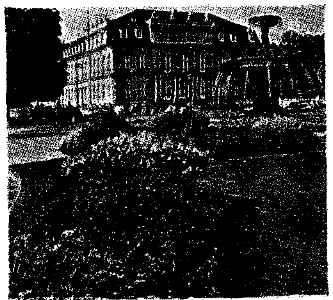
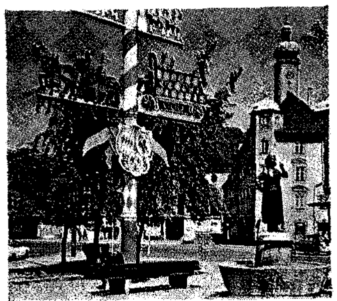


Stuttgart Nestled among verdant hills and gently sloping vineyards, Stuttgart is a happy combination of modern industry and traditional culture. Mineral springs provide healing waters and sparkling pools.



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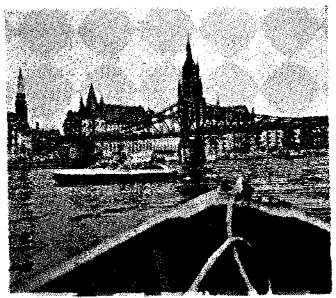

Frankfurt Historic city that witnessed the crowning of emperors and the birth of Goethe. Modern trade center with sophisticated restaurants and quaint taverns dispensing old world "gemuetlichkeit".

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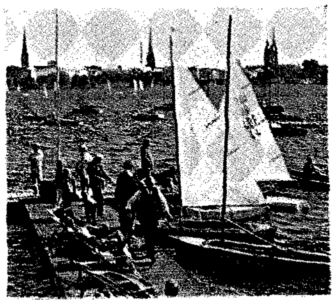

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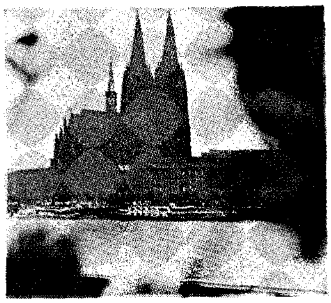

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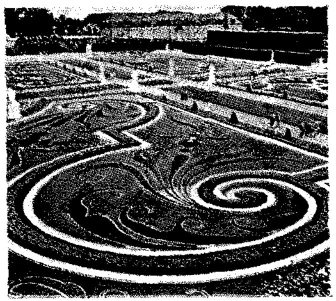

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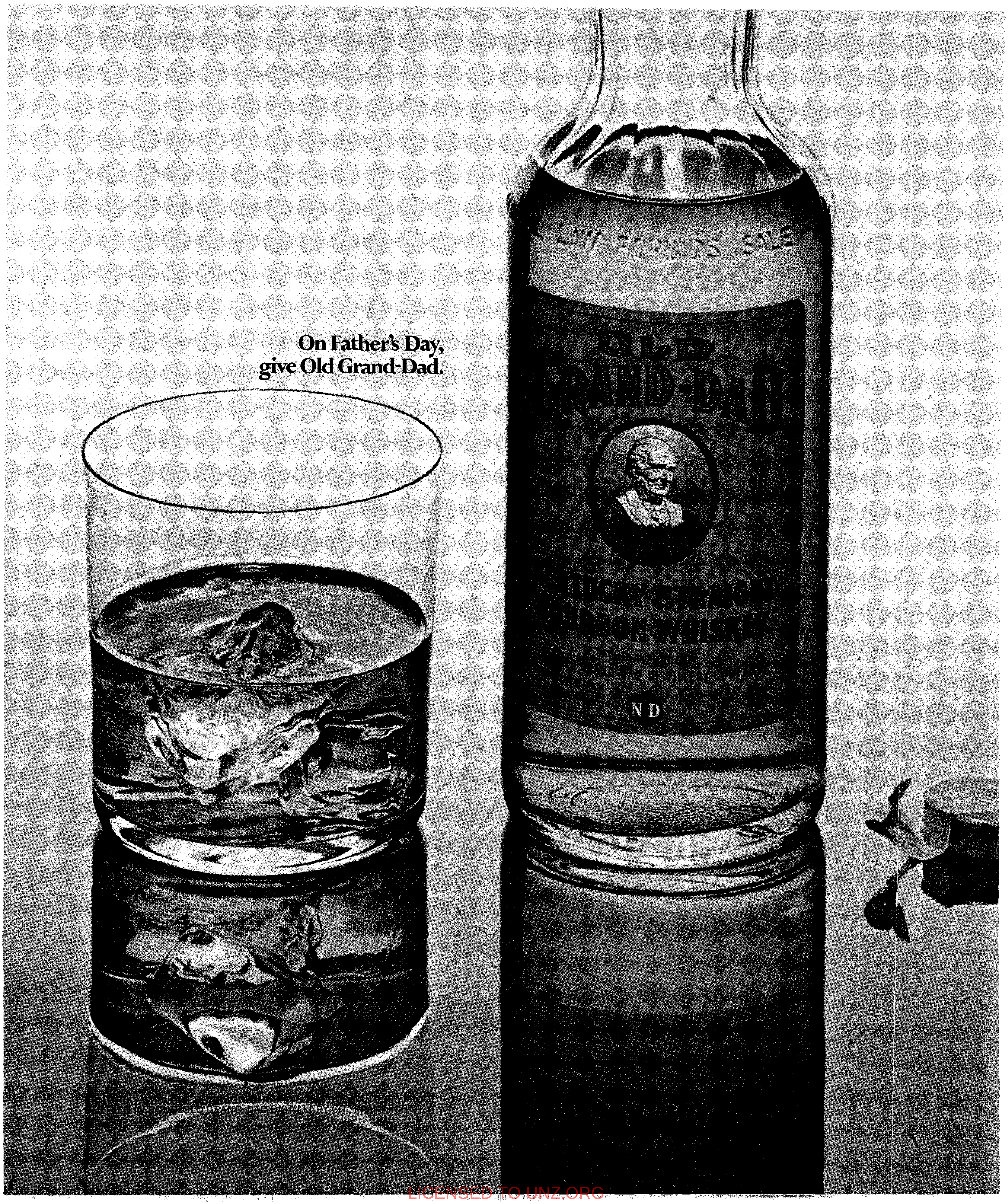
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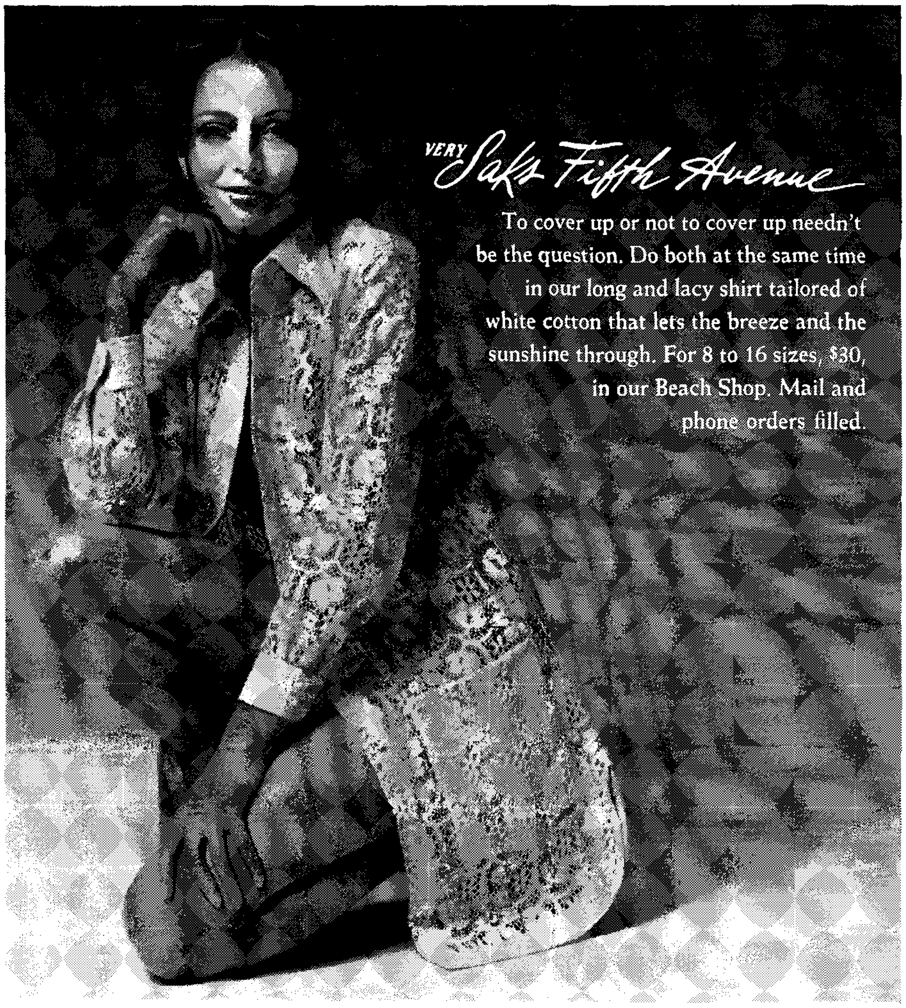
sensitive and observant," Arthur Senior will say. "He's quiet. He's easy go. A lot of people seem to think that he's a little selfish-minded. But when he draws his opinion on you you're marked." He is seldom really loose in white company, but when he is he is full of laughter, and his wit produces more. The disarray of his room notwithstanding, he is thoroughly organized. He keeps a detailed agenda in a huge ledger, which he carries with him wherever he goes. Like his father, he speaks in maxims. "Whenever you hedge, the truth doesn't come out," he might tell someone. "You've got to say it. You must be tactful but truthful." His summary of his own life is that it has been "a succession of fortunate circumstances." He has seen them in perspective. When an Arthur Ashe Day was held in Philadelphia, he said to a friend, "Why are they giving me a day? I'm only a twenty-four-year-old tennis player."

Ashe again threatens Graebner, with an overpowering service return and a scything crosscourt backhand. But Graebner, in the course of things, rocks, hits, and crunches his twelfth ace, right down the middle—a duster, on the chalk. When Ashe realizes how many aces Graebner has hit, he thinks, "Jesus, that's *three games*." Graebner serves. Crunch. The ball skips through the far corner of the service box and slams into the stadium wall. Ace No. 13. Game to Graebner. Games are three–all, third set.

Games pile up like pairs of blocks. In the seventh game, Ashe hits every one of his first serves in. Graebner puts Ashe down in four points in the eighth. Winning the ninth with complete command, Ashe hits an unplayable serve, a clean ace, and two drop shots that die in the grass. One of the drop shots was a drop half volley. "Incredible," Graebner says to himself. "It's just such a hard shot, and he still hasn't missed one—not one, all day." Graebner aces Ashe again, and, in the tenth, beats him four points to nought. Games are five–all. It is a so-called deuce set. Somewhere now the blocks must fall.

New balls are thrown in. Ashe hits a big serve wide to Graebner's forehand, and it is so well placed and powerful that Graebner can't do much more than smother it with his racquet. Graebner can see that Ashe's serve is not likely to weaken, and that he himself is in need of imaginative strategy or he is boxed in. So he plays a planned point—the idea being that he will move according to plan in a kind of surprise attack, winning grandly if Ashe falls in with the plan and losing flagrantly if he



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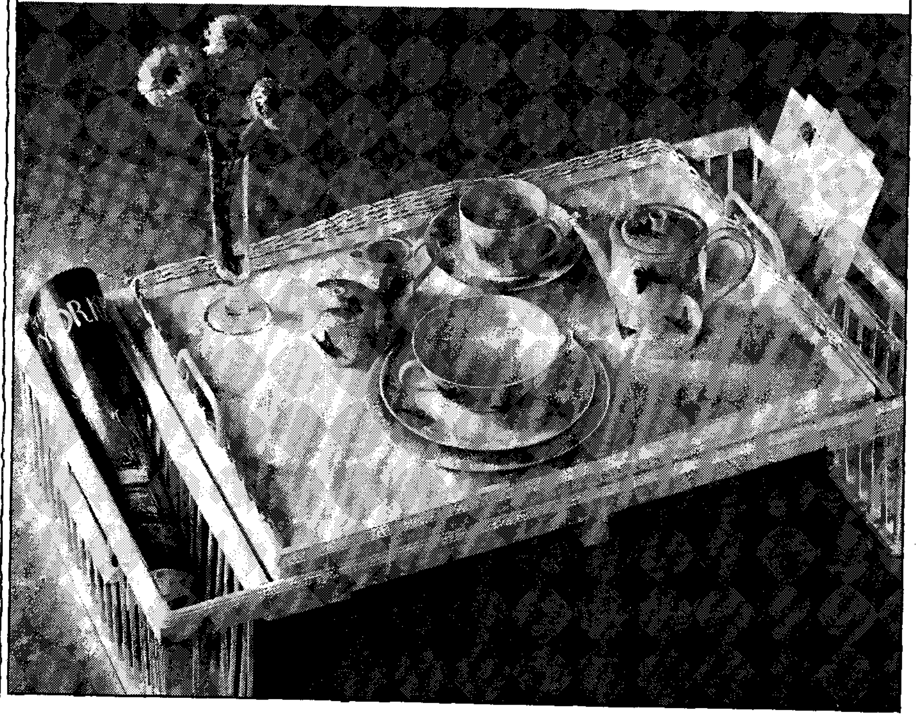

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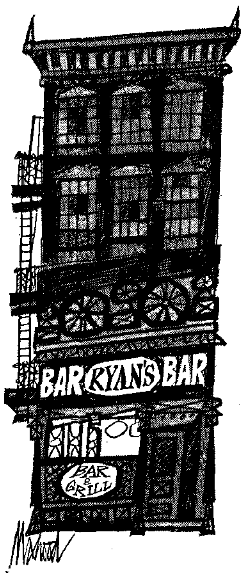
does not. He moves in on Ashe's second serve, chips the ball to Ashe's backhand, and—going to the net—runs to the right, planning that Ashe will hit the ball back on the forehand side. Ashe not only does that but hits it in a kind of half lob. There's the ball, a sitter, just hanging there within plucking reach. Graebner delivers a Wagnerian kill. The ball digs a hole in the turf near Ashe's left foot. Ashe is pensive as he walks back to the baseline. "Now, there was Clark playing a planned point. And it worked. I was busy getting down to hit the ball. I didn't see him coming in. I looked up, and he astonished me. He was suddenly there. That's what Rosewall does all the time." Ashe hits a flat serve to Graebner's forehand, and Graebner drives the ball down the line for an outright winner. Fifteen-thirty. Graebner's bid has substance now. He may be winning the set right here. Ashe says to himself, "You can't relax, Arthur. Every point has a hell of a premium on it now." He lifts the ball, whips up his racquet, and cracks a serve into the deep outside corner. Graebner barely touches it. Ashe is thinking, "That was a crucial serve, a crucial serve. If I hadn't won that point right there, I could have been in deep trouble." He hits two more that Graebner can't handle—in all, three straight unplayable serves. Graebner pauses and joins in the crowd's applause, clapping for Ashe, acknowledging what he has done. "He hit it so hard, so fast. There's *nothing* you can do about that," Graebner tells himself. Game to Ashe. He leads six games to five, third set.

"Figure out your game plan," Ashe tells himself while the two players change ends. "It's five–six. Jesus, you've got to have a plan. He's on the sun side. Lob as much as possible. Keep it away from his forehand. Make no errors."

Graebner's flat serve goes down the middle. Ashe dives for it and blocks it back. Graebner volleys to the backhand corner. Ashe gets to the ball and hits a high defensive lob. It falls behind Graebner, on the baseline. Graebner runs around the high bounce and hits a fadeaway overhead. It catches Ashe unprepared, at the baseline. Ashe feels stupid. He should have been up front. He more or less stops the ball with his racquet at his hip, effecting a kind of drop shot that scarcely gets over the net. Graebner races to it and hits it down the line. Ashe lobs. Graebner looks for the overhead, but he is not quite under the ball when it drops, and he drives it into the net. "That's what stops Clark—his footwork," Ashe thinks. "He didn't really get to it." Love-fifteen.

At this moment, this match, almost over, is as nearly even as any tennis match could be. There is a narrow statistical edge, though, and it is Graebner's. Graebner has won more points on service returns than Ashe has, he has hit more returns safely back than Ashe has, and he has hit more aces. Each has won one set. The present set is in balance. Ashe is ahead by one game. Graebner has the serve. A hundred and eighty-six points have been played by the two players so far. Ashe has won ninety-three. Graebner has won ninety-three. As it happens, the next four points they play will decide it all.



Ashe wipes his forehead with his wristband, licks his lips, crouches low, then dances nervously in place, about a foot behind the baseline, waiting. Graebner rocks back, then forward, lifts the ball, and pounds another good first serve to Ashe's forehand. Ashe blocks it back weakly. Graebner, moving in, picks up the shot with a deep half volley that keeps Ashe on the defensive. Ashe hits a top-spin lob. Graebner lets it drop, gets under the bounce, and chops the ball down the line. Ashe gets to it and hits back a total forehand—the hardest one he has hit all day. Graebner intercepts it at the net and sharply punches a crosscourt volley beyond retrieve. Fifteen-all.

"One or two key hits in a baseball game can break a game open," Ashe will say. "Sometimes I hit two or three shots in a row and break open a match. I'm fairly explosive—in streaks. I hit some great shots. I make some errors, too. Don't be surprised if I *make* some great shots, because I'll try them." Graebner's first serve strikes near the sideline, and Ashe returns it with a reaching forehand. Graebner, in no man's land, drives the ball far into Ashe's backhand corner. Ashe sprints

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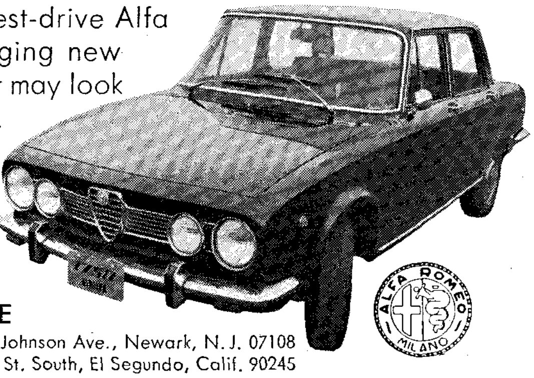

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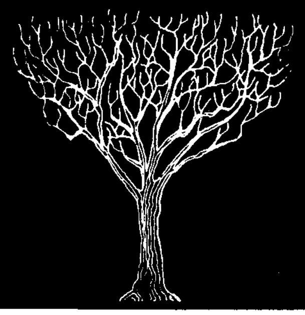

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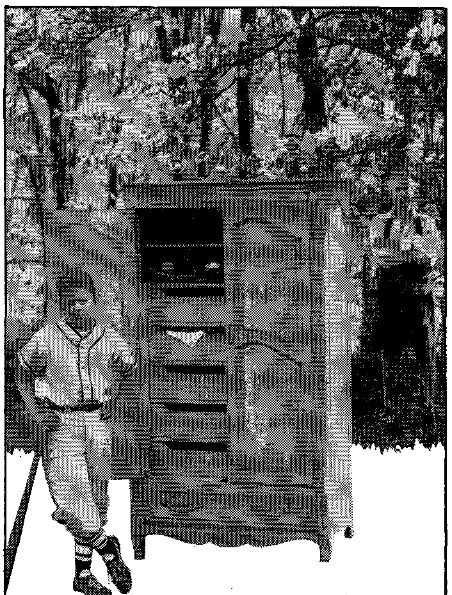

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for it, barely gets to it, and sends up a defensive lob. Graebner smashes the overhead straight at Ashe, and Ashe, off his backhand, pounds the ball straight back at Graebner. Graebner volleys hard to Ashe's right. Ashe scrambles again, and hits another defensive lob. Graebner connects with full force on the overhead, driving a heavy ball back to the forehand corner. Ashe reacts so quickly that he has his racquet back and his feet set in time. He is now going to end this point one way or the other. Answering force with force, he blasts a forehand down the line. Graebner watches, twenty feet away. That point, one of the biggest points of the match and one of the tightest, was also, as it happens, the longest, although the ball crossed the net only ten times. "Wouldn't you know at a moment like that Arthur would tear off an all-time winner," Graebner murmurs to himself. "Arthur's weakness is his forehand. So I play to it on a big point and he hits a great shot." Fifteen-thirty.

Nothing has happened to Graebner's game. It continues at the level of solid excellence that has brought him, all even, to the present crisis. The level of Ashe's game, however, appears to have risen. He is playing with loose, all-out, fluid abandon—prudence be damned. He pushes his glasses into place. Graebner lifts the ball. Crunch. Right down the middle. Ashe swings away and hits a forehand return so hard that Graebner can't handle it. "He's going berserk," Graebner thinks, and the trouble Graebner is in is so deep that he thinks no further. Fifteen-forty. Set point.

Ashe's favorite shot is his backhand—a predilection that sets him apart from most tennis players on all levels. Nineteen years ago, when Ronald Charity, an undergraduate at Virginia Union, began to teach him the game, Charity purposely led him to believe that the backhand was the easiest stroke. "You know how folks are about the backhand—so we practiced that first. It was no trouble getting Arthur to have a *good* backhand. He caught on quickly." In a tight tennis match, a player's forehand is usually the first shot to disintegrate. If his backhand is not strong, he is finished. Dr. Johnson, taking over, had Arthur hit thousands and thousands of backhands, and he said, "If your backhand is your strongest stroke, you'll never break down. Never. It's like putting a man in a briar patch. If he *wants* you to hit to his backhand, he's home free. That's my philosophy. Now hit a hun-

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dred more." What developed was a beautiful, rolling stroke, free and open, with more power than most players ever develop in any form. Ashe can underspin it, roll it, hit it flat. He can cradle the ball on his racquet, and hit it with several kinds of timing. He's got it all. He says that his backhand comes in several parts—that it works on a series of pivots, from the shoulders to the elbow to the wrist and the fingers. He has the spring wrist of a Hoad or a Laver, not the strong and rigid wrist of a Graebner or a Trabert, and he thinks that if Graebner could swing the same way Graebner would break the ball open. Tennis players fear Ashe's backhand and say that hitting a second serve to it can be like serving into the mouth of a cannon. Ashe loves the movement of the backhand, because the follow-through does not cramp the arm into the body but does just the opposite—opens both arms wide and high, so that the stroke ends in the stance of the Winged Victory. He has a remarkable ability to make time seem to stand still for his backhand, because he can delay it somehow, waiting for his opponent to make a move, withholding commitment until the ultimate second, then hitting away. "I like to hit my backhand crosscourt one zillion miles an hour—in. I hit one the other day against Drysdale that gave me consummate pleasure. He was there, but it went by him so fast that he never lifted his racquet. Whee—you fling your arms away from your body and you wind up in a position that looks as if you're calling for help, both arms in the air."

Graebner bounces the ball once, rocks, lifts, and hits a faulted serve. As Graebner prepares to serve again, Ashe is telling himself, "You must *get it in.* Play it safe. If you've got a guy at fifteen-forty, you don't have to try a great shot. All the pressure is on Clark." But Graebner, for some reason, hits his second serve down the middle, toward Ashe's backhand. The temptation is much too much for Ashe, and the shot he hits is by far the greatest of the day. When the ball has left the cannon, Ashe stands on his toes with his arms spread-eagled in the follow-through. The shot is a crosscourt, inside-out backhand that goes two zillion miles an hour—in. It goes past Graebner so fast that Graebner does not even move. Game to Ashe. He wins the third set, seven–five. Graebner flings his racquet twenty feet out of the court. Ashe—running toward the portal that leads to the dressing rooms where players rest during the interval between

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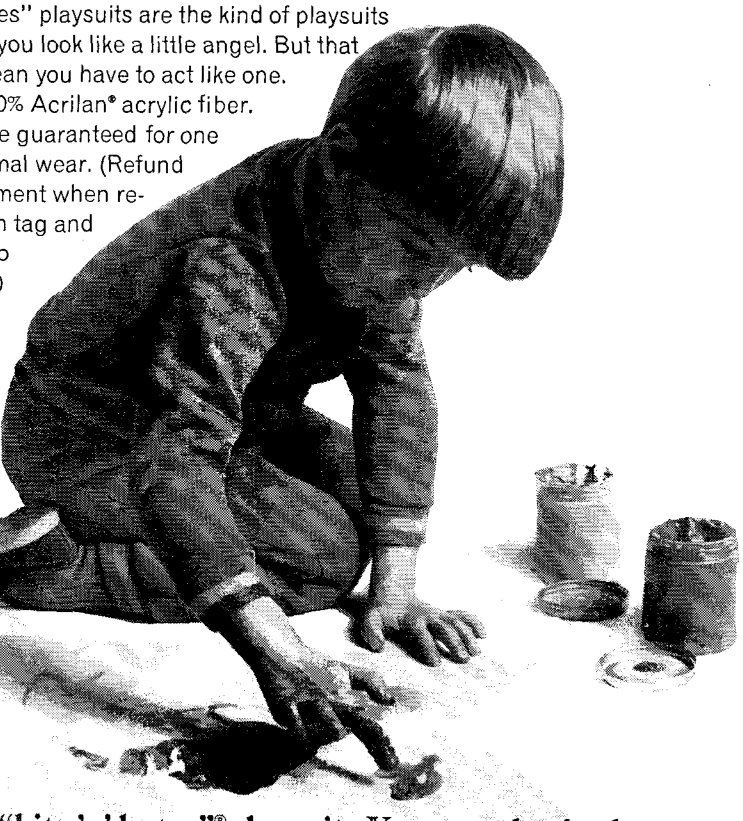

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third and fourth sets—drops his racquet on the grass.

"That's a hell of a great way to win a set—blast the ball right by him," Ashe is thinking. "When Graebner comes back on the court, all he'll be able to think about is that backhand and how he couldn't get near it. He gave me my favorite shot. How could he do that?"

And Graebner is thinking, "I didn't know he'd go ape."

THERE are two identical, adjacent rooms under the grandstands at Forest Hills—long, panelled, wedge-shaped, narrow, each containing a table, a chair, a shower stall, towels, hot tea, Coca-Cola, Gatorade. Graebner throws off his clothes and hurries into a shower, still wearing his glasses. Ashe, on the other side of the wall, sits down and slowly prepares to change his shirt. Graebner rubs soap on his glasses and rinses them. He is thinking, among other things, "One lucky shot here or there makes all the difference in the world."

"The fourth set is for all the ice cream," Ashe is telling himself. His father is with him. Dr. Johnson comes into the room and reminds Arthur to concentrate, and to be sure, when he returns to the court, to win the first point.

To Ashe and to Graebner this tournament and this match are high and important moments—but passing moments, nonetheless—on the way to Australia. All year, they have played together to get the United States into position for the first time in four years to challenge the Australians, and the concentration of these efforts has resulted in part in a general elevation of each player's game. Ashe, Graebner, Pasarell, Lutz, Smith, Osborne—the United States Davis Cup Team has been a self-improving institution, and had Ashe and Graebner not been on the team it is possible that neither would have come this far at Forest Hills or reached the semifinals at Wimbledon, as both did. In three months' time, they will go to Australia. Ashe and Graebner will play the singles matches, and the team will come home with the Davis Cup. Meanwhile, under the grandstands at Forest Hills, their captain, Donald Dell, has the problem of telling each how to beat the other.

Dell, who is thirty, is an attorney in the District of Columbia. He has sandy hair and he looks like half the older brothers in the world. He was a friend of Senator Robert Kennedy, he worked for a time as a special assistant to Sargent Shriver in the Office of Economic Opportunity, and there is about him a veneer of nice politics, of wheeling and dealing at the compound level. Beneath this veneer is a man of luck, wit, decision, and outspoken fairness, and as man and politician Dell has made a team out of a half-dozen blatantly individual tennis players. The level of his own game could be described as first-rate once removed, so his words have wherewithal. Pasarell is with him. They visit Graebner first. Graebner is putting on fresh clothes.

"Hey, Clark, how you feeling?"

"I just can't beat this guy. I can't beat him. He *always* beats me. I can't play the guy. It's not that I'm psyched out by him, but I'm playing great and he hits three all-time winners in a row. I can't beat him."

"Then take a shower and let's go back to the clubhouse and have a nice beer and default the fourth set. Then you can go home."

"I didn't mean that."

"Don't think like that. Go out there and work your tail off. Don't wake up tomorrow morning regretting that you didn't give a hundred per cent. Win the fourth set and Arthur's morale will go down. You'll have to work your *tail* off. He's playing well now. But you get one break in the fourth set and you're back in the match. Go out there and guts it out. Scramble. When he aces, don't worry. When he hits a wood volley, don't worry about it. Don't worry what people in Cleveland are thinking, watching the tube."

"I'm playing better than Wimbledon."

"Just play Arthur."

"I've been reading him unbelievably well. But when he starts closing his eyes, nobody knows where the ball will go."

Pasarell asks Graebner, "Is there anything I can get you? Anything you need?"

"I need your game for the next hour, Charlie."

Dell says, "Clark, I'm going to see Arthur now. Is there anything you want me to tell him?"

"Yeah. Tell him to turn pro."

Three minutes remain of the interval. Arthur has dried himself off with a towel and changed his shirt, but has made no further effort to cool himself after the infernal heat outside. He doesn't believe in mid-match show-

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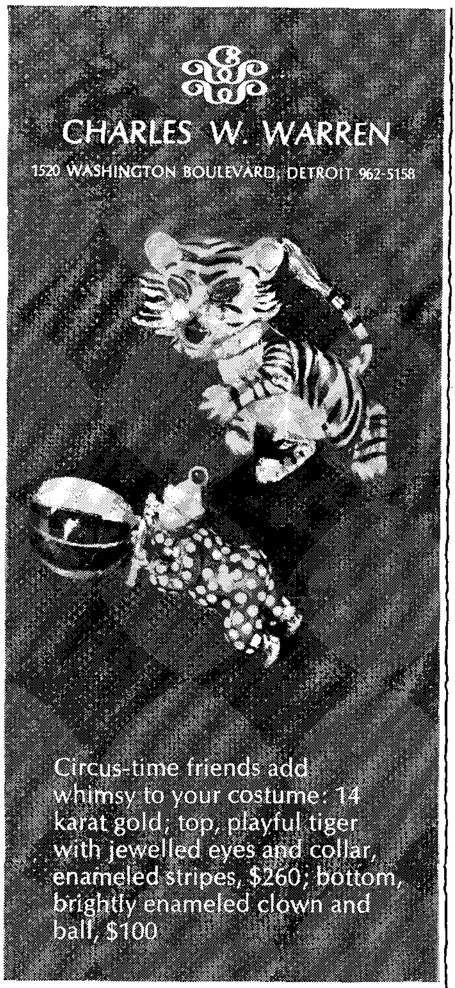

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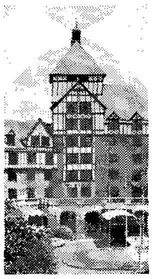

ers. "They cool you too much, draw too much heat off and sap your energy, even if they *are* refreshing. Back on the court, you've got to use a lot of energy just to get your body working full blast again."

Dell and Pasarell come into the room.

"I'm not serving well," Ashe says.

"Spin it in. And move in faster to the net," Dell tells him.

"I'm not returning well."

"Bend over. Move your feet. Keep your ball on the racquet longer. You're wasting too many shots. You're flailing too many returns. Move your damn feet on the returns. You're gambling too much for winners when it isn't necessary. Play percentage tennis. Hit a three-quarter spin serve and get into the net. He'll chip. Get in there and cover the chip. Arthur, this is the biggest tournament of your life. This is a big chance. The finals are tomorrow. You've got a chance to win the whole thing."

Ashe looks up at Pasarell to see what he might have to say. Pasarell says, "You were asleep in the first set. Wake up."

BY the umpire's chair, Graebner unfolds a fresh towel, puts it in his pocket, rubs sawdust all over his racquet handle, returns to the court, and slams back Ashe's first two serves of the fourth set. Love-thirty. It is an inaccurately auspicious beginning, for Ashe now begins to hit shots as if God Himself had given them a written guarantee. He plays full, free, windmilling tennis. He hits untouchable forty-five-degree volleys. He hits overheads that skid through no man's land and ricochet off the stadium wall. His backhands win everywhere—crosscourt, down the line—and one of them, a return of a second serve, is almost an exact repetition of the extraordinary shot that finished the third set. "When you're confident, you can do anything," Ashe tells himself. Both he and Graebner are, for the most part, hitting the ball even harder than they have been previously, and the average number of shots per point, which rose slightly in the second and third sets, is down again, to 2.5. Graebner is not in any sense out of the match. His serve seems stronger. His volleys are decisive. Ashe sends a big, flat serve down the middle, and Graebner, standing on the center mark, hits the ball off his forehand so hard that Ashe cannot get near it—an all but impossible shot from that position, requiring phenomenal power. Ashe serves again to Graebner's fore-

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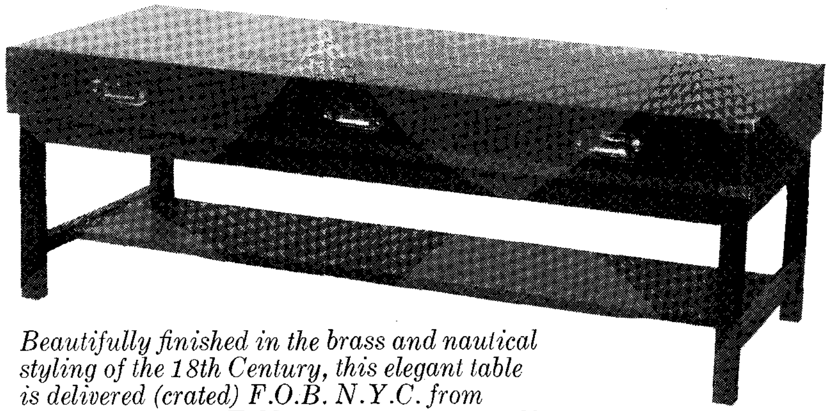
hand. Graebner drives another hard return, and runs for the net. Ashe is now playing almost consistently on the level he stepped up to in the last three shots of the third set. Moving fast, he intercepts, and sends a light and graceful putaway past Graebner, down the line.

There are very few places in the world where Ashe feels at ease or at home. One, of course, is around his family's place in Gum Spring, Virginia, where the milieu he moves in is entirely black. His defenses are alert everywhere else he goes, with only four exceptions—Australia, the islands of the South Pacific, Sweden, and Spain. "A Negro draws stares in Australia, but you can pretty much tell they're not malicious. They only mean 'What the hell is *he* doing here?' I don't look like an aborigine. When I first played in Spain, I could tell by the way the Spanish tennis players acted that I had nothing to worry about. The Spaniards would just as soon hustle my sister, if I had one. They don't care. It's a great feeling to get away from all this crap in the United States. Mentally and spiritually, it's like taking a vacation. It's like going from New York to the black world of Richmond and Gum Spring. Your guard goes down. Everywhere else I go, my sensors are out. Everywhere. It's a waste of energy, but maybe I can do two things at one time—think about something else and have my sensors out, too."

In 1960, Arthur was sent to St. Louis for his senior year of high school, and it is generally assumed that this arrangement was made (by Dr. Johnson) because Arthur was not allowed to compete with white tennis players in Richmond. This was true but not relevant. By that time, there was no tennis player of any color in or near Richmond who could play points with him. Tennis is a game of levels, and it is practically impossible for a player who is on one level to play successfully with a player on any other. Arthur needed high-level competition the year around, and St. Louis was full of McKinleys and Buchholzes and indoor courts. There were a few problems. One young St. Louis tennis player took Arthur to a private tennis club one day that spring, and as Arthur was beginning to hit, a voice called out to him, "Hey, you! Get off there. We don't allow colored in this club." Arthur left. He was graduated from Sumner High School with the highest grades in his class. On the summer tennis circuit, he went to every length to attract no



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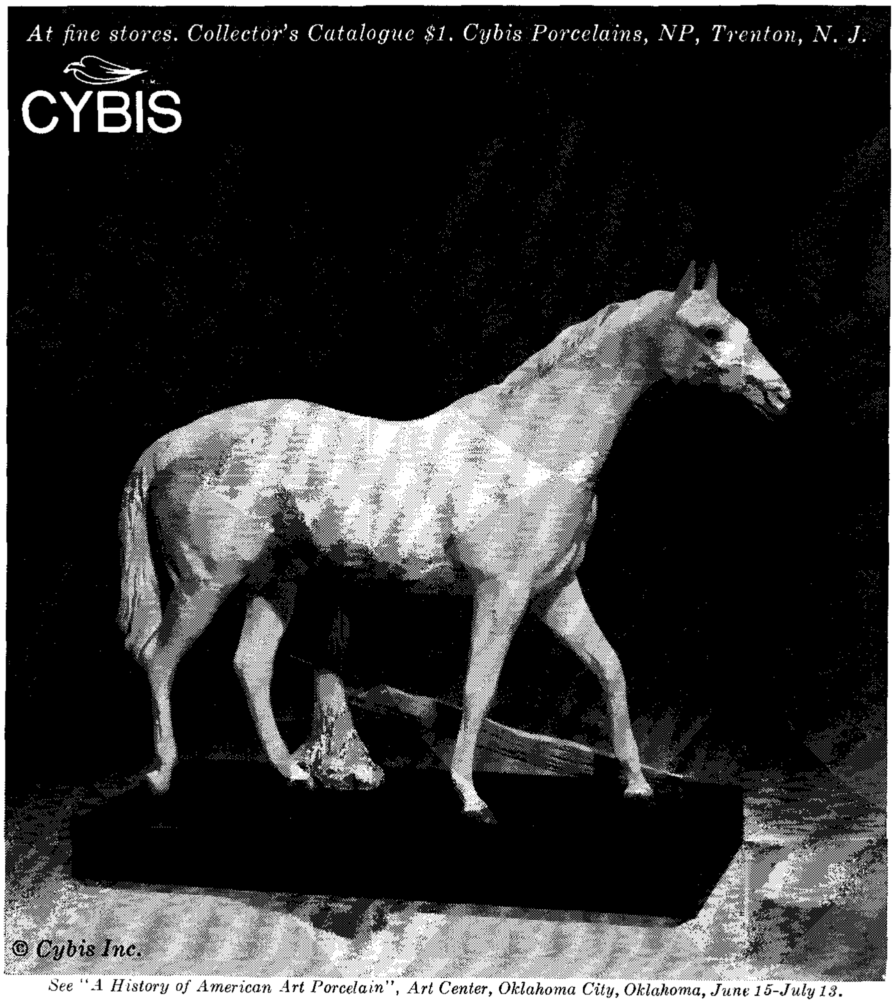

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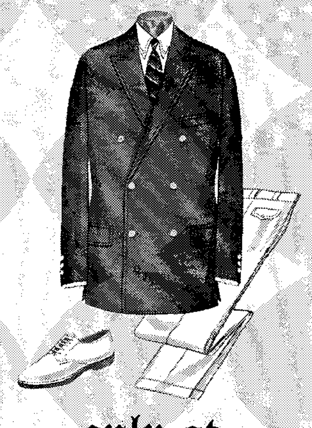

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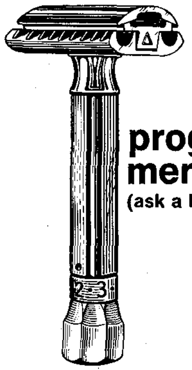

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attention, to cause no difficulty. Moving in and out of expensive white atmospheres, he used the manners that his father and Dr. Johnson had taught him, and he noticed that the manners of the white players, and much of their general behavior, tended to suggest a lower standard. "When an experience is new, you're not sure of yourself mentally, but basic politeness got me through." Meanwhile, he would look down at his plate and find two steaks there. He knew what was happening. A message had come from the kitchen, on the Afro-American telegraph.

While he was at U.C.L.A., the level of his game became so high that he was made an honorary member of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, where he played with people like Hank Greenberg and Charlton Heston. Of Heston he says, "He's not that coördinated. He plays tennis like he drives a chariot." Of Greenberg he says, "He's a tennis buff. He covers the court well. He's a big guy. A big, big guy. Jesus!" On a street in the Bronx, Ashe once played tennis with John Lindsay ("Good forehand"), and in the Washington ghetto he played with Bobby Kennedy ("Another good forehand"). In tennis, the nearest black was light-years below him now, and he became, in his own words, "a sociological phenomenon." He has been kept extremely busy on the U-Rent-a-Negro circuit. He has been invited to the White House four times. Only two years ago, he was very hesitant about walking into the dining room of the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills. Sometimes when his phone rings in his rooms at West Point, he picks it up and an anonymous voice says to him, for instance, "You have your God-damned black nerve running around the country playing tennis while my son is fighting in Vietnam."

Ashe leads two games to one in the fourth set. He moves in on Graebner's second serve and tries one more backhand crosscourt megablast. Out. By inches. Fifteen-love.

Graebner's next serve is wide to Ashe's backhand. Ashe drives the ball down the line to Graebner's forehand, *following to the net. Ashe admits to* himself, "In effect, I'm saying to him, 'O.K., Clark, I can beat you on your forehand.' I'm being a little arrogant." Graebner catches the ball at the limit of his reach and sends back an unforceful volley. Ashe wipes the point away with his backhand. Fifteen-all.

Graebner's big serve goes down the middle. Ashe leaps for it and blocks it back. Graebner hits a low, underspun crosscourt backhand. Ashe runs to it and answers with a backhand even more acutely angled. Graebner has to dive for it, but he gets it, hitting a slow deep volley. Ashe, on the backhand again, drives the ball—much too fast to be contested—down the line. "Get in there!" he shouts, and the ball gets in there. Fifteen-thirty. Graebner thinks, "If I had his backhand and he had my forehand, we'd be invincible."

Ashe's forehand is something to see as it is. Graebner rocks, goes up, and—to Ashe's forehand—smashes the ball. Ashe slams it back through the service box and out the side of the court. "Most players hit a shot like that once in a lifetime," says Donald Dell. Fifteen-forty.

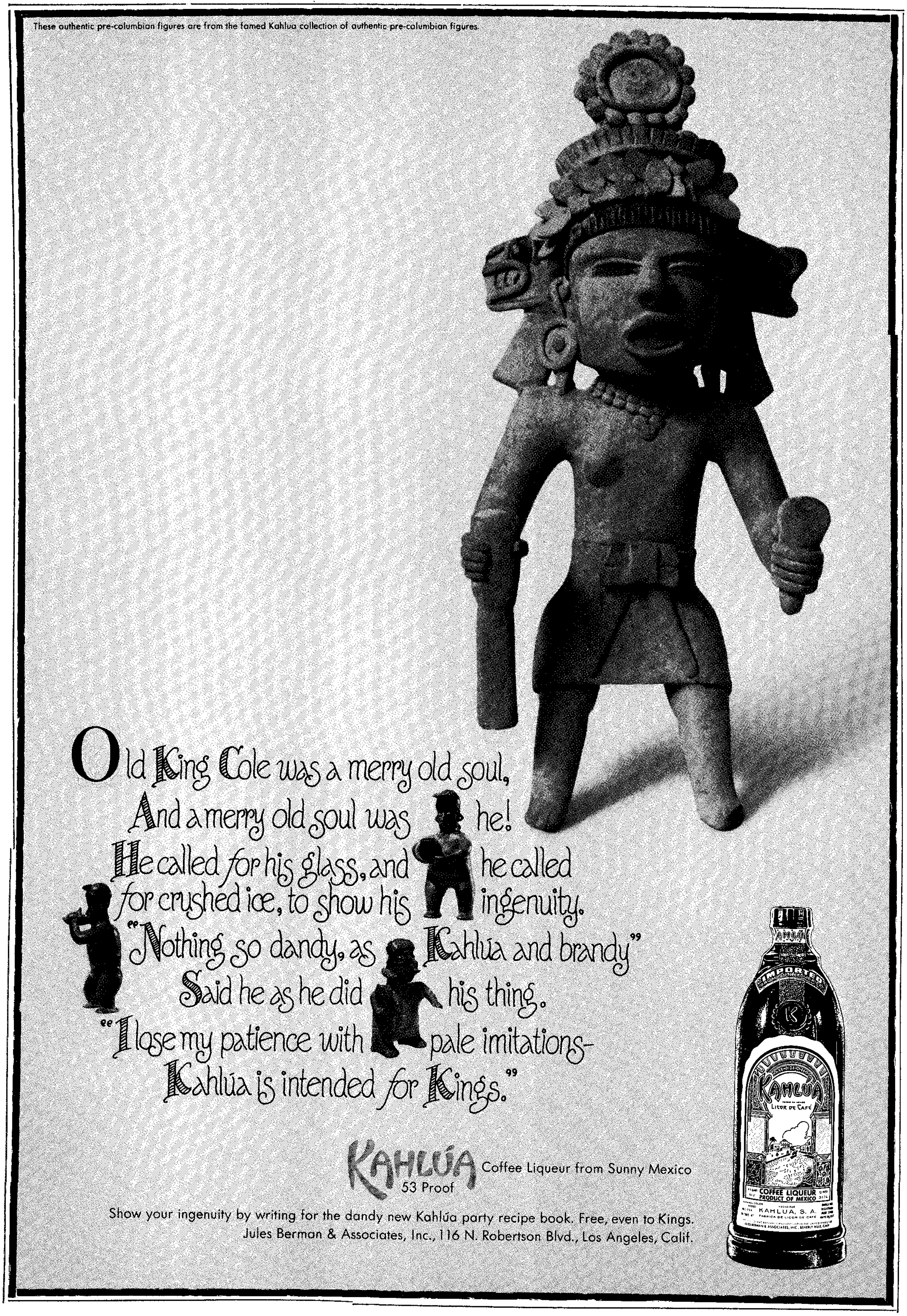
Ashe now has two chances to break Graebner. He looses a heavy backhand return, but Graebner stops it and hits it to the baseline. Ashe lobs. At the service line, Graebner moves in under the overhead and brings down the paper cutter. The shot goes within four feet of Ashe but is too powerful to be as much as touched. Thirty-forty.

Break point No. 2. Graebner rocks, and lifts the ball. Crunch. Unmanageable. Right down the middle. Deuce.

Graebner serves. Fault. Again. Double fault. Advantage Ashe.

Graebner faults once more, then hits a wide slice to Ashe's backhand. Ashe moves to it and explodes another all-time winner down the line. Game to Ashe. Games are three–one, fourth set. Graebner is broken.

Because Ashe is black, many people expect him to be something more than a tennis player—in fact, demand that he be a leader in a general way. The more he wins, the more people look to him for words and acts beyond the court. The black press has criticized him for not doing enough for the cause. He has repeatedly been asked to march and picket, and he has refused. Militant blacks have urged him to resign from the Davis Cup Team. Inevitably, they have called him an Uncle Tom. Once, in Milwaukee, he was asked to march with Stokely Carmichael but said no, and on the same day he visited a number of Milwaukee playgrounds, showing black children and white children how to play tennis. The demands of others have never moved him to do anything out of character. He will say what he thinks, though, if someone asks him. "Intrinsically, I disapprove of what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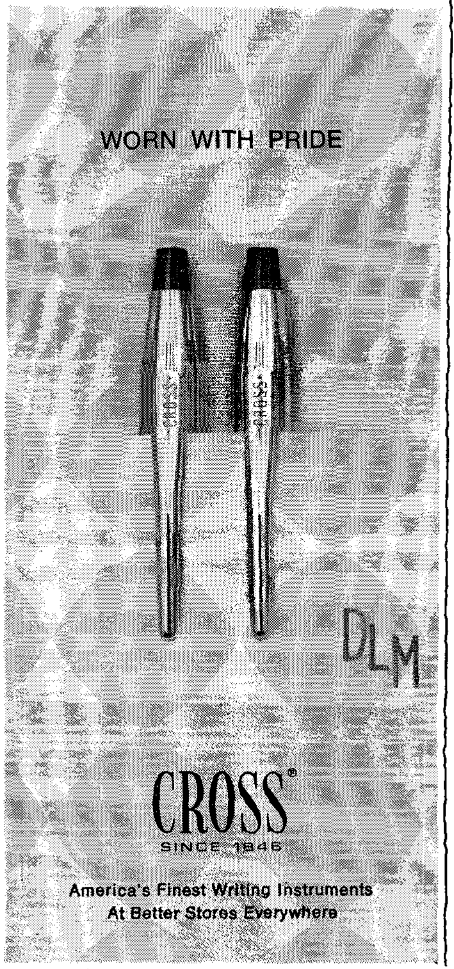
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black militants do. Human nature being what it is, I can understand why they have such a strong following. If you had nothing going for you and you were just a black kid in a ghetto, you'd have historical momentum behind you and it would be chic to be a black militant—easy to do, very fashionable. You'd have your picture and name in the paper because you'd be screaming your head off. They sound like fire-and-brimstone preachers in Holy Roller churches. But you must listen to them. You can't completely ignore them. Their appeal is to the here and now. If I were a penniless junkie, I'd go for it, too. I'd have nothing to lose, nowhere to go but up. But you can't change people overnight. If you took a demographic survey of blacks, you'd find, I think, that the farther up the socio-economic scale you got, the fewer people would be behind Stokely. I'm not a marcher. I'm not a sign carrier. I'm a tennis player. If you are a leader in any field, and black, you are a hero to all blacks, and you are expected to be a leader in other fields. It's beautiful. People in Richmond look upon me as a leader whether I like it or not. That's the beautiful part of it. The other side of the coin is that they expect the same of some light-heavyweight boxer that they do of me. But he doesn't have my brain. *He* tries to get into politics, and we lose some leverage.

"Guerrilla warfare is going to start. Businesses will burn. There will be more riots. More nationally known political figures may be killed. But eventually more middle-class blacks will become involved in human rights. Extreme militants will lose their power and influence. So I am cautiously optimistic. I define the cause as the most good for the most people in the least amount of time, and that has absolutely nothing to do, specifically, with color. Anything I can do to help the cause is good. Nobody listens to a loser. If I put myself in a position where I can't compete, I am merely a martyr. We don't need any more martyrs right now. One must separate the emotional from the practical. Don't bite off more than you can chew. A little bit is better than nothing, no matter how you may feel. Progress and improvement do not come in big hunks, they come in little pieces, and the sooner people accept this the better off they'll be. I wouldn't tell my son to content himself that things will come gradually. You've got to push. You've got to act as though you expect it to come tomorrow. But when you know it's not going to come, don't give

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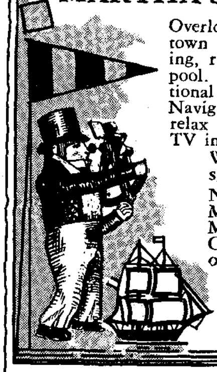

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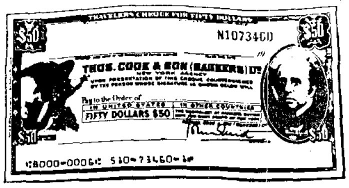

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"His racquet is his bag," Ronald Charity's wife, Ruth, says. "Arthur has to fight in his own way." Arthur's sensors are still extremely active. He boils within when he hears a white man call him "boy" or "son." He says, "Do I look like your son?" He also can't stand blacks who tell him not to trust whites, and he says he feels sorry for Negroes who become upset when they see a Negro woman with a white man. At U.C.L.A., he was fond of a white girl, and he saw her with some frequency until her mother saw *him* on TV. He laughs out loud when he tells the story. "It's funny now," he says. "It stung then." He uses "black" and "Negro" interchangeably. In hotels, somewhat inconsistently, he often asks, "Where's the boy for the bag?" He thinks there is a certain inherent motor superiority in black athletes. "At an early age, we seem to be a little looser, a little more athletic than white kids. You go through Harlem and you'll see kids less than five feet tall with pretty good jump shots and hook shots. White kids that age don't have those shots." He is suspicious of Greek standards in art. He wonders where all the other races were when Polyclitus was shaping his canon. He urges white American friends to refresh their perspectives by living in Asia, he pays his annual dues to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and he is not at all troubled by men like Alabama's George Wallace. "Wallace is beautiful. He's doing his own thing. He's actually got a little bit of soul. What I worry about is people who say one thing and do another. Wallace is

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in his bag, and he enjoys it." Ashe's particular hero is Jackie Robinson—"because of what he went through, the self-control, the perseverance." Asked if he has any white heroes, he says, "Yes, I have. John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Benjamin Franklin, and Pancho Gonzales."

Tilting forward, looking up, Ashe whips his racquet over the ball and aces Graebner with a sharp-angled serve. "I stood as far over as I possibly could and still he aced me," Graebner mumbles. Ashe misses his next first serve, then follows an American twist recklessly to the net. Graebner chips. Ashe hits the world's most unorthodox volley, on the dead run, drawing his racquet back all the way and smashing the ball out of the air, out of sight, with a full roundhouse swing. "He just pulls his racquet back and slaps," Clark's father comments, but there is only mild disparagement in the remark, for he adds, "That's what Laver does." (Before the year is out, Laver and Ashe will be ranked first and second in the world.) Ashe hits another wide serve—unmanageable. Donald Dell says, "Arthur is knocking the hell out of the ball." Graebner thinks, "He's smashing every God-damned first serve, and they're all going in." Ashe leads four games to one, fourth set. His game is so big now that it is beyond containment. There is something about it that suggests a very large aircraft beginning its descent for Kennedy. In Graebner remain sporadic aces.

Twenty-six hours hence, beside the Marquee, Dell, Pasarell, and Graebner will meet spontaneously, from separate parts of the stadium, and go to press-section seats, close to one end of the court. Their teammate will be in the fifth set of the finals, against the Dutch player Tom Okker, and they will help draw him through it—"Move your feet, Arthur." . . . "Bend your knees." . . . "Spin it." . . . "Chip the returns, Arthur." . . . "Get your first serve in." Graebner, Pasarell, and Dell will shout these things in moments when the crowd is clapping, because coaching from the grandstand is not strictly approved. When Ashe breaks through Okker's serve, in the fifth game, he will look up at the Davis Cup group and close his fist, and when the match is over he will turn, point up to them with the handle of his racquet, and bow to them, giving them something of his moment as the winner of the first United States Open Championship. "Subdued disbelief," in his words, is what he will feel, but he will speak with nonchalant clarity into micro-

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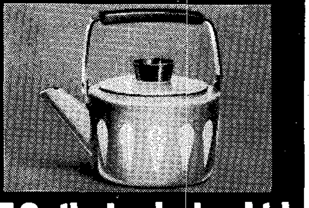

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phones and he will put an arm around his weeping father. When he returns to the United States Military Academy, he will have dinner with the cadet corps, and all the cadets will stand up and cheer for him for three and a half minutes while he pushes his glasses into place and affectionately looks them over.

Meanwhile, he aces Graebner for the last time. Graebner looks at the ball as it goes by, watches it hit the stadium wall, shakes his head, then looks again at the empty air beside him where the ball was and thinks, "I can't believe he can hit it that hard. I didn't even *see* the ball. Arthur is just playing too well. He's forcing me into errors." Games are five–two, fourth set.

Graebner serves to Ashe's forehand. Ashe drives the ball up the middle. Graebner hits hard for Ashe's backhand corner, and misses. Love-fifteen.

Ashe chips a return into the net. Fifteen-all.

Ashe blocks another return into Graebner's forehand service court, and Graebner, rushing in, tries a drop half volley, the extraordinarily difficult shot that has almost been Ashe's signature in this match—that Ashe has scored with time after time. Graebner fails to make it good. He whips himself. "An unbelievable shot for me to try—difficult in the first place, and under this pressure ridiculous. Stupid." Fifteen-thirty.

Graebner now sends his farewell ace past Ashe. Crunch. Right down the middle. Thirty-all.

Graebner rocks, swings, hits. Fault. He lifts the ball again. Double fault. Thirty-forty.

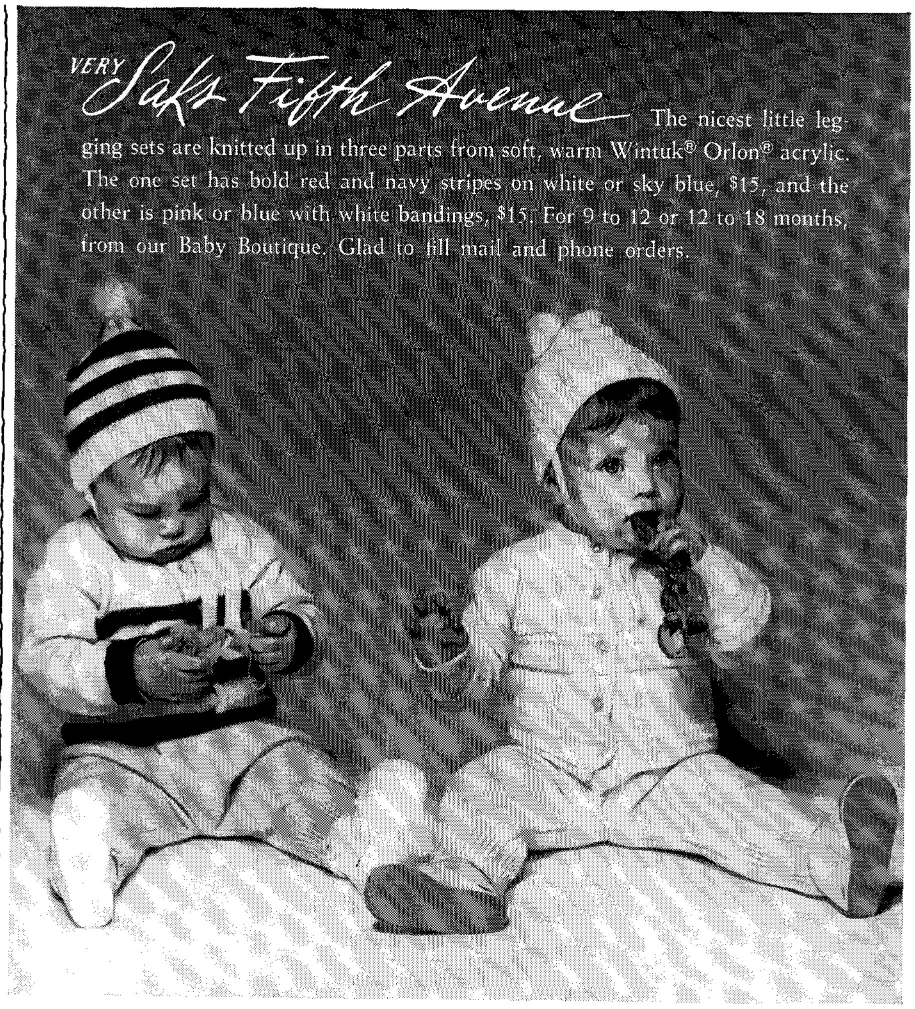
"Match point," Ashe tells himself. "Now I'll definitely play it safe." But Graebner hits the big serve into the net, then hits his second serve to Ashe's backhand. The ball and the match are spinning into perfect range. Ashe's racquet is back. The temptation is just too great, and caution fades. He hits for it all. Game, set, match to Lieutenant Ashe. When the stroke is finished, he is standing on his toes, his arms flung open, wide, and high.—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second part of a two-part Profile.*)

•

STRIP TEASE: Six actors and four actresses were arrested last night at the University of Michigan in an arbor after performing naked in a play.—*London (England) Daily Express.*

It wasn't an arbor, it was a glade. The British *can't* seem to understand America.



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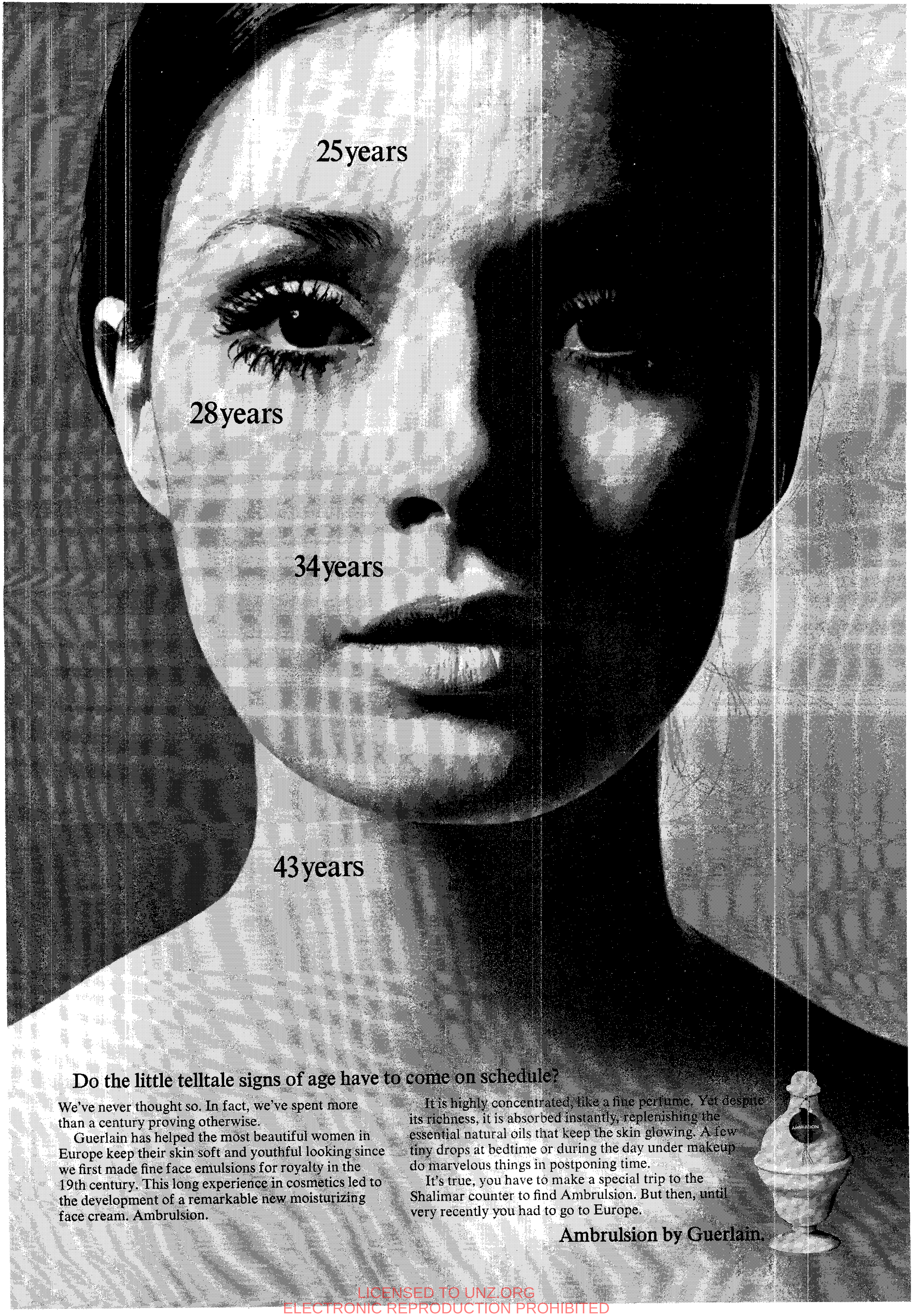

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TAYLOR
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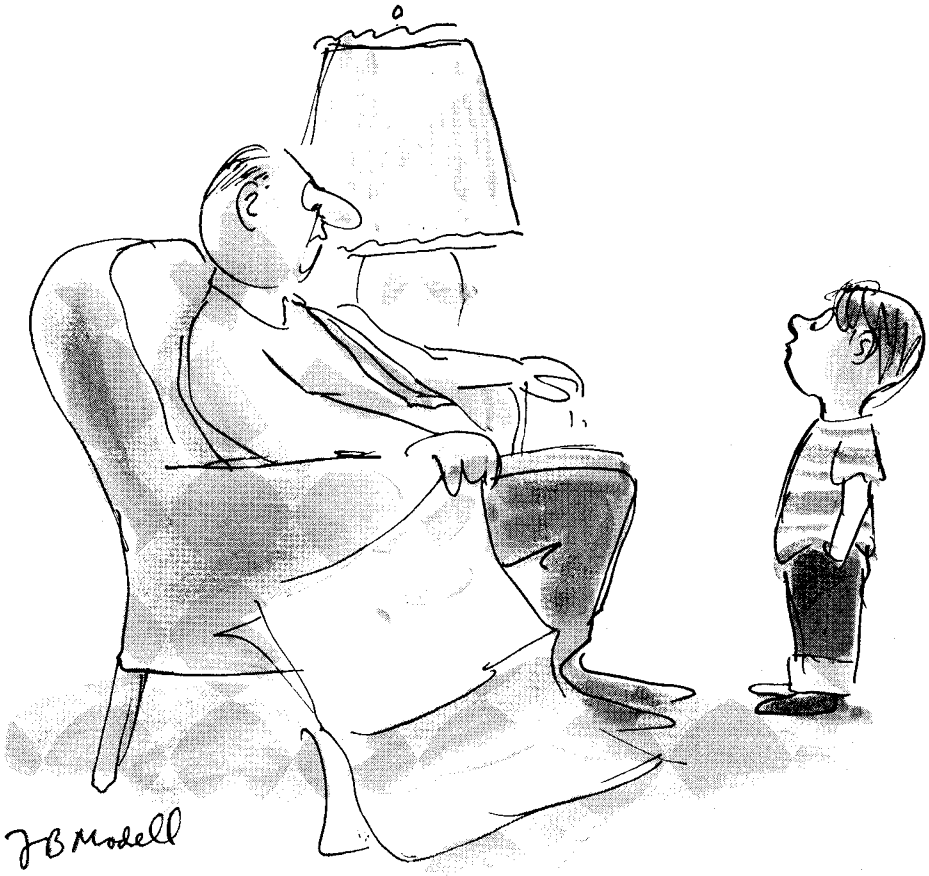
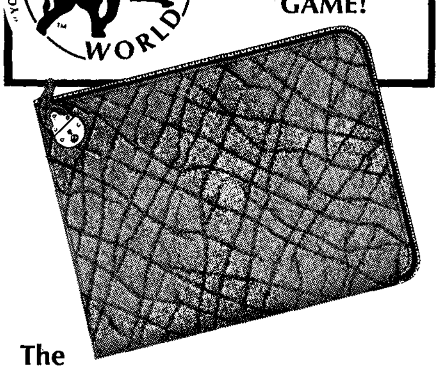
WELL, why should film stars be expected to think, on top of everything else, anyway? All the same, some of their statements in public are owlish enough to be preserved in pickle. Hedy Lamarr has just said on TV, "Two wrongs don't make a right, in my opinion." The ravishing Catherine Deneuve, interviewed by the publicity people for "The April Fools," says, "There is too little talk about love these days. There is too little feeling. Always money, no talk of love." Jack Lemmon, her co-star in the picture, says, "Too many people are so wrapped up in chasing success and status in our materialistic society that they never stop to ask themselves whether they're happy." The film's two stars play (according to a synopsis) "a couple of victims of the rat race, married but not to each other, who, after one enchanted night in New York, kick over the traces and drop out of it—having found, of course, love." Miss Deneuve says for herself, "Passion is the only way out of the jungle. For me, the greatest luxury on earth would be to be able to abandon myself to passion."

The film spreads less of this dumbcluck cheeriness, but it has its few moments. Jack Lemmon as Howard Brubaker, a shaky soul bullied by his child and barked at by his dog, finds himself in a Long Island greenhouse with Catherine Deneuve as Catherine, a bored beauty who is the wife of his new boss, though he doesn't know it. (Jack Lemmon always seems to play men who wouldn't know crucial things like this and who would get barked at by their own dogs.) He launches into a frog story that turns into a sort of motif. He talks of having once played the part of the frog who was turned back into a prince by a kiss from a princess. Catherine brushes his lips in the nicest possible way and says, "My prince." He takes her in his arms and that makes her cry. She decides to divorce her husband. A few hours later, Brubaker sees an actual frog in Central Park. This frog makes him realize more strongly than ever that he wants to be a prince and not a frog. He quits his job. He buys a toy frog that honks, and woos Catherine with it. The two of them, with the toy frog, wander in Central Park. A seal at the zoo reminds Catherine of her husband. Brubaker honks the toy frog at the seal and says that's the way to handle the husband. Maybe you don't want to hear any more of this.

ONCE upon a time, according to a film called "Che!," there was a boob called Castro, played by Jack Palance, and a second-rate doctor called Che Guevara, played by Omar Sharif. When we first see Castro—landing in Cuba—he hasn't yet got his beard, but you can tell who he is supposed to be because he smokes a cigar all the time. This is actually the only hint of likeness to the real Castro until the beard grows, which makes two hints. Palance otherwise resembles no one. He talks very, very slowly and thickly, with an American accent. Omar Sharif, an Egyptian who now gets cast to play any foreign part in English-speaking pictures except an Egyptian part ("Doctor Zhivago," "The Night of the Generals," "Mayerling," "Lawrence of Arabia"), naturally speaks with an Egyptian accent. If they had to have an Egyptian play a Spanish-speaker, couldn't they have had *two* Egyptians play the *two* Spanish-speakers? It would have made a link. Well, anyway. What with the cigar and the language barrier and the Palance barrier, communication goes at the pace of a drugged ox. The script doesn't speed things up, either, because everyone is constantly telling you the story so far, as if the film were a soap opera, which it is. I grew fond of a sequence that is directed exactly like a scene about a waning marriage. The two men are leaning over a balcony in Havana, and Castro says that Che just can't go away now. "Cuba needs you. *I* need you," he says. Castro has the wifely part. But Che looks into the distance with his great brown eyes and sees ahead of him what he has to do in Latin America. Castro suddenly understands that there is another woman calling, so to speak. There is one of those dawning-realization moments. "You don't mean you're thinking of exploding a revolu—" he says. Away from home, trying to explode the revolu—, Che writes letters back to Cuba, which Castro reads aloud in an incredibly grand house to a woman quietly



"Look, don't get so uptight when I come at you with questions. If you don't know, just say so."



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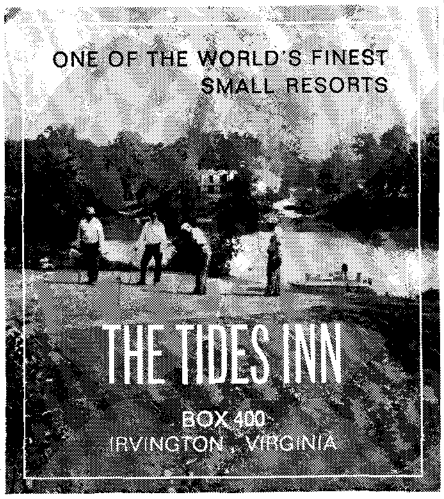

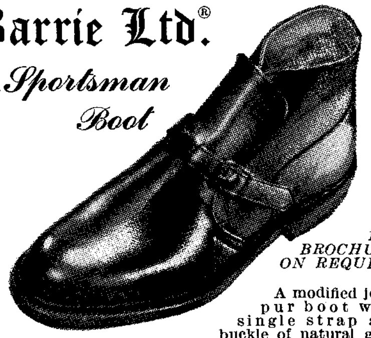

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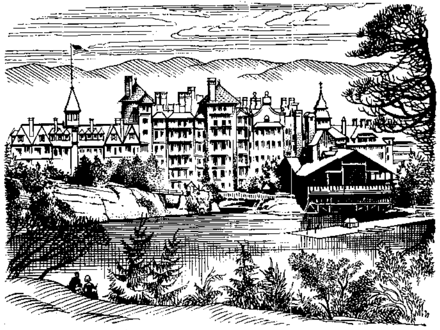
sewing. Everything about their life seems very well run. There is an air of concern. It is a very domestic picture. I don't know quite what else it could be, really, given the fact that it hasn't an ounce of political or historical sense in its nut. One sees Che taking out one of Castro's teeth. One is relieved when Castro wears his spectacles, and is bothered about his eyes when he doesn't. One wonders how on earth he is going to manage Cuba on his own, without a man around the house. Every now and then, as domestic dramas often do, "Che!" flies off into some mad spasm of eternal wisdom that pulls you up short. For instance, the little troop of Castroites are resting in the jungle. "It's too late for chiropody," says the leadership. "The buzzards are already gathering." This remark may be about historic prescience or it may be about feet. I think it's about both.

THE newish convention that it is cinematic to have a bit of film going on under the credits gives dangerous chances to anticlimax, but directors don't seem scared. I saw a Swedish film in which a whole illegitimate baby was born before the credits began injecting their bathos into the story. "That Cold Day in the Park," made by Robert Altman, falls into the opposite style for under-the-titles sequences—the antidramatic style that spins out something inconsequential for so long that tension haplessly builds up and leaves the ultimate event without a hope of justifying our suspense through the hairdressing credit. In this case, we watch Sandy Dennis walking in cold weather, on and on, looking more and more pent up beneath name after name, and at the end all that happens is that she puts her key in the front door. The public audience laughed anxiously.

Miss Dennis plays an unmarried woman of thirty-odd who invites a boy of nineteen or twenty in from the rain after she has been through a frosty dinner party. The boy, played by Michael Burns, lets her feed him and give him a bath, meanwhile whimsically deciding not to open his mouth. She takes him to be a mute and gets avid about him. We ourselves see him chatting quite a lot with his contemporaries—one of whom is a draft dodger—and having a bath with his dishy sister. (There is a terrific emphasis on bathing in this film, and also on food—shock cuts to bacon and eggs, a pineapple, and so on.) When the boy is back with the spinster, she gives him more food, and decides to nail up the windows so that he can't leave the



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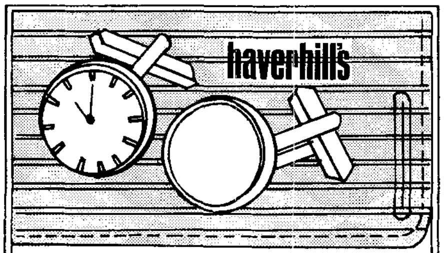

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house. Further events in her dull life include a murder with a meat knife, the procuring of a tart, and a moment when she begs the boy to make love to her and turns out to be talking to a doll. "That Cold Day in the Park" is quite a puzzling film. How did it come to be made this way? The story is bright purple, and right for Bette Davis, yet it's approached with a sort of wan highbrowness. A sense of humor would have helped it—in the photography, for instance. The heroine sees things upside down under stress, to go by the number of reflections in tabletops. There are pregnant closeups of a toaster and a vacuum cleaner, and enlargements of these recurring feet too big to be immediately understood as feet, let alone whose. The central character's mind gets quickly more cracked. "I remember my mother telling me how lonely she was when my father died," she says, explaining her urge to wall the boy up. The psychology has a sack-of-cement quality that goes oddly with Sandy Dennis's hesitant um-ing and er-ing. She can be a fine and true actress, given control, but here she seems cruelly at sea and perhaps opportunistically cast in a film that could really have worked only as a bing-bang melodrama from the old Warner Brothers. It comes to us dolled up as an outspoken study of loneliness. That it isn't. Nothing observant, nothing strong, nothing tender toward extremity. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

HIGH DIVE

Twing. Twing. Twing.
Splash!
An arc of flesh passes, has passed,
A head rises—over so fast.
Such grace, when others dive.

But I upon the plank tremble
A lifetime there. The pool,
Ten miles down, is dry concrete.
The upturned mouths, if I could hear,
Say "Die!" The next comes paddling
Up the rungs. "Die!"
Twing. Twing.

I fling myself, my arms wings,
Then stretched, all stretched to needle
Sharpness. Nothing. Nothing . . .
Splash.

My head rises
From my grave, from my bride.
I dry myself cocksure.
Twing.
Above me. My foot on the first rung,
In fear again my heart says
"Die . . . Die."

—ROBERT WATSON

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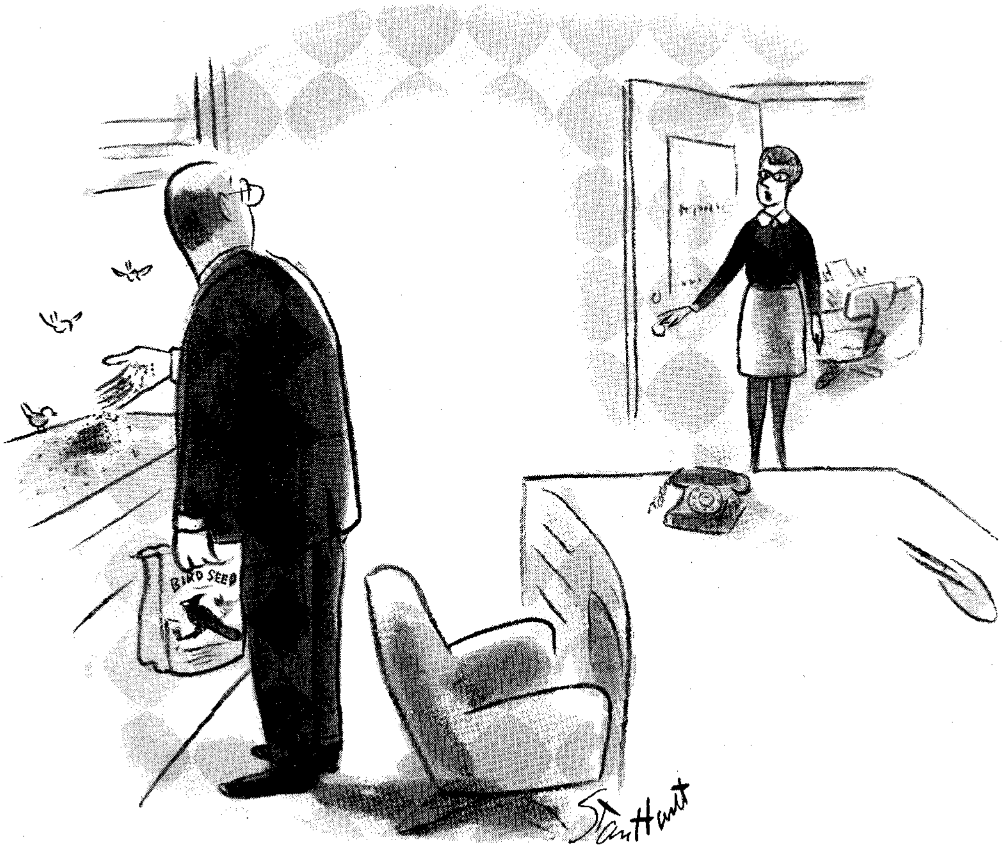
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 8

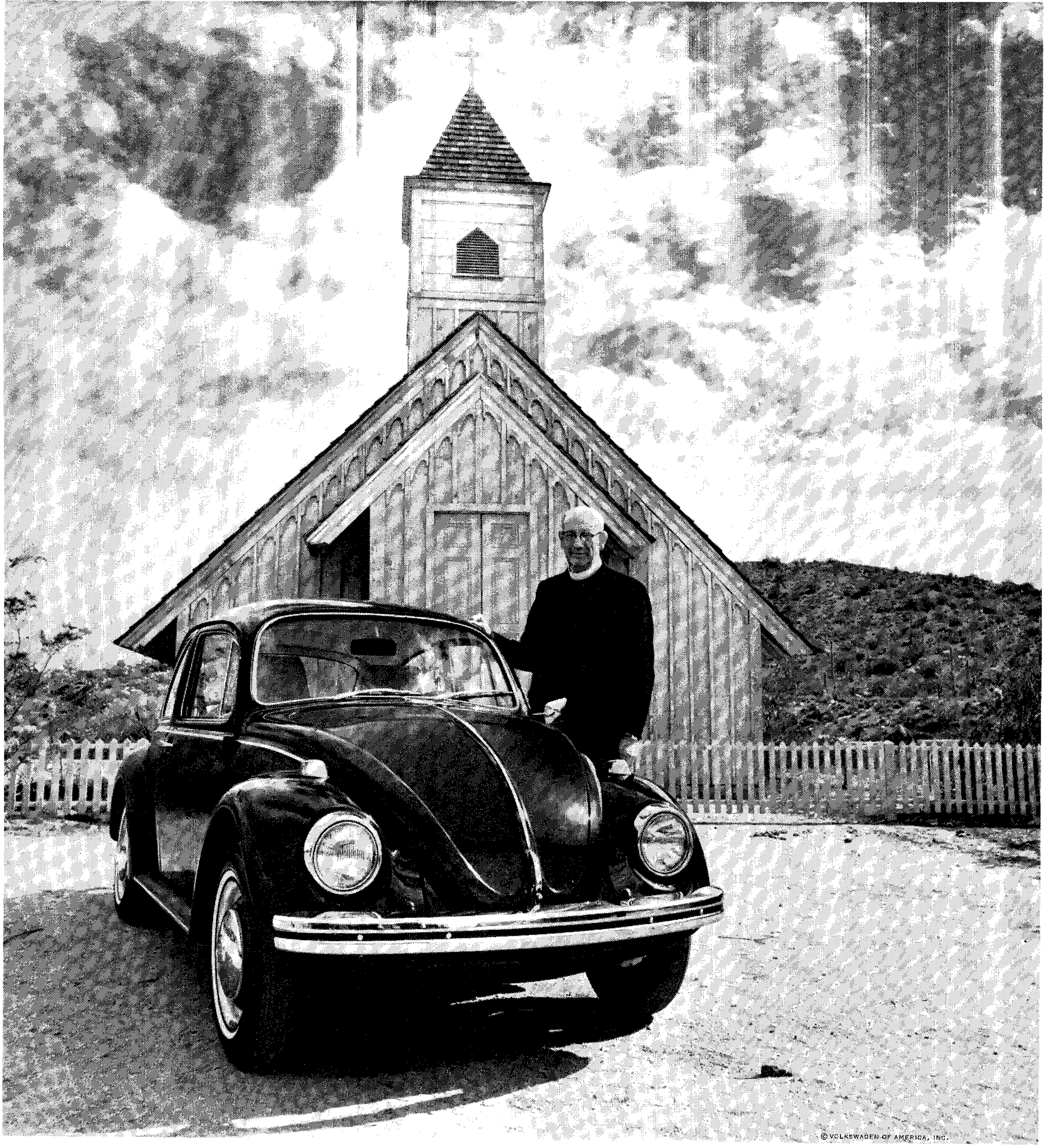
"THEIR slogans are simplistic," the President said of his and Melvin Laird's critics last Wednesday at the Air Force Academy commencement, and he was as right as he was redundant, slogans being by definition simplistic, and a perfect case in point being last year's "Nixon's the One." "Slogan," a word of Gaelic origin, also happens to be an agglutinate of an ancient phrase that translates, according to Webster, as "war cry," and this is pretty much what many people here consider the Commander-in-Chief's speech at Colorado Springs to have been. Senator Fulbright found it "ominous" and "un-American;" others found it ominous and all too American. It was, in any case, a curious performance, politically damaging and diplomatically gratuitous. To be sure, no President would choose so militarily festive an occasion as an Air Force Academy commencement to concede any major points to detractors of the armed services he constitutionally heads. But no law or custom called for his appearance at Colorado Springs, and he was not required by the nature of the event or by any known political imperative to belabor his congressional opponents there or to make a militant defense of the concept of a global mission for American arms. He was, after all, on his way to a meeting with the President of South Vietnam, and his principal aim, it was said by an official spokesman here, was to reach an agreement on scaling down the American military commitment in Southeast Asia. In anticipation of this—assuming that his spokesman described his mission accurately—it would have been altogether appropriate for him to instruct his belletrists to produce a standard commencement address, with suitable references to the profession the graduates had chosen and with the usual expression of hope that they would practice it in a peaceful world. Instead, he delivered, with what must have been the sure knowledge that it would be abrasive and divisive in effect, a harsh, hard speech, which characterized his critics as "isolationists" and advocates of "unilateral disarmament," which said that if their counsel prevailed the "planet" would suffer the fate of Czechoslovakia, and which took it as an unchallengeable postulate that it is within the capacity of this "great nation" to create "a just world order that will bring about an end to war."

Since no one here can see how the speech served any pressing political or diplomatic need, the tendency, among both those who liked it and those who did not, is to assume that this time the President spoke from the heart—that his words (though they often formed non sequiturs and drew false analogies) accurately conveyed his deepest convictions about the world and this country's present and future role in it, which appeared to be, quite plainly, policing the globe: "I say that America has a vital national interest in world stability, and no other nation can uphold that interest for us." If this is what he means, and all that he means, there can be no changes in military or foreign policy unless they are forced down his Administration's throat by Congress, by public opinion, and by our allies—though in his scheme of things it is hard to see why he should bother to consult with allies. To accept this most depressing view, however, it is necessary to credit Nixon with a certain rigor and consistency of conviction, which most of his critics and many of his supporters have always said he conspicuously lacked—some taking this as a cause for mistrust and dislike, others holding it to be a "non-ideological" and "pragmatic" approach and valuing it for the "flexibility" it is said to make possible. Flexible he has certainly been in a good many respects, but there are those who, while acknowledging this, maintain that he has at least been consistent in the sense that his political career has from the start rested on his exertions as a hard-liner and front-liner in the Cold War, and that in this latest speech he is merely reverting—or continuing to be true—to type. "It sounded like the old Nixon I used to know," Senator Gore observed after reading the speech.



"There's a chickadee here to see you, Mr. Thornton."

But this seems an inadequate—or, as he might put it, since he and his writers have turned to their own use the jargon of the academic social scientists, "simplistic"—view both of Nixon's career and of his speech. It is a matter of record that he used anti-Communism, stridently and demagogically, in his early California campaigns and later to call attention to himself and his talents as a congressman and Vice-President. But he was hardly alone in this, and while it played a large part in his advancement, he is President today not because he confronted Alger Hiss in a congressional-hearing room in Washington or Nikita Khrushchev in a trade-fair kitchen exhibit in Moscow but because he has always been a loyal and indefatigable party worker and because, though he is something less than a brilliant politician, he has always known where the levers of power were and how to use them to his own advantage. He did not



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That was in 1957 when he joined the staff of St. Anthony's Indian Mission in Mandaree, North Dakota.

Since then, Father Bittman has gone a long way. In 30 Volkswagens.

Owning two or three at a time, the Bittman staff travels 600 miles per week in each. Over dirt and gravel roads and in temperatures that have been known to go to 55 below.

A couple of Volkswagens ago, Father Bittman's '65 broke through the Garrison Reservoir ice.

"It was a good time for praying," he said.

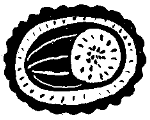
Luckily, one 255 pound priest and one 1808 pound bug floated to safety. After the ice was chopped away and a quick oil change, the good father and his faithful companion were on their way.

He was a bit peeved about the oil change though.

"It set the Mission back $1.80," complained Father Aloysius Bittman.

make anti-Communism a major issue in either of his two Presidential campaigns; on the contrary, he exploited it less than either John F. Kennedy or Hubert Humphrey did. Moreover, the Colorado Springs speech turns out, on close scrutiny, to be only inferentially an exercise in Cold War or anti-Communist rhetoric. It is something perhaps more distressing than that. Aside from the single mention of the occupation of Czechoslovakia, there is no identification of Communism or any Communist power—not even North Vietnam—as a specific threat to American security. The central import of the speech is that Richard Nixon will not "pursue arms control as an end in itself" but will, on the contrary, undertake, with the strength he assumes that American military power will give him, the burden of keeping the peace the world over. Of those who doubt whether this can or should be done—those whom he calls the "skeptics and isolationists"—he says, "They have lost the vision indispensable to great leadership. . . . Skeptics do not build societies. The idealists are the builders. . . . That is why I believe a resurgence of American idealism can bring about a modern miracle—and that modern miracle is a world order of peace and justice."

Nixon the neo-Wilsonian idealist may turn out to be a far greater cause for alarm, here and everywhere else, than Nixon the bitter-end anti-Communist and Cold Warrior. For if he means all he has said, he is as prepared as ever Che Guevara was for "two, three, many Vietnams," and there will be no talk of disarmament until a Pax Americana has been established and accepted everywhere. Dean Rusk and Lyndon Johnson never entertained—or, at any rate, *never proclaimed*—such grandiose visions, and Johnson felt that arms control was an altogether satisfactory "end in itself." But once more the question arises as to whether Nixon really *does*, really *can*, mean what he has said—or, to put it in a perhaps more pointed way, whether he has drawn from the hoary platitudes and screaming-eagle declamations that his speechwriters strung together for him, perhaps in great haste and with imprecise instructions, the implications that seem unavoidable to those who assume that Presidents must know and understand what they are saying and must regard what they are saying as commitments to policy. The evidence is abundant that in every Administration there is a gap between what is said and what is intended and another gap between what is intended and what is done or left undone. And so it may be that in Nixon's mind this speech is only talk, or mostly talk, and that he knows full well that if events conspired to force him to decide whether or not to base policy on the doctrines he has laid down—as so often happened with his old colleague John Foster Dulles—he would be appalled and would suspend the doctrines, at least until the crisis had been resolved one way or another and the next commencement address was due. If this is not the case, one wonders *why he is going on with the* negotiations in Paris. One wonders why his agents are so eager to give the impression that they are ready for arms-control talks with Moscow. And one wonders, above all, why he is at this moment conferring with President Thieu on Midway Island. (There are some here who believe that the Midway meeting—or at least its timing—was a device for cancelling an engagement to speak yesterday at Ohio State University, in Columbus, where he might have given either the speech he gave on Tuesday at General Beadle State Teachers College, in South Dakota, or even the Colorado Springs address. Early intelligence reports had said that Ohio State was one campus on which antiwar demonstrations could be easily contained, but later reports cast doubt on this assessment. Soon after receiving the later reports, though not certifiably because of them, the White House announced that the President could not attend because he would be flying to the Midway summit meeting. Columbus drew Vice-President Agnew, who attracted only a handful of demonstrators and who expressed the hope that *the country had the will* "to test itself against all the perils of majestic undertakings.") If his speech means what it seems to mean, no conceivable settlement in Paris could satisfy the idealist of Colorado Springs. If arms control has to wait upon a "world stability" achieved by the United States, talking about it is a waste of time. As for Midway, if the Secretary of State truly speaks for the President, the purpose of the mission is to twist President Thieu's arm until he agrees to stop being a "strict constructionist" of his government's constitution and to work something out with the National Liberation Front. If Secretary Rogers does not speak for the President and this is not the purpose of the trip, then the trip is just another junket and there should soon be a new Secretary of



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State and a few new wars. All things considered, it seems more reasonable to suppose that the Secretary spoke with authority than that the President was actually laying down policy.

NOTHING in the President's celebration of martial virtues stirred up so much resentment here as his assertion before the young officers that "it is open season on the armed forces" and his description of his critics as "new isolationists." Yet there are probably more elements of demonstrable truth to be found in these two statements than in the rest of the speech. No responsible critics of the policies of this or the preceding Administration are seeking to place any blame on the young officers and cadets of the sort the President addressed or on the millions of other young men who, mostly through no choice of their own, are manning our military establishment around the world. These young men may now and then—and probably with increasing frequency and intensity—be subjected to the obloquy of some of their peers in mufti who see no morality except in resistance to any kind of military service, but the main grievances are against their commanders, both civilian and military. Still, the President was right in the sense that there is heavy sniping from many quarters, that almost every aspect of military policy and behavior is considered fair game, and that no branch of any service any longer enjoys the immunity that all more or less enjoyed until quite recently. The outraged response of most of the congressmen and journalists and others whom the President had in mind has been that his charge simply isn't so—that they have nothing against the military except the excesses of its power, which are usually the consequence of civilian decisions, and that to describe their criticism as "open season" is to question their patriotism. A more useful and clarifying response might be that of course it's open season—that it should be open season every year and all year round, just as it has always been open season for all other agencies of government and most other institutions in the society. But even this would be an incomplete rejoinder. What is being expressed here is not mere dissatisfaction with the performance of the military in its specific assignments but a questioning of its whole raison d'être. The President was not far off the mark when he so petulantly said, "Military programs are ridiculed as needless if not deliberate waste. The military profession is derided in some of the so-called best circles

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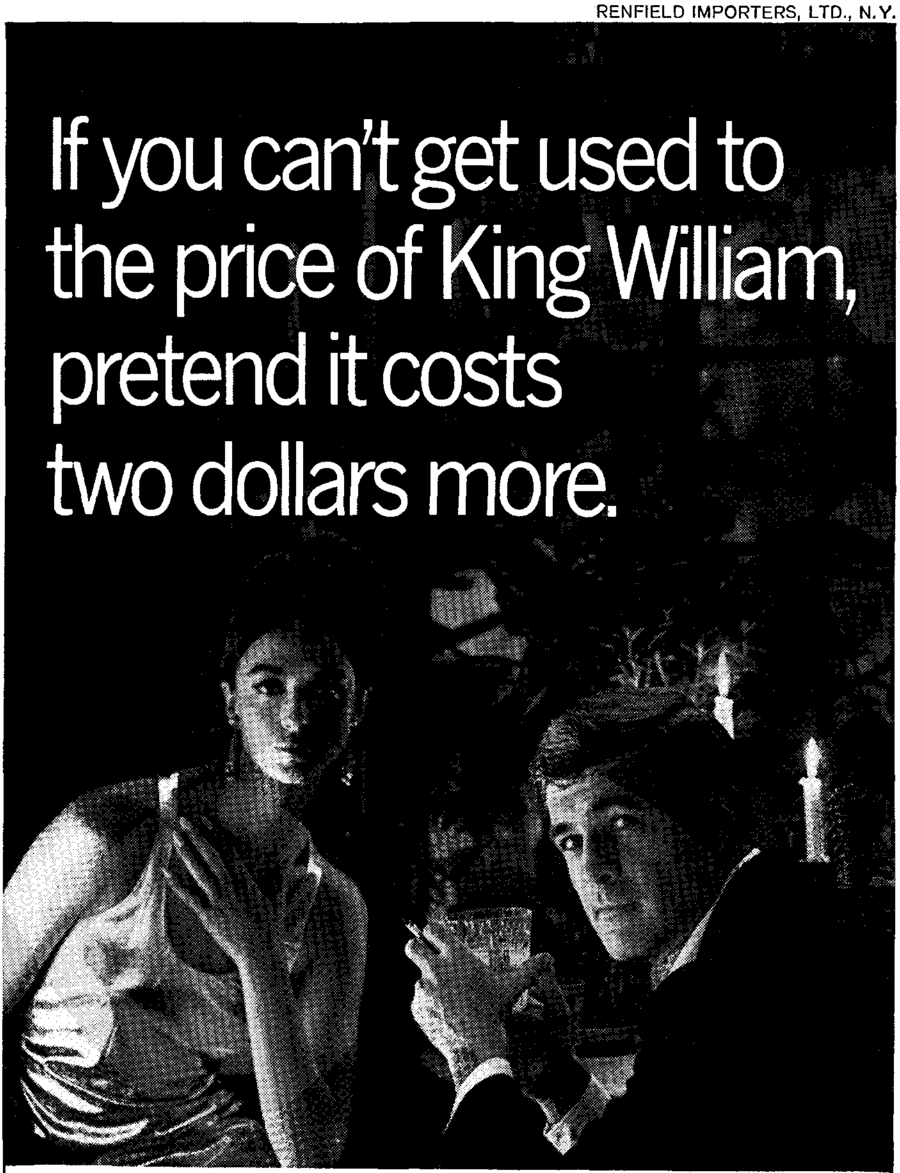

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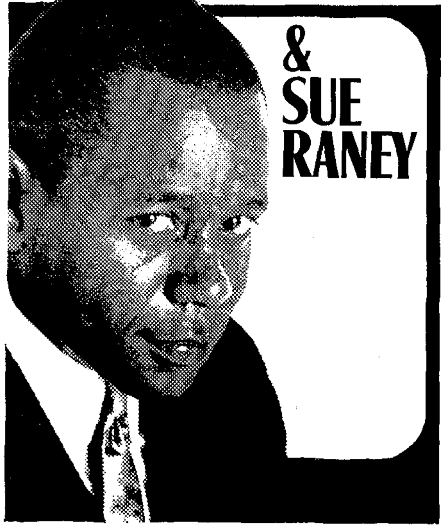

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of America. Patriotism is considered by some to be a backward fetish of the uneducated and the unsophisticated."

It would not be difficult to document each of these statements. There are plenty of congressmen—though probably nothing like a majority at this stage—who are prepared to make an across-the-board cut in defense appropriations not because they are persuaded that we are more "secure" this year than last year but rather because they want the money for other things and know that the military is wasteful. The military profession has, in fact, lost much of its prestige: the service academies find recruiting more and more difficult; it is acceptable almost everywhere for middle-class parents to dissuade their sons from entering the services and to conspire with them to avoid conscription; university administrations are in many cases as eager as protesting students to get rid of their R.O.T.C. programs. "Patriotism" is a word of many meanings, but one knows what the President means by it, and there is no doubt that the number of those who regard it as a "backward fetish" and refuse to make the traditional displays of it is increasing. It can be maintained that none of this provides any evidence that a "new isolationism" is emerging—that, indeed, most of the observable symptoms point to a spreading internationalism. By and large, the senators who are most critical of the military are more favorable toward foreign aid and other international programs than those who support the Administration. Senator Fulbright happens not to be one of these, because he believes that unilateral foreign aid can be a "road to war," but he is far from being an isolationist, and so are the great majority of those of whom the President spoke.

Yet there is a strain of isolationism—possibly of a desirable sort, possibly of a dangerous one—that can be found in the revolt against the military. The real alternative to isolationism in this country has seldom been the abstraction of internationalism but the reality of intervention. The abstraction has been fleshed by military power committed to military alliances—twice in European wars, in Korea eighteen years ago, and, more recently, in a whole tangle of alliances around the world. It is therefore just about impossible to separate a generalized attack on the military establishment from an attack on the kind of internationalism we have actually been practicing—with cumulative results, to be sure, that may yet lead us and the world to extinction.

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And to maintain commitments, sound or otherwise, we are plainly required to defend ourselves and those of our arms that may defend others. Yet in the current debates over the Safeguard ABM and other military programs, there are practically no attempts to define, or even examine, the commitments we have made and are still bound by. Those opposing the Administration say we have too much power, which seems indisputably the case with nuclear weapons and delivery systems deployed against putative nuclear adversaries. But the argument is being carried far beyond this. It is one thing to deny a military request because a particular weapons system is unneeded or provocative or unworkable; it is another thing to deny it simply because it comes from the military. The mood that is now spreading is one of opposition to anything military. The Defense Department is looked upon by many in very much the way the government itself was looked upon by conservatives and reactionaries in the thirties. It is seen as an incubus on the body of society—an unneeded and unwanted thing that inhibits freedom and growth. Speaking of military spending a few weeks ago, Representative Don Edwards, a Democrat of California and a former national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, said, "Unless the American people demand a halt, the federal government will spend the country into catastrophe." It is altogether possible that exactly those words could be found in some American Liberty League document circa 1936. Representative Edwards is as much of an internationalist as anyone, and he is not known to have worried much about the prospect of catastrophe in non-military spending; indeed, one can be sure that the money he seeks to deny the military he would cheerfully, and no doubt wisely, hand over to civilian agencies. But he represents at least a species of isolationism, which may be quite a good thing and vastly preferable to the kind of internationalism exemplified by the war in Vietnam. To say that the military and its civilian backers have brought it all on themselves may be no less than the truth. But there is also a certain amount of truth in what the President said.

—Richard H. Rovere

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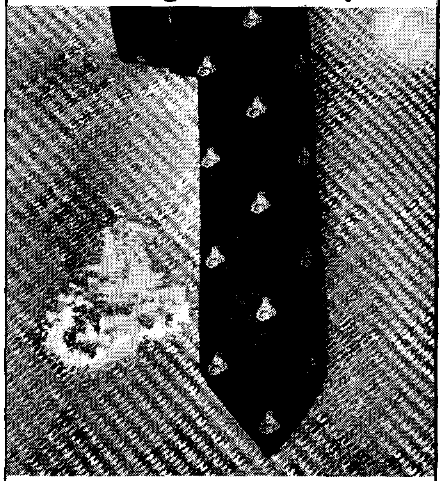

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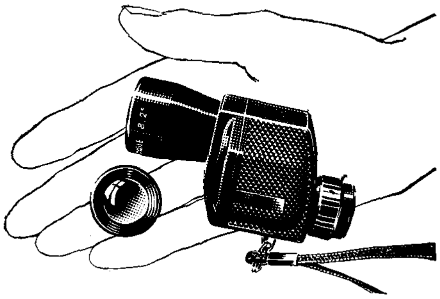

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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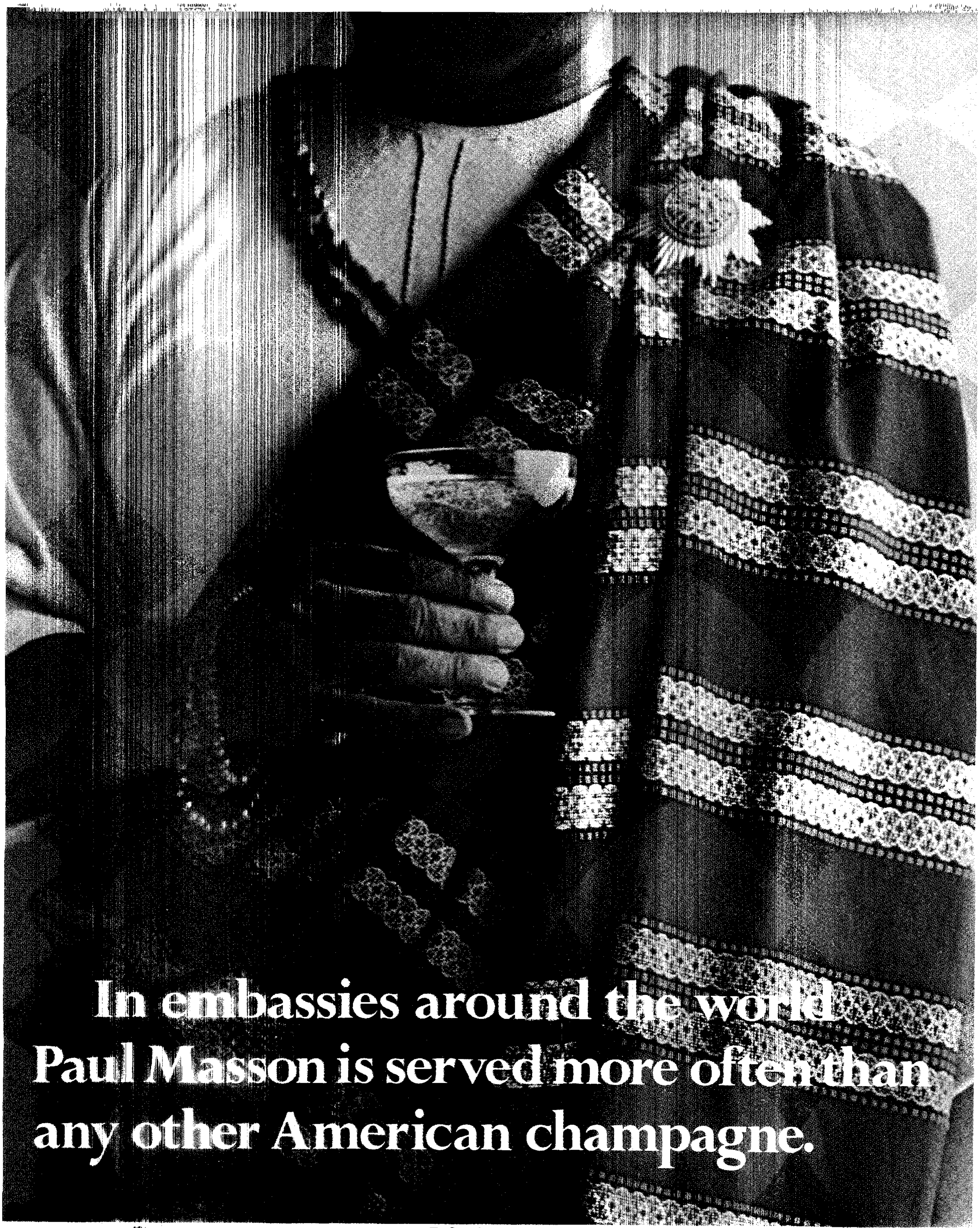
EARLY in 1966, the entertainer Lenny Bruce, who died in the midsummer of that year at the age of forty from a self-administered overdose of morphine, gave his next-to-last public performance, at the Berkeley Community Theatre, a large auditorium near the University of California's Berkeley campus. It drew two thousand people, and Bruce, as had become his custom in those last, lean years, which were marked by repeated brushes with the law, had the entire thing taped, so that the obscenities with which he customarily larded his act could not be used against him, out of context, by police witnesses testifying in court. (Bruce was "busted," as he put it, in several cities in this country from 1961 on, and he also had the distinction of being banned in Great Britain—"as if he were a stag movie," a New York *Times* critic observed a couple of years back in reviewing a filmed account of one of Bruce's last night-club appearances. In all instances, the charges, including several for the possession of narcotics, were eventually dropped.) Now this tape, acquired by Bizarre Productions, an emerging recording firm with offices here and in Los Angeles, has been released unedited ("with the cooperation of the Douglas International Corporation and the Lenny Bruce Estate"), under the title "The Berkeley Concert," on two long-playing records distributed by Reprise Records. (Bizarre is headed up by Frank Zappa, who is the leader of the Mothers of Invention, a ten-man electronic chamber orchestra that specializes in satirical rock and jazz and that shared the bill on Bruce's last date, at San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium.)

Prior to "The Berkeley Concert," my only encounters with Bruce—except through a much earlier recording—were in a onetime Manhattan cellar club known as the Den in the Duane, where, in 1959, he was making his local night-club début. (The same room afforded Nichols and May an early outing here.) At the time, Bruce had just begun to surface as a standup comic and was a very "hip" one, to use a term that was still fresh in those days. He was also an extremely controversial performer, who had, it seems clear, found his calling—after failing in an attempt at an acting career and then, having turned to comedy, winning wide attention on Arthur Godfrey's television program—in the troubled area of caustic social criticism, for which, he felt, the night-club floor provided the best forum. Mort Sahl, who had risen in the night-club world a few years earlier, with the Eisenhower Administration furnishing an admirable target for his views (the advent of the Kennedy Administration had a crippling effect on him, from which he has never fully recovered), very likely pointed the way for Bruce. But whereas Sahl commanded attention with rapierlike thrusts at the Establishment that were more cutting than, for example, previous comedians' jokes about suburban family life (Alan King), which themselves had all but replaced dialect humor (Myron Cohen) here in New York, and had even superseded, in a way, topical humor of a good-natured sort (Bob Hope), Bruce's humor was savage as well as irreverent. A slight, intense figure, he would begin his turn, which lasted, I would guess, perhaps the better part of an hour, with a kind of warmup chat, and follow it with a couple of set routines. The chat, a somewhat disjointed "free-association" affair having to do with aspects of contemporary life that Bruce either admired or despised, and raddled with the obscenities that were to hobble him, continued for about twenty minutes, and I remember my own reaction to it as one of wishing he'd get on with the show. This he eventually did, for my taste, by settling into one or another of his memorable plotted efforts, such as the hilarious "Comic at the Palladium," in which his latent skill as an actor was at its most apparent, or "Religions, Inc.," that biting investigation of the executive level in organized religion. He lit up the night, there's no denying it, and his one-man war against cant and hypocrisy in high places gained him an ardent, though necessarily limited, following. (I recall hearing the English actress Anna Quayle, who was appearing here in "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," speak rapturously of Bruce, whom the authorities had prevented her from catching in England, and to whom she, along with others of her countrymen, had become devoted through his records.) The impression he gave was



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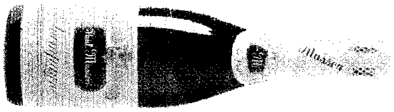

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that of a cocky, half-educated young man bursting with opinions. His delivery was sometimes spasmodic, sometimes interrupted by reflective pauses, and sometimes punctuated by sharp clicks of his tongue against his front teeth as he scored points. I don't know why, but he always associates himself in my mind—maybe as an artist who could scarcely contain his flights of fancy—with the similarly slight, agitated, and rapid-talking jazz pianist Joe Bushkin.

By the time of "The Berkeley Concert," which occupies about an hour and a half, the substantial routines of old had given way entirely to the small-talk approach that had once taken up just the first part of his act. It is, though, of course, no ordinary small talk; it is glittering, corrosive, and generally funny talk divided into various topics, one deftly flowing into another, and with occasional remarks that illuminate or summarize something discussed much earlier. There is probably too much preoccupation with sex, and there are certainly far too many scatological references, but it is, all the same, a performance of considerable virtuosity. The listener, very much aware of the sorry circumstances, is apt to feel, as I did, that Bruce can hardly wait to sting the police, who are unquestionably represented out there in the crowd. His quick and repeated employment of shock words and phrases, along with his blistering comments on the Catholic Church, is now almost surely directed as much at them as at his audience in general, and his little parable about a developing society that is obliged to sign on an enforcer (the man being hired is told confidentially that some people might think it takes "a certain kind of mentality to do that work") unmistakably is, and so are several other devices. Indeed, at one point he dwells on his troubles with the authorities, referring scornfully to "spoiled rotten D.A.s" and "petulant lower-court judges" (he also maintains—rather wistfully, one reflects, in the light of subsequent developments—that he had a prescription for the drug found in his possession in Philadelphia), and trying all the while to make it clear that his quarrel is not with law and order, which he feels are essential, but with the venality of those empowered to implement them. Among his other topics, to give you a more rounded idea of what is in store for you, are midgets ("You know, there are no Jewish midgets"), call girls in Alaska, public toilets, drug addiction in California (he assumes that the rate has gone down as rehabilitation centers and their staffs have increased, so that the institutions are desperate for addicts), pornography, Jewish mothers, the Lyndon Johnsons, premarital and marital problems, and organ transplants (he suggests that the day will come when a donor class is carefully cultivated on farms).

It may be due to the primitive engineering that went into this recording, made merely for self-protection, but the impression that comes across is of an alert audience regarding what it knows to be an ailing and driven man, its attentiveness broken only now and then by relatively subdued bursts of laughter. Bruce was, at this time, according to the jazz critic Ralph J. Gleason's respectful and admiring notes on the inside cover, fearful of losing the younger audience, to which, by then, racy language had become only mildly stimulating. At any rate, one becomes aware, without unduly exercising one's imagination, of a man practically rushing to an end that may have been propitiously, if unconsciously, timed to keep him from turning into a relic entertaining for handouts in café corners much as, say, Maxwell Bodenheim once peddled copies of his poems in Greenwich Village *boîtes*. The sad fact is, I suppose, that Lenny Bruce was really a wayward evangelist. Given a law degree and an interest in politics, he might have used them to brilliant purpose, possibly as a Naderlike but witty watchdog of the public interest. But then he wouldn't have been Lenny Bruce, an almost classic figure of the tragedian wearing the mask of comedy. —Douglas Watt

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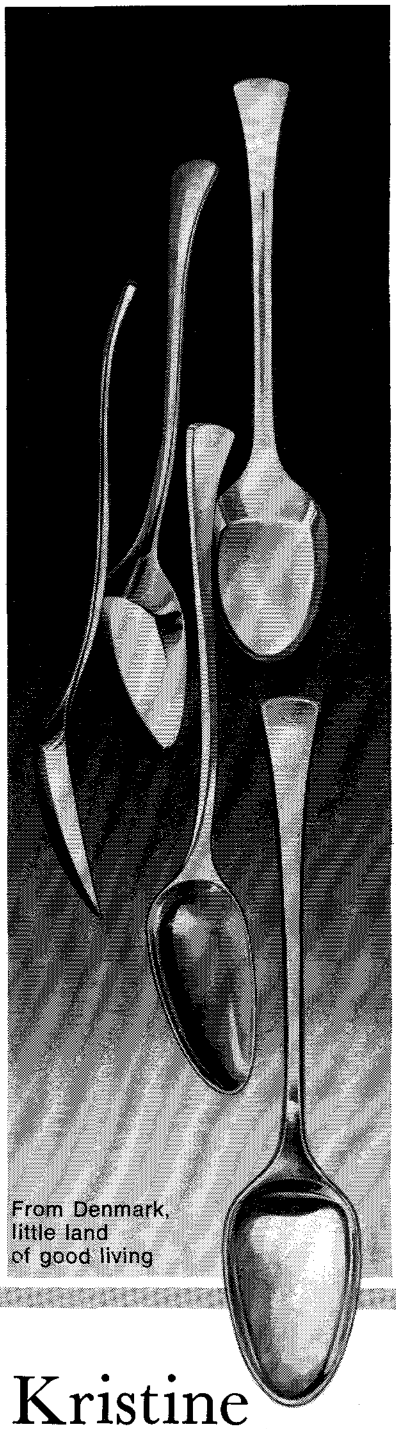
THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "Afternoon Neighbors," by Hamlin Garland—a quotation from his diary, December 4, 1925*]

In walking across the park today to call on Archer Huntington, I saw the city sublimed into beauty. It was a vision of New York as it will be in 1970, when its tenements are all replaced with spacious dwelling places, its parks orderly, its architecture enduring and graceful, and its inhabitants civilized and harmonious. The blue dusk which hid all the sordid gutters and the ugly roof lines, invested the crude towers and massive walls with majesty, transformed the park water into something lovely and remote. It was easy to imagine myself in that glorious metropolis of the future.



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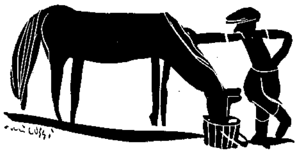
THE RACE TRACK

Biggest Belmont

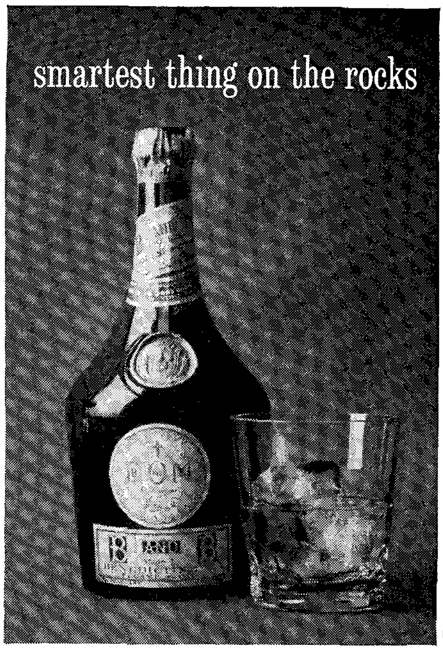
NO Triple Crown winner this year, either. Arts and Letters brilliantly justified the faith of his supporters and turned the tables ruthlessly on Majestic Prince in the hundred-and-first running of the Belmont Stakes last Saturday, before the biggest crowd there has ever been at Belmont Park. Mowing down Dike, the pacemaker, with half a mile to go, Paul Mellon's smooth dark-chestnut runner, carrying the colors of the Rokeby Stable, won by five and a half lengths from Frank McMahon's handsome hero of the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. Claiborne Farm's Dike was third, a couple of lengths behind. Distray, Rooney's Shield, and Prime Fool, the other starters, were down the course.



It was a thrilling race to watch. Dike set off in front for the mile and a half, and although horses have led from start to finish in a Belmont Stakes, I doubt if any of them had runners of the class of Arts and Letters and Majestic Prince behind them; anyway, I can't help thinking that Belmonte's tactic in setting a very slow pace on Dike was bold to the point of foolhardiness. (By the way, Belmonte rode four winners earlier in the afternoon.) As I saw it, Arts and Letters was the best as the race was run. From the beginning, he was always going smoothly, saving ground along the rail, and he was on a tight rein when he passed Dike as they approached the mile marker. From that moment, there was no question who would win. The same moment was also the turning point for Majestic Prince. Hartack, his rider, appeared to be content to sit still on him, waiting for the right time to make his challenge, and when he did make it the Prince got into close quarters momentarily. Once he was straightened away again, Hartack made frantic efforts to close the gap, and Majestic Prince responded gamely, but he wasn't gaining a yard on the leader in the final furlong. Dike was through long before that. As for the others, they might as well have been in Queens Village.

The mile and a half was run in 2:28⅘, which I'd say was about average time for the race. The fractional times by quarters were something else again—0:25⅗, 0:51, 1:16⅕, 1:40⅕, 2:04⅗, 2:28⅘. In fact, the fractions had the boys who make fetishes of their split-second watches talking to themselves. And me, too. While I make no claim to being a really serious handicapper, six furlongs in 1:16⅕ put me on my beam-ends. Why, animals you could claim for $12,000, if you were rash enough, ran the distance in 1:11⅗ in the fourth race. The mile in 1:40⅕ was what the speed-chart boys call buggy-horse time. Of course, after Arts and Letters took the lead at the mile mark, the pace quickened, and the two final quarters were run in 0:24⅕ and 0:24⅗—faster than Gallant Man ran them in 1957, when he set a new track record in the race. Belmonte said he set the pace, which he knew was slow, because the other riders seemed unwilling to take the lead—and I wouldn't be surprised. Disgruntled backers of Majestic Prince declare that Hartack lost the race because he didn't know how slow the pace was, or, if he did, took no advantage of it with Majestic Prince, who has a nice turn of speed. Johnny Longden, the colt's trainer, said it was a "crazy pace," which it was, and that he didn't think Hartack rode a bad race. Curiously, at a breakfast for trainers, jockeys, and the press at the track two days before the Belmont, Arcaro asked Longden whether, if he were riding Majestic Prince, he would do it the way he rode Count Fleet when he won the race in 1943, going to the front from the start. Longden said he would.

In almost every conceivable way, Belmont Stakes Day was an outstanding success for the management, and altogether a good show. The crowd totalled 66,115, and was the most enthusiastic over a race that I've ever seen hereabouts. There were also new highs in betting, which came to $6,371,829 for the day—$1,174,928 of it on the Belmont Stakes alone, and that's more than a lot of tracks handled all day last Saturday. And I'm sure there have never been as many lookers-on in and around the saddling paddock, even in the days of Kelso, as there were crowding in to have a peek at Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters. Even the most critical of observers could find no fault with either. Though Arts and Letters has great quality, and seems to look better every time I see him, I fancy he'll have a rest now. Elliott Burch, who has performed a fine



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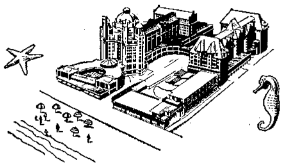

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feat training him, can relax, too, after winning his third Belmont—the second for Mr. Mellon. Majestic Prince, this old pushover's Picture Horse of the Year, is probably back in California as you read this. He'll have a long rest.

IT was a pleasure to be at Belmont Park again. The place has never looked more attractive. This year, the meeting opened with the Edgemere Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs, over the turf course. Eight ran, and Majetta won it from Liaison in a driving finish. Fort Marcy, the favorite, was third. After the race, the riders on the second and third horses lodged claims of foul against Majetta for crowding, but the stewards, once they had reviewed the slow-motion movies of the race, dismissed both claims. Majetta, another of those runners that Gus Ring, the Washington, D.C., contractor, brings from abroad, is a sturdy British-bred five-year-old. When he raced in England and France, he was rated a sprinter, but on his form in the Edgemere he's something more than that. To be sure, he had an advantage of twelve pounds in the weights over Fort Marcy, which helped; still, he's an addition to the collection of horses for grass courses.

Later in the week, C. V. Whitney's Prize Silver won the ninety-third running of the Juvenile Stakes with the greatest of ease. Skipping into the lead on the turn for home, he beat Poppy Hill, New Englander, and four others. It was touted in the paddock that New Englander's stablemate Brushwood Boy, who was also in the race, could run a bit. Which is just what he did—leading for a quarter of a mile, then finishing dead last.

—AUDAX MINOR

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10-11 (10)—THE DEAN MARTIN SHOW has a very lively outing with Orson Welles reading a grocery list, interpreting Shakespeare as Dean reads the Bard, doing a magic act and reciting Antony's Funeral Oration from "Julius Caesar." Caterina Valente sings "Mack the Knife" and "Come Rain or Come Shine" and joins Dean for a Charlie Chaplin impression. Jack Gilford imitates a chicken and does a capsule life of a gigolo. Finally Dean introduces his uncle, Leonard Barr, who does "Come Rain or Come Shine" and joins Dean for a Charlie Chaplin impression. Jack Gilford imitates a chicken and does a capsule life of a gigolo. Finally Dean introduces his uncle, Leonard Barr, who does a vaudeville bit.—*Norfolk (Va.) Virginia-Pilot.*

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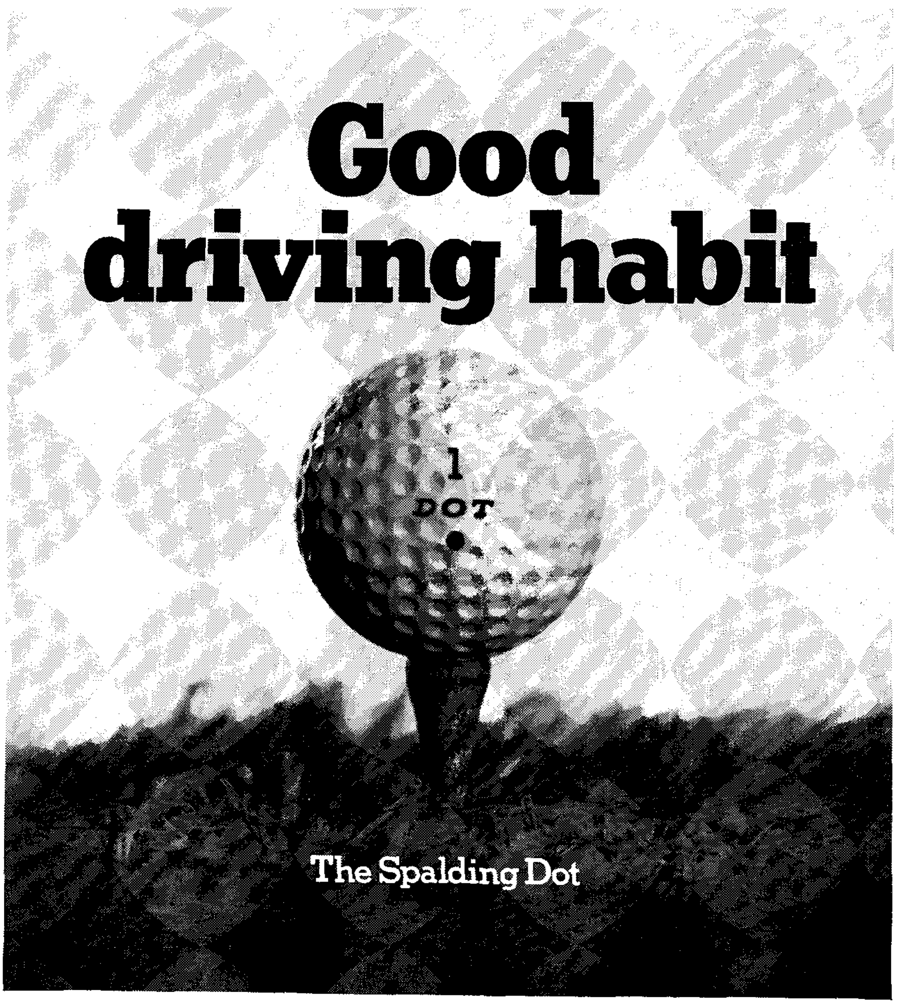
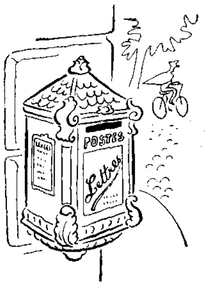


LETTER FROM PARIS

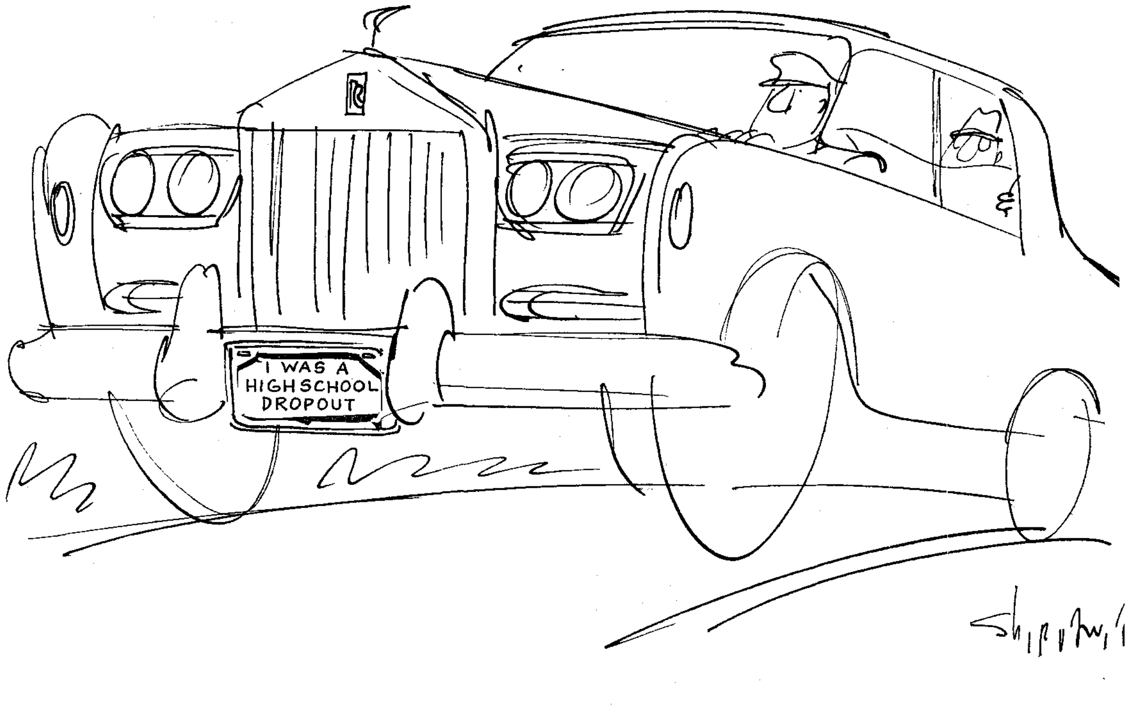


JUNE 5

A WEEK from Sunday, France will face its second Sabbath of voting in the runoff finale of its Presidential elections to produce a successor to General de Gaulle, now at liberty on the moors of Ireland. His seven-year term would not have ended until 1972. Four days ago, in the first Sunday of balloting, twenty-three million French citizens, utilizing the system of direct Presidential elections that was the General's final managerial endowment to his *belle France*, cast their ballots for seven candidates of differing political coloration in the most confusing, interesting, significant, multi-party heteroclite postwar national election that France has yet seen, and with the most unexpected results in two out of three important cases. The opening surprise was the poor showing made by the centrist candidate, interim President Alain Poher—so modest a fellow that he is all puffed up with humility, one Paris wit has said—who, though a new and thus attracting French public figure, won only a mediocre twenty-three and a half per cent against the extrovert Gaullist ministerial survivor, Georges Pompidou, with his more robust forty-four per cent. The other surprise tended in exactly the opposite direction. This was the successful high-polling campaign pursued by the rotund septuagenarian Jacques Duclos, who was belatedly ordered by his French Communist Party into the Presidential lists because the Party suddenly decided that it had to be represented in the election, like any normal political group. His vigorous, critical, anti-Gaullist, anti-Fifth Republic speeches, delivered with professional vitality and a lifetime of platform experience, brought him a higher rating than had been dreamed of as possible, especially by the Communists—a rating of better than twenty-one per cent, which put him third among the top three candidates. Then, in the eight-o'clock news on Monday evening, with the balloting duly performed and computed and commented upon, there came, like a clap of thunder, the extraordinary announcement from the French Communist Party that its almost five million voters of the day before would be "invited" not to participate in the runoff vote to come. The effect on the non-Communist French listener was at first one of bewilderment and then, on second thought, one of worried suspicion. What was Moscow up to now? As any educated Frenchman of common sense would know, so imperially eccentric a request did not spring from the brains of the leaders of the French Communist Party, a party composed of and run by and for the French working class and operating at a distance and in translation from the hierarchical decisions taken far away to the east.

As this recent election made clear, the French Socialist Party has been acting as if it were on its last legs, and, partnered with candidate Gaston Defferre, of Marseille, even Pierre Mendès France's ideas scintillated with less precision. Furthermore, over the last few years in France, the Radical Socialist left has moved to the right and into the centrist ground, thus emptying the familiar left-wing scene. It was into this emptied space that the obedient French Communist Party seemed to step last Monday. Its control over its followers permitted its leaders, says Jean Ferniot, the brilliantly knowledgeable political columnist of *France-Soir*, to risk "recommending" that they refrain from further voting, instead of telling them merely to vote blank ballots. The Party's tactical necessity was, quite simply, to quarantine the votes of the first round, because they contained the Duclos triumph intact (as far as it went)—a triumph precious to Party history as a success such as the Party has never known before in capitalist France. Ferniot further believes that the Communist Party, by abandoning its customary battlefield, where the ballot was its regular weapon, will now move with aggressiveness into other theatres of operation, where the Comrades can develop their *action revendicative*, or social agitation.

The only touching incident so far in the whole election was old Duclos' being charged by the Party's Central Committee to meet the press in the Communists' main building, on the Rue Le Peletier, and give the assembled journalists the official oral announcement of the strange "suspension request." Part of the announcement contained a note of homage to Duclos for his part in the electoral campaign. This he spoke without adding one syllable of commentary, merely reading very rapidly the Central Committee's reference to the candidate's personality and qualities, "which played an important role." Then Duclos added the Central Committee's final words, as if they explained, to a degree, why the Party did not think it worthwhile to have anything to do with the runoff between a pair of candidates—Pompidou and Poher—neither of whom was worth a kopeck in the Party's political opinion. "Neither of them," the Committee said, "brings anything to the problems of our workers, of our people, of our nation. Their entire political


I WAS A HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUT

FOR THOSE
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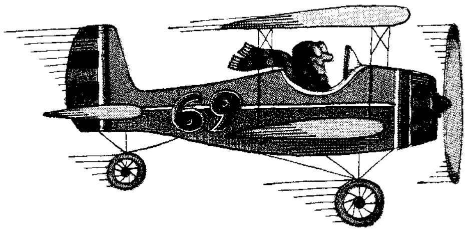

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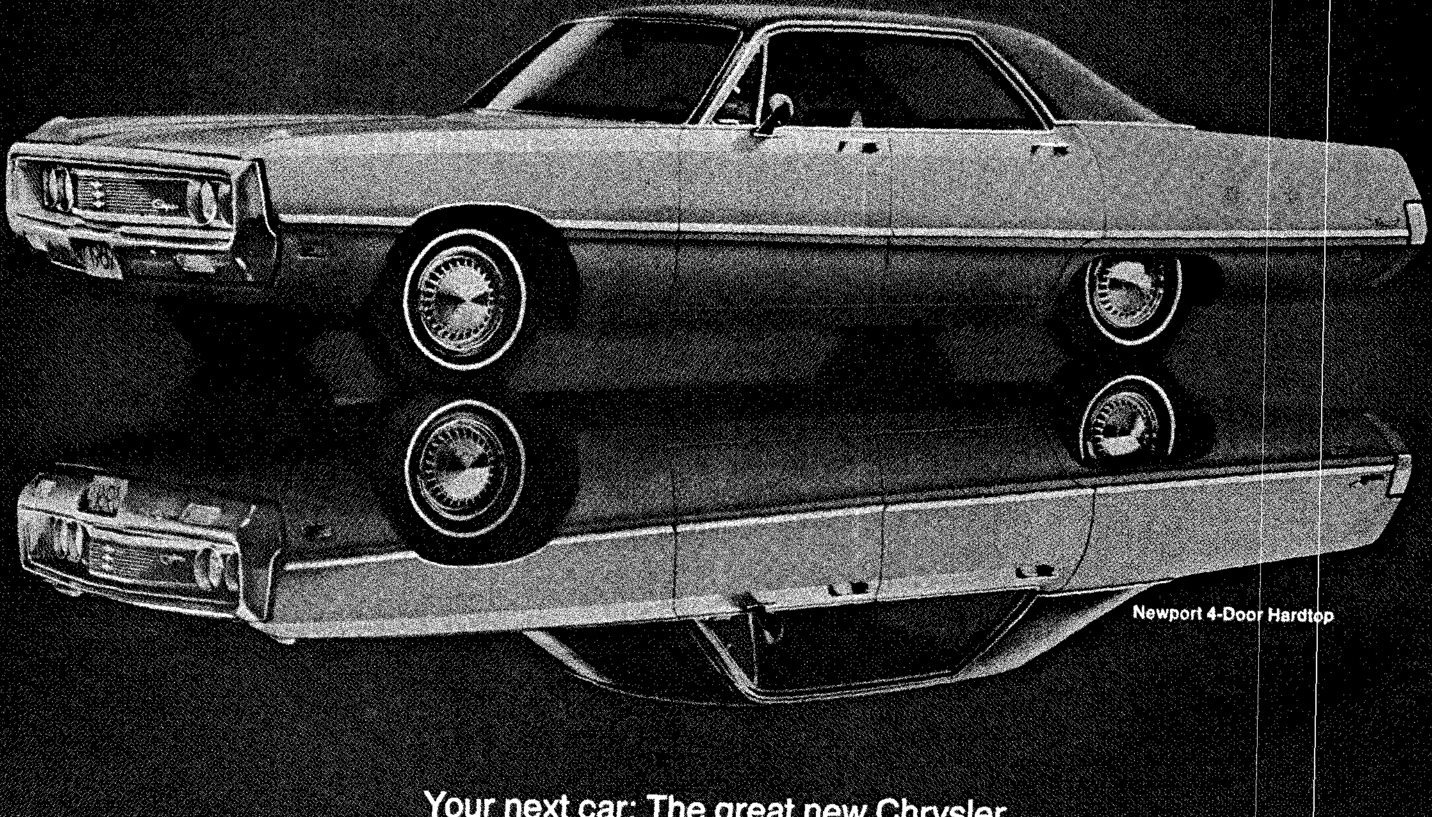

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If Poher had followed the advice repeatedly given him by the most important political men in France—Antoine Pinay, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and Jacques Duhamel—he would have dropped out last week. Had he made at the beginning the sort of energetic good speeches, full of reforms and ideas, that he made at the end, France would be less concerned at still having him on her hands. Actually, the Germans are also interested in his continuing the struggle, and even hope that he will win it in the final vote, since he is an Atlanticist in his international policies, which means pro-American, and so are they, in Bonn and West Berlin. The Russians, on the contrary, hope that Pompidou will win, because of de Gaulle's favoring Moscow over Washington as a commercial influence—one of the few Gaullisms that Pompidou has retained from his six years with the General. It seems incredible that, in its thoroughness, the electoral system demands that these two lone political rivals, whose attitudes are really quite closely allied, should continue the routine of radio discourses, television interviews, and speeches in country capitals, and that, furthermore, their friends should continue similar services in their behalf, with nightly speeches in Bordeaux or Lyon or Gisors—all this to be followed by the final vote a week from Sunday, for which many earnest French people will take long train rides home to their provinces to participate. This direct-election system must be, as de Gaulle was confident, the fairest mankind has invented, yet it is certainly hard on the voters.

Direct voting was first tried out in France in the Presidential election of December 10, 1848, in which Prince Louis Napoleon was the winning candidate. In that 1848 campaign, there was a great deal of lofty social idealism warmly expressed by the literary avant-garde, who were deep in politics and for whom Victor Hugo founded a new daily paper, called *L'Événement*. It ran an editorial backing the new Napoleon, with references to his more famous warrior relative. This was presumably written by Hugo himself, because of the flamboyance of the style, and it said, in part, "Today there is a *Grande Armée* that demands a general, but it is the Army of Ideas. The enemies to be conquered are no longer the barbarians but wretchedness. The Mameluke today is called Poverty. The Cossack of the present is called Hunger. The frontiers that must be widened are no longer those of France but those of well-being. It is no longer Europe that is on the horizon, it is the Promised Land. The bank of the Rhine to be conquered is that of Happiness. The Louis XIV of modern civilization should no longer say 'There are no longer any Pyrenees,' he should say 'There is no longer any misery.' " The poet Lamartine, who was also an enthusiastic Presidential candidate (he did not receive many votes), put out street placards saying, "The new principle of the Republic is universal suffrage. . . . May God bless the Constitution! May it begin and end with His holy name, may it be full of Him!" Flaubert, the other literary figure of the avant-garde, was not in their midst, being by principle apolitical. But he devoted a chapter in his famous comic novel "Bouvard et Pécuchet" (those inimitable ragamuffins of the mind) to the 1848 election and to the principle of the vote, about which Pécuchet accuses his friend of "horrifying skepticism," while Bouvard says, "Progress—what a joke! Politics—what a mess!"

AS a relief from the steady political preoccupations, Paris has been fortunate in having some fresh theatrical entertainment of unusually distracting quality to pull French husbands away from the nightly TV news. The most unexpected, in its old-fashioned Guignol hair-raising qualities, is the play by the Cuban Eduardo Manet, called "Les Nonnes," at the little Théâtre de Poche-Montparnasse, down a cobblestoned alley off the Montparnasse Boulevard. This will probably run all summer, because the theatre is so small, the horror drama so thrilling, the acting so tip-top, and the staging (by Roger Blin) so psychologically perfect. The play is set during a revolt of the slaves in Haiti in the last century, and one soon observes that the nuns, under their blue habits and white headdresses, are cheroot-smoking bandits who have taken refuge in a cellar while the rioters occasionally beat on the street door up above. Here the wicked bogus nuns manage to bring a wealthy local mademoiselle, whose jewels and person they have promised to smuggle out of their hideaway and aboard ship in a flight to safety for all. It is the characterization of the nuns that is the most fascinating part of the play. The fat, oldest nun is the boss of the group, the most gourmand and the

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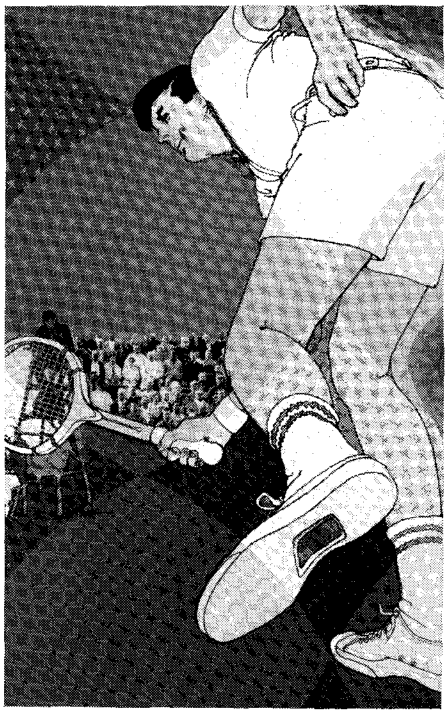

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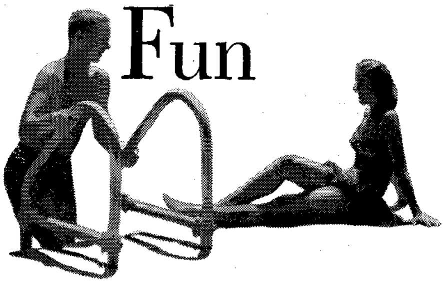

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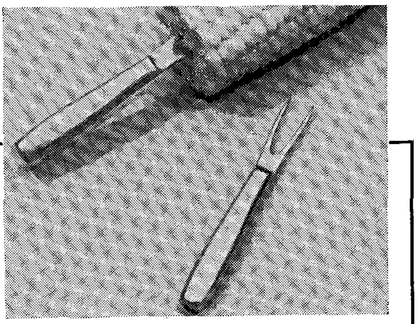

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wickedest; the thin nun is the most treacherous; and the third nun, only a novice, is a speechless young semi-idiot whose tongue was cut out in some earlier drama and who, in constant fright, rushes from one wall to the other, scaling them and hanging from them like a monkey. A scrim in the wall permits the spectator to see what happens to the mademoiselle: She is murdered for her jewels, which the boss nun appropriates, and as the rebels' banging on the door becomes more alarming, the corpse, attired in her pearls, is propped up on a chair, like a saint, and the nuns start reading the Service for the Dead in preparation for the rebels' expected breakthrough—which, of course, never occurs. The revolution drifts away, down another street perhaps, leaving the bandits behind—hungry, thirsty, bejewelled, and immured, locked in for the rest of their brief days in their hideout, where the idiot youth hangs craven on the walls and, in real devotion to their prayer-books at last, the three bandits prepare for death by starvation. Don't let our having told you the plot interfere with your going to see this Grand Guignol chef-d'œuvre, for seeing it is the only way to have the claustrophobic cold shivers really course down your spine.

The other theatrical diversion here has been the opening at the Porte-St.-Martin Theatre of the American musical "Hair," which Parisians refer to as "Air" and are mad about. Its box-office advance is already estimated at the equivalent of sixty thousand dollars. Stage-door gossip declares that this "Hair" follows in meticulous imitation the timing and business of the original New York production—its dirty costumes, its dirty stage, its excellent mechanical stage equipment, its lighting, and so on. Certainly the imitation of the American style of singing is absolutely flawless, and indicates the most painstaking and lengthy rehearsing of the amateur talent that was drafted from the crowds of mixed nationalities who presented themselves for the chorus work offered, and who now comport themselves as trained professionals. After the first-night performance, many members of the audience accepted the cast's invitation to go up onstage and join the rockers and the rollers. The Paris critics will not be invited to attend for another fortnight, and by then it will be too late for any of them to write what they really think, which in the case of *Figaro's* critic, inclined to be a little prudish, is a pity. His review might have been a treat to read.

—GENÊT

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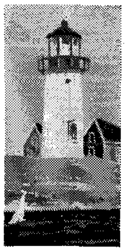

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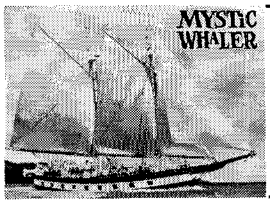

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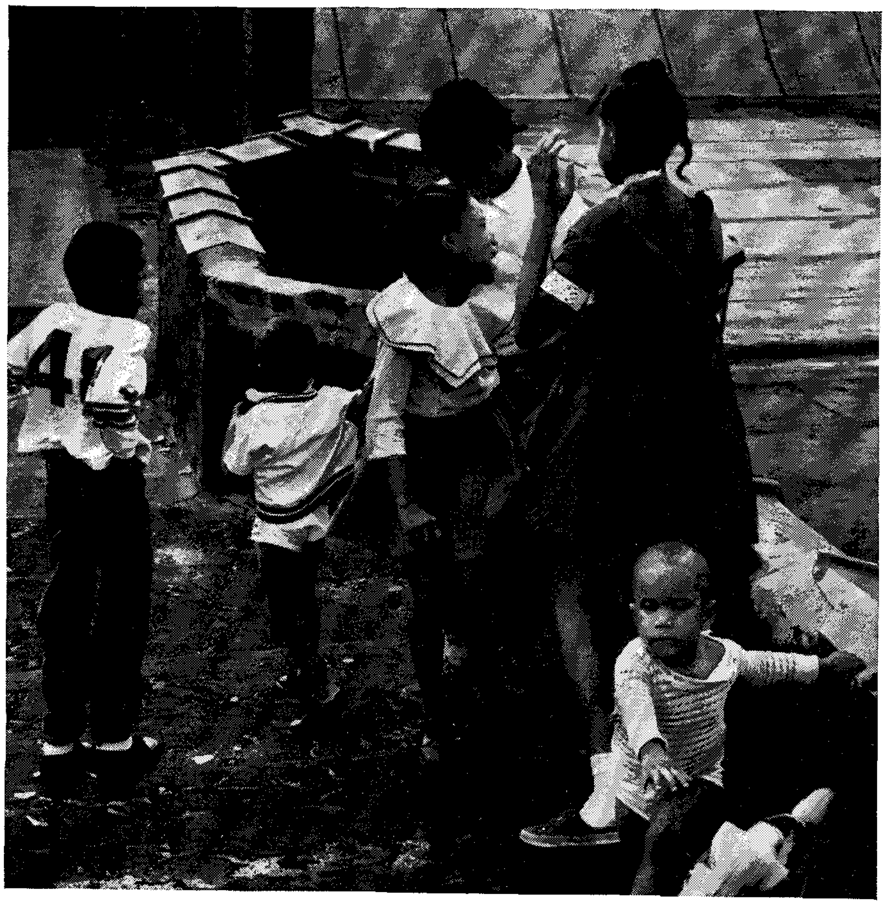

PHOTO BY JAY MAISEL

"I'm sorry—but it's none of my business."

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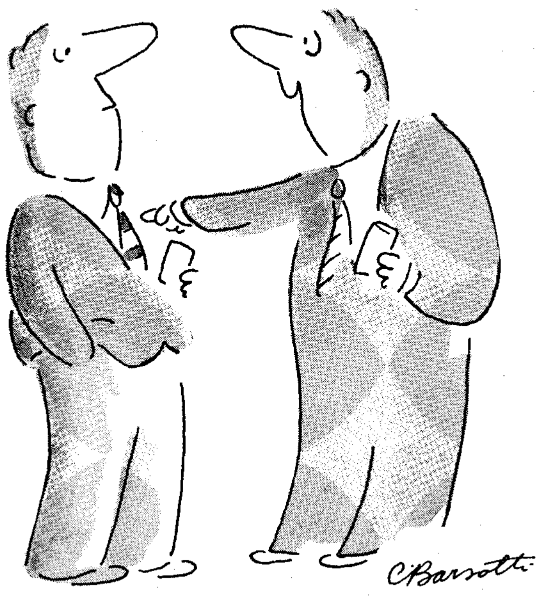
U.S. JOURNAL: ATLANTIC CITY

LEAVE THE REST TO ME

BEFORE the first auction of the morning began, half a dozen old folks gathered across the Boardwalk from the auction gallery, in the shade of a frozen-custard stand. It was a hot weekend in Atlantic City, but the men wore coats and ties and the women wore high-heeled shoes and dark print dresses. They looked like people gathering to catch a bus to the monthly dinner meeting of a Bronx senior citizens' club. "He said we shouldn't stand together," the last man to arrive said, glancing back toward the auction gallery. "What's the difference?" said a large man who had a hearing aid built into his glasses. "Nobody's looking." He moved a couple of steps away from a woman he had been talking to. "He's nothing but a horse dealer anyway," someone else said, and they began to share complaints about the hours they had to work.

THERE are amusement piers in Atlantic City, and there is, of course, a wide white beach stretching between the Boardwalk and the Atlantic. But for most of the people strolling along the Boardwalk on a hot weekend—the men in slacks or Bermuda shorts, many of the women in bare-midriff blouses—the main entertainment seems to be purchasing. There are plenty of places to buy hamburgers or frozen custard or saltwater taffy or souvenir T-shirts. There are clothing stores—not just beach clothing but all kinds of clothing—and jewelry stores, and even fur stores. There are also a half-dozen or so auction galleries. They all look alike—doors that open the entire storefront, so that people can wander in off the Boardwalk, rows of folding chairs, displays of porcelain figurines and silver tea services and the kind of paintings that might have been inspired by the Three Musketeers. The auction galleries lean toward English-sounding names like Lloyd's or Harper's, Ltd., or Shawe's Galleries, and every sign that has the gallery's name on it also includes the year it was established. All the galleries have signs saying that they act as agents for estates and insurance companies and private parties, and signs saying that everyone connected with the concern is bonded. "This is one of the oldest auction galleries on the Boardwalk," the auctioneer often says. "It's not like you're buying from someone on the street corner."

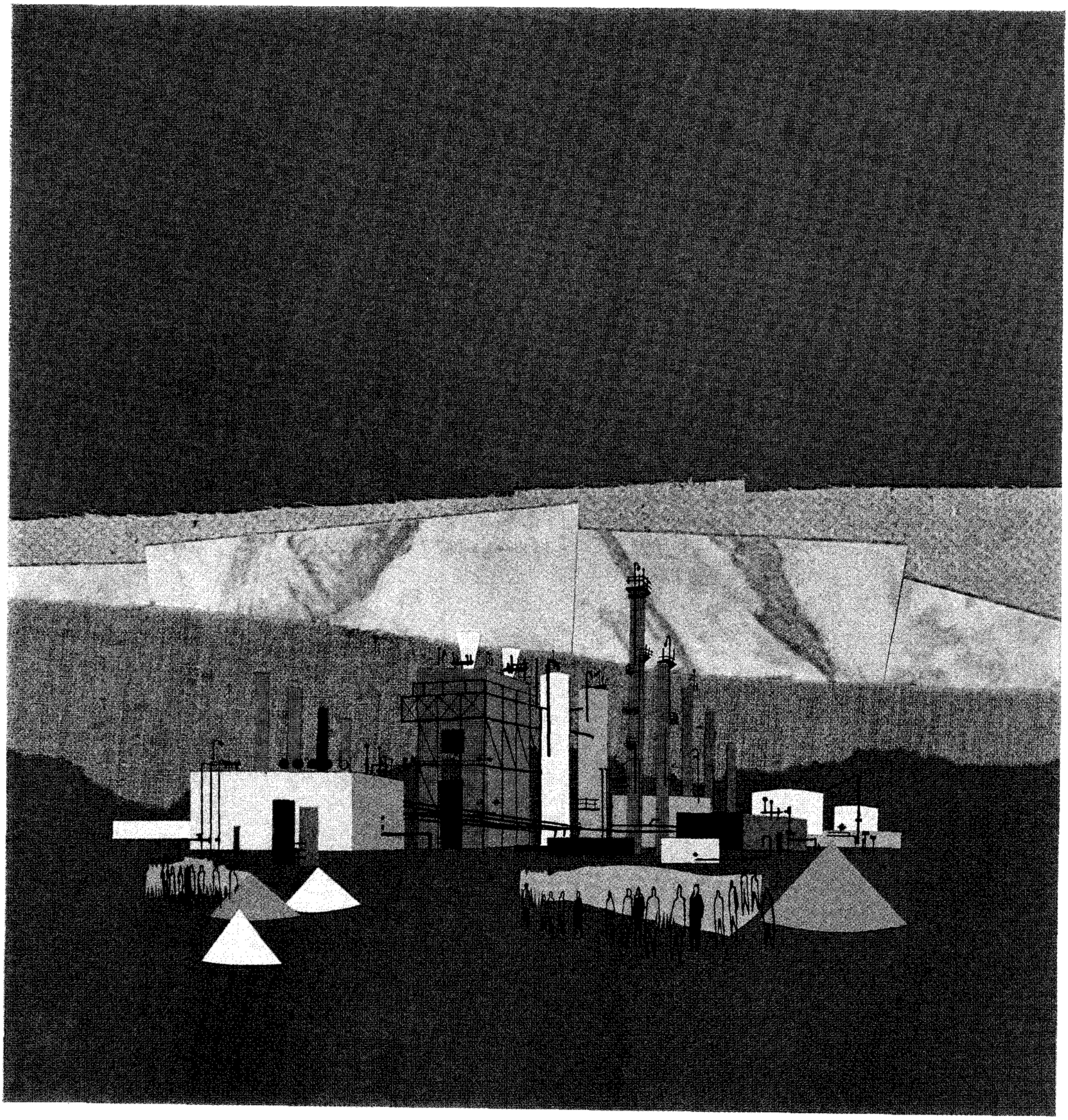
THE senior citizens stood in a tight group around a platform that had been placed just inside the auction gallery. A delegate from a Lions convention that was in town leaned against the wall. A counter on the platform was lined with small appliances—a toaster, a radio, an iron, a coffee maker—and the man behind the counter was promising to auction off every appliance for which he received an opening bid, no matter how ridiculously low the bid was. "How many people ever heard of Polaroid?" he asked, holding up a Polaroid camera. The hands of all the senior citizens shot up. "Oh, yeah, Polaroid," the man with the hearing aid said, in the tone of someone conversant with the names of camera manufacturers. "Sure. Polaroid." Eventually, the Lion drifted away. "How many people would pay me fifty cents for this Baby Ben alarm clock?" the auctioneer said. "You all know Baby Ben as well as I do." He gazed down at his audience. There were six senior citizens, all with hands raised. "What's the difference?" the auctioneer mumbled. Then he took a deep breath and began again. "It's hot as hell outside and air-conditioned in here," he said. "What a great sale we're going to have today, ladies and gentlemen. G.E., Motorola, Sony. Everything must go."



"'Viable'—that's the word I was looking for!"

WHEN the first auctions of the morning begin, at about ten-thirty, warmup auctioneers up and down the Boardwalk are standing on platforms near the entrances to their galleries talking to groups of elderly, formally dressed people. Atlantic City auctions have a ritual that varies from conventional auctions in about the same way that professional wrestling varies from the version approved by the Olympic committee, and the practitioners never stray from the ritual. The routines, the goods offered for sale, even the jokes are virtually identical every day in every gallery. Getting opening bids for appliances is always an occasion for auctioning off mystery packages that the high bidder doesn't have to take once the mystery is revealed—the auctioneer often decides not to accept any money for the item anyway—and for collecting quarters in exchange for tokens good for a gift later on. Until a crowd has gathered, while only a group of hyper-responsive senior citizens are pressed around the stand, the auctioneer just keeps talking toward the people on the Boardwalk—holding up toasters and electric knives, flipping on and off transistor radios, calling out brand names, sounding like a television talk-show host who has a minute and a half to kill between commercials.

GRADUALLY, about a dozen people were added to the crowd in front of the platform. The auctioneer asked them where they came from, and called them by their home towns. Queens was a relatively prosperous-looking man who maintained an expression of faint amusement; his wife, who appeared to be quite a bit younger than he was, bid eagerly on a couple of the appliances. There was a Negro couple—the wife rather interested in the sale, and the husband reluctant to let her invest a quarter, even when the auctioneer assured her that her money would be refunded if she didn't like the gift. Another Lion came in, with his wife; he was a rotund, jovial man who wore not only his convention identification badge but also a "Keep Smiling" button. "Would you mind coming in out of the doorway, folks?" the auctioneer said. "I'm trying to gather a



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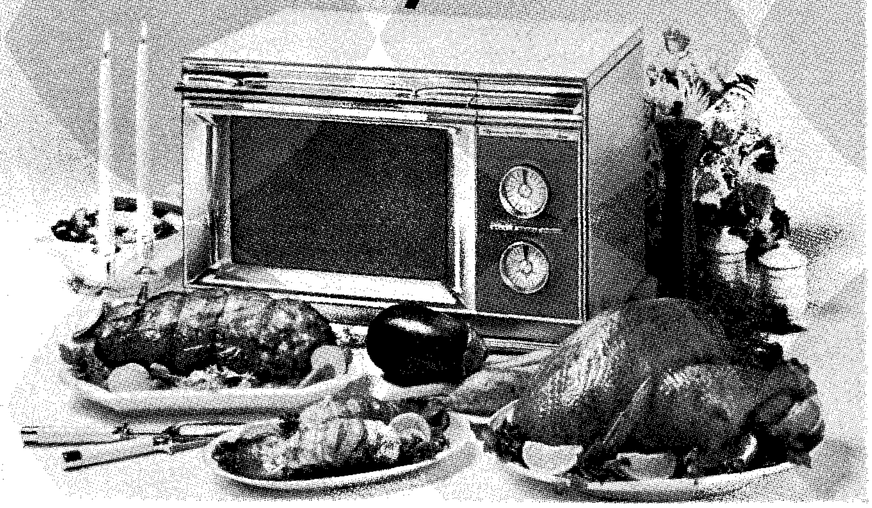
crowd. It don't take a professor from Pennsylvania University to see that."

ONE of the ways that Atlantic City auctioneers try to dispel suspicions about their reliability is to bring the suspicions out in the open and treat them as jokes. They regularly accuse some senior citizen of accusing some blatantly authentic tourist of being a shill. "I never saw you before in my life—did I, Tom?" the auctioneer will say to the tourist, who, knowing himself not to be a shill, can laugh about the ridiculousness of the suspicion. Sometimes auctioneers even joke about collecting quarters from people in order to keep them in the gallery for the few minutes the rest of the auction will take—a few minutes being the longest period of time ever remaining at an Atlantic City auction, according to an auctioneer's estimate. "Am I being fair?" the auctioneer will say. "Do you think three dollars for a G.E. coffee maker is really starting low enough?" There is immediate affirmation, led by the senior citizens. After a while, the faintest interrogative tone in the auctioneer's voice seems to bring up the hands of the senior citizens. Probably once a day in Atlantic City there is the kind of scene in which the auctioneer, about to begin a description of a man's gift, asks "How many people here love their husbands?" and a sleepy-looking old gentleman soberly raises his hand.

AFTER a while, the man behind the counter suggested that everyone go on into the gallery and be seated for a few minutes so that he could finish auctioning off the appliances and give away the quarter prizes and open a mystery box that the Lion's wife had bought for six dollars and eighty cents. Two or three more men from the gallery appeared between the crowd and the Boardwalk and began herding people down the aisle toward the front rows of folding chairs. Only a couple of people left. Somebody closed the doors. A second auctioneer took over. He explained that the real purpose of the day's auction was to advertise a sale to be held during the following week—a sale that happened to include three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of jewels. "Advertising costs money," he said. "And we spend money to advertise." He opened the box for the Lion's wife—it was a comb-and-brush set, which didn't seem to excite her—and sold some of the appliances, all for low prices and all to senior citizens. He



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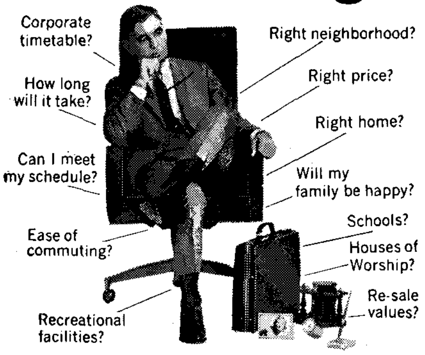
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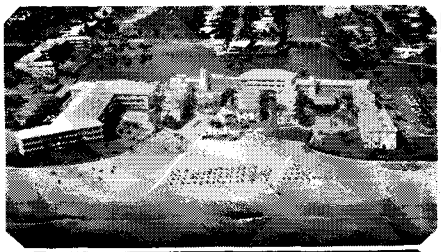

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shook his head sadly at the sight of such merchandise going so cheaply. "How many people like my auction sale so far?" he asked. Hands went up all over the room. "Well," he said, "I don't like it."

AN Atlantic City auctioneer, automatically becoming resigned to the hopeless penuriousness of the audience he has had the bad luck to draw, always manages to find some wry humor in his misfortune. "What is this—a conspiracy against me?" an auctioneer sometimes says. "Did you all get together next door and say 'Let's go aggravate the auctioneer?'" Auctioneers never permit an aversion to stinginess to alter their affection for the crowd. "It's not that you're not nice people," several auctioneers tell several audiences in Atlantic City every day. "Physically you're nice. Spiritually you're nice. But financially . . ." The auctioneer pauses and sighs. "Financially," he continues, "may the Lord have mercy on your stingy souls." When the auction moves from small appliances to diamond rings—and it always does—the auctioneer makes it clear that passing up a bargain can go beyond stinginess and become bad business judgment. He emphasizes that the people who get ahead—the people who own the yachts he sometimes sees as he gazes out over the audience toward the Atlantic—are willing to spend a dollar to make a dollar. In Atlantic City, a summer resort that sells fur coats, a bargain is no less a bargain because the purchaser doesn't happen to need it. The auctioneer always takes it for granted that nobody actually needs a diamond ring: "How many people out here in my audience who have no earthly use for it, who need it no more than you need water in your shoe, who have six on your hand, eight in a glove, and an aunt with twelve who doesn't feel very good—just as a gesture of good common sense, to invest a dollar to make a dollar (it's just as honorable, you know, to buy something at one price and sell it at another price as it is to drive a truck or dig a ditch)—how many people out here in my audience, for a carat-and-fifty-three fine white solitaire in platinum, would say the low, ridiculous bid—cash, check, or deposit—of one hundred dollars? Raise your hand."

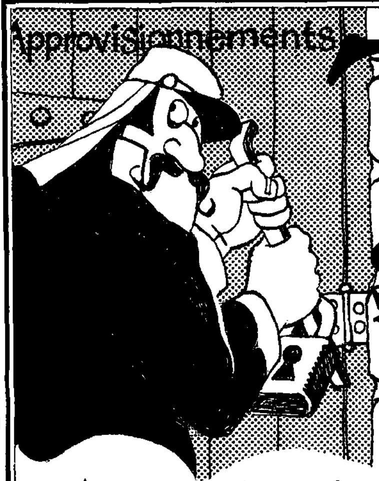
KEEP OFF GRASS

"SOME people say, 'He rides an automobile and I have a bicycle. I never get a break,'" the auctioneer said when he finally got around to introducing some diamond rings, about forty-five minutes after the auction started. "Did you ever think you didn't *make* a break?" He had already collected a dollar apiece from people who wanted one of the boxes he was saving for those who would trust him with a dollar, and he had sold a couple more appliances to senior citizens. "How many people think this is a pretty diamond ring?" he said, holding out a ring on a rolled-up piece of white paper. Most people in the audience raised their hands, and one elderly man said, "Oh, yes, beautiful. Very nice." The auctioneer turned to the couple from Queens. "May I borrow your finger, my dear?" he said to the woman, slipping the ring on her finger and holding it up to the crowd. "Have you ever been a model?"

IN Atlantic City, the transition from toasters to diamond rings almost always comes about in the same way. During one of many digressions, the auctioneer says something like "How many here would give me five dollars for this box?" After only one or two hands go up, the auctioneer opens the box to reveal glittering rows of diamond rings and jewelled watches. "I'm sure you would," he says. "It just so happens that this box contains one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of gems—part of our sale next week." The auctioneer, it turns out, is willing to auction off three diamond rings from the sale; trying to sell any more to such a crowd would be futile—not that they're not nice people. But first he asks, "How many people in my audience know that diamonds are an investment?" Diamonds are also, he assures everyone, "a symbol of success, a sign of prestige—like a Cadillac, anyone who owns one demands respect." The gallery's real business, he says, is diamonds. It sells more diamonds in a day than most stores sell in six months to a year. It sells diamonds to people who sell diamonds. It sells diamonds in a way that no other store does—accompanied by a diamond certificate attesting to the diamond's exact specifications. He waves the certificate—an impressive-looking document that resembles a correspondence-school diploma. The auctioneer talks about the famous people whose estates the diamonds are from, and the famous stores where they were bought for thousands years ago. Atlantic City auctioneers love the sound of famous names and famous stores and famous brands. Sometimes, during a pause in his delivery, an auctioneer will *look out into the crowd, shake his head in wonderment and respect, and say, with simple reverence, "Cartier's."*

"HOW many would give me a hundred dollars for this diamond ring?" the auctioneer said, in the manner of a man asking who would like to be offered the land under Rockefeller Center for fifteen hundred dollars, convenient terms to be arranged. It was the first of three rings, and the auctioneer had begun by asking who would like to pay nine hundred, or eight seventy-five, or even eight-fifty. During the silence that followed, one of the senior citizens had said he would give a hundred dollars. The auctioneer, looking pained, had explained almost angrily that the mounting alone was worth six hundred and that anybody would be happy to pay a hundred—a point he had proved by asking those who would to raise their hands. The Negro couple had left, the wife talking to the husband in harsh whispers on the way out. The Lion was still there; he had been joking along with the auctioneer about the low bids. Both he and the man from Queens raised their hands. The auctioneer counted seven hands. "Wrap me up seven special gifts," he said to his assistant. "For these people who had the courage to bid. Did you see which hands were up?" The assistant hadn't noticed, and the auctioneer asked the seven people to raise their hands again. He counted ten hands. A puzzled look crossed his face, and he began to ask each person with his hand up if he had really meant his bid.

NO assistant has ever noticed which hands were up. The second count is always higher than the first, and the attempt to straighten out that suspicious disparity is always an opportunity to discount publicly those people who don't really have the stomach to compete with the serious speculators. At this point in the auction, it has become clear that buying is an activity not merely for the shrewd but for the shrewd and courageous and manly. A few minutes after the second count, when the senior citizens have quickly increased the bid and the ring has gone to some elderly man or some little old lady for several hundred dollars, the auctioneer says, "Remember that there were people here who were afraid to pay a hundred dollars for that ring." He himself had told people who bid two or three hundred that he would personally buy the ring back for double the bid if they managed to get it at that



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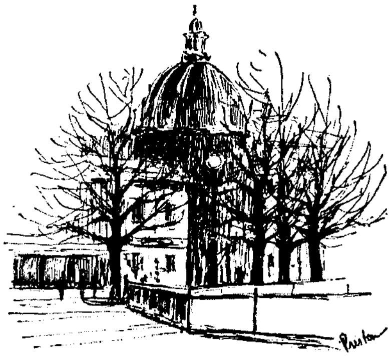

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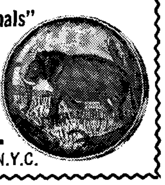


price. "I'm not worried about this ring," the auctioneer says, toward the end of the bidding. "What worries me is, if I only get eight hundred dollars for this ring, what am I going to get for the second ring—the featured item, the big one?"

"DO you want a hundred dollars profit right now or will you keep the ring?" the auctioneer asked an elderly woman after she had won the first ring with a bid of five hundred dollars. "Oh, no, I'll keep the ring," she said, a satisfied look on her face. The auctioneer asked everyone to give her a big hand, and an assistant led her to the back of the gallery to arrange payment. "Not to say anything against the first ring," the auctioneer said, reaching for another diamond. "But if I was going to buy a ring, this is the one I'd buy."

THE sale of the second ring—and perhaps a third and a fourth, and maybe a couple of watches, and sometimes a silver tea service—begins with the same futile attempt by the auctioneer to get an opening bid he considers suitable. The room is silent. When some senior citizen finally bids, say, two hundred dollars, those in the audience who have learned from the auction what diamonds are really worth smile at the auctioneer's stricken expression and shake their heads in amazement at anyone who could expect to buy a diamond ring at that price. Most people raise their hands when asked if they would pay two hundred dollars themselves. "If you wouldn't pay two hundred dollars for this ring," the auctioneer tells the rest of the audience, "you wouldn't pay two hundred dollars for the Holiday Inn." Their hypothetical two hundred dollars is soon being spoken of as a bid—eight or nine bids of the same amount—and the auctioneer has to remind everyone that although eight horses may begin a race, only one can win. An elderly man bids, say, two-fifty—far from a winning bid, judging by the sale of the first ring—and then the bidding seems to stop. The high bidder sits patiently while the auctioneer searches for a way not to sell him the diamond. Sometimes the auctioneer tells the audience that the elderly man is a dealer who will break up the ring and sell the results for an enormous profit. Sometimes he merely says that he would prefer to work something out with someone who has trusted him, or someone who would appreciate the ring. He always singles out a recipient—often, it seems, a Negro couple. "How little more would you pay?" he says to the man, holding the ring in front of the man's wife. "Two-sixty? Just call it out." Sometimes someone else from the gallery—perhaps a resident "gemologist" who has been called upon by the auctioneer to describe the ring—whispers to the chosen recipient that the ring is a steal; sometimes the whispering is done by the man's wife. "Just say two-sixty," the auctioneer will say, holding the ring out to the couple and nodding his head constantly while he talks. "Just say it. Don't worry—I have my reasons. Just say two-sixty. I know what I'm doing. Just call it out. Just call it out. Just say it, and leave the rest to me."

SEVERAL people indicated that they would pay two hundred dollars for the second ring, and then an elderly man who had been enthusiastic about the appliances said he would pay two hundred and fifty. The auctioneer said he had promised to make at least one person happy, and he wanted it to be one of the people who had trusted him with a dollar. He asked for one person who had given him a dollar to have the courage to make a bid. The wife of the Queens couple looked at her husband, but he smiled and shook his head. The auctioneer was staring at the Lion. "Just say it," he said, holding the ring right in front of the Lion's wife. "Just say it, and leave the rest to me."

"Two seventy-five," the Lion said. The auctioneer tossed the ring up in disgust and let it drop to the floor. The Lion joined in the general laughter. The auctioneer shook his head sadly, and said that two hundred and seventy-five dollars was a disgraceful price for the ring. He talked for a few minutes about the value of the rings being offered for sale the following week and about the necessity of advertising the sale. Then he sold the ring to the Lion for two hundred and seventy-five dollars. —CALVIN TRILLIN

●

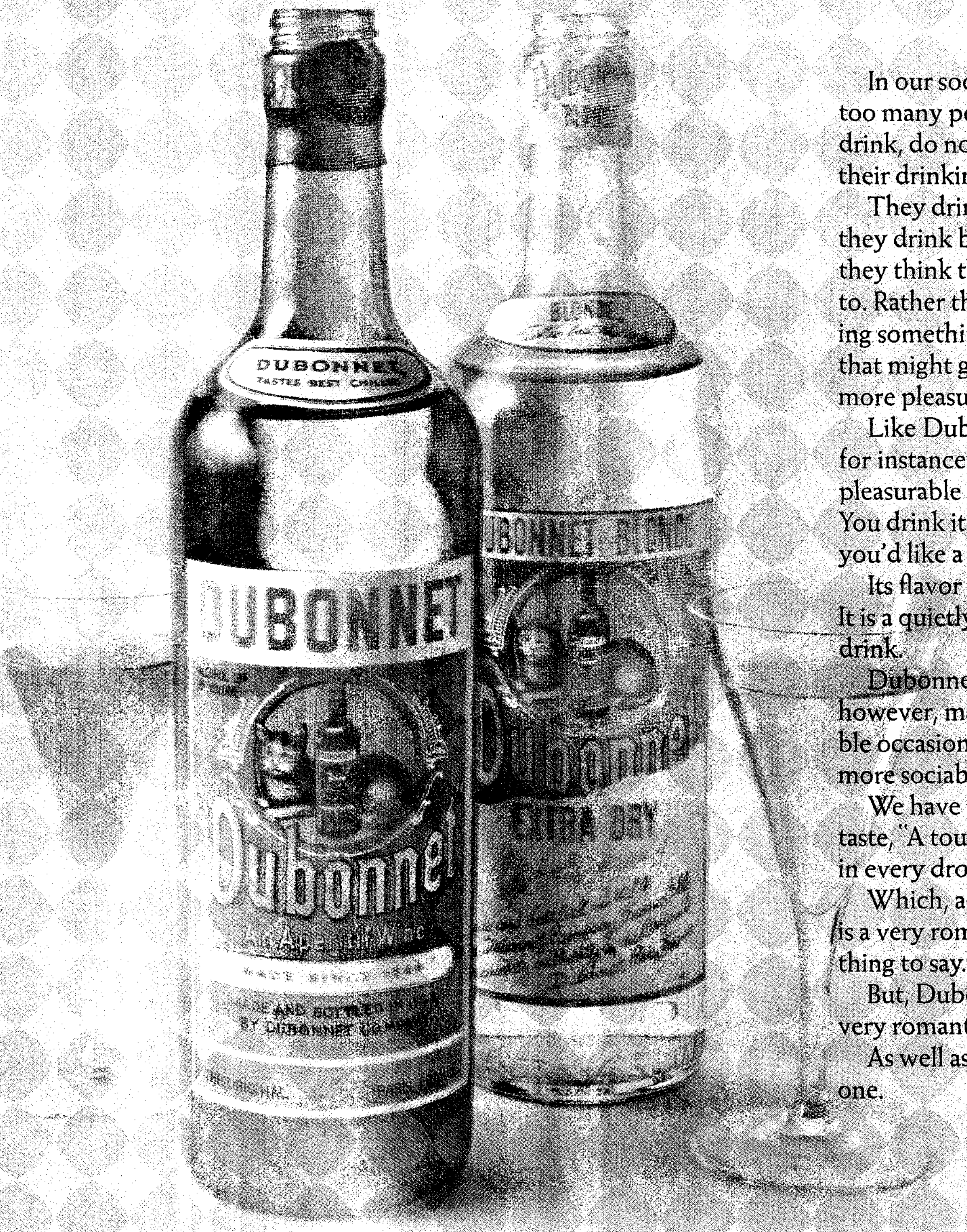
THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS
THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

We regret a printer's error in the current *Proceedings*, Second Series, Number nineteen. On page 18, the first line, "indecent" should read "independent."

Mr. Cheever would be grateful if you would make the correction in your copy.
—*Notice received in the mail.*

And stay out of Bullet Park at night.

A bit of common sense in the Drinking Society.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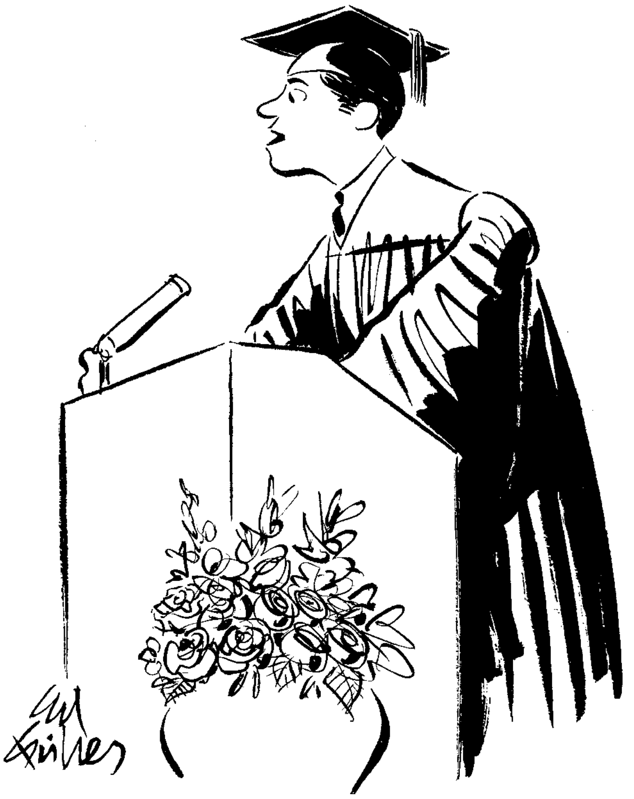
BOOKS

World Apart

Sicily is one of the most beautiful of islands and possibly, from a historical point of view, the most interesting island on earth. But not much specifically Sicilian history has ever been written. The reason for this curious omission is that Sicily lacks what in a human being would be called "identity." There is no art or culture that can be called truly Sicilian; the island's art and culture are impressive, but they are Sicilian only by historical accident—conquests by foreign powers. For one brief moment in antiquity (405-264 B.C.), Sicily was really an independent country, and during the reign of the Emperor Dionysius I (405-367 B.C.), a wise man and a skillful diplomat, Syracuse became the center of the Greek world, temporarily displacing Athens and accumulating a considerable empire. Hippocrates and Archimedes lived there; Plato and St. Paul visited the place. Yet before and after that moment of glory Sicily was either an embattled crossroads or a doormat for nearly every civilization on the shores of the Mediterranean. The three-volume "A History of Sicily" (Viking) serves admirably to fill out the historical picture. Ancient Sicily is dealt with by M. I. Finley, medieval Sicily by Denis Mack Smith, and modern Sicily by Mr. Smith again. Many myths about the island are discredited by these authors, and many an ancient writer about Sicily, including Augustus Caesar and Cicero, is rapped over the knuckles for false statements. Sicily, according to the record, was fought over and ruled successively by Greece, Carthage, Rome, the Vandals, Byzantium, the Arabs, the Normans, the Crusaders, the Hohenstauffens, the Angevins, the Spanish (Aragon), the Austrians, the Spanish Hapsburgs, the Spanish Bourbons, the House of Savoy, the British (who wanted to keep the island out of Napoleon's hands), the Austrians again, Garibaldi (for the House of Savoy again), the native landlords and the Mafia, Mussolini, the Allied invaders of the Second World War, and then the native landlords and the Mafia once more. (Now, though, Sicily has autonomy within the Italian state, and a pretense of democracy.) All these ruling groups left monuments of one sort or another, but it is a remarkable fact that, with the exception of the landlords, the Mafia, and Garibaldi (his term was brief), they all ruled from somewhere else. Even Sicily's greatest historical hero, Roger the Norman, lived in Calabria. Meanwhile, Sicily was sacked, exploited, depopulated, and repopulated; her forests were destroyed, and most of her people (an ethnic group that is unclassifiable because of its heterogeneous origins) were ground down to starvation and near or actual slavery. It is a sad story, and it can often be read in the grim, grizzled faces of elderly Sicilians.

But because Sicily was the center of the Mediterranean and an important strategic outpost temporarily occupied by many civilized peoples, she became a repository of many cultures. Her Greek temples rival those of Greece, her Roman mosaics are finer than any that survive to the north, her Byzantine architecture is second to none, her Norman architecture is unique, her mosques are excellent examples of Saracenic building, her Spanish baroque churches (in cities like Ragusa and Noto) are magnificent. Her cultural influence was also considerable, as the authors of these volumes point out. During the Middle Ages, Arabian and Norman Sicily was a center for the translation into Latin of Greek classics, which arrived there in the form of Arabic translations from the Greek originals, and thus she was an important transmission belt for the learning that eventually culminated in the Renaissance. She is also the source of what is now the Italian language. The earliest Italian poetry—fifty years prior to Dante—was written in and around Palermo.

Sicily is still an island of feudal landlords (of whom Giuseppe di Lampedusa, of "The Leopard," was one), of oppressed peasants, and of a basically agricultural economy. Slowly, though, reforms have come. Railroads appeared in the eighteen-sixties, even before decent roads were built. Dams have been constructed to conserve the water from the denuded hills, and more are under construction. Now roads as well as railroads exist. Bandits, a traditional Sicilian phenomenon, have been virtually wiped out. Oil has been recently discovered near Ragusa and Gela, and a huge port, with refineries, has been built at Augusta, north of Syracuse. Catania has become a large industrial center. Little by little, the island has been emerging from the Middle Ages. Tourism is heavy on the east coast, if nowhere else. Three years ago, an anti-Mafia commission was set up by the government in Rome, and the Mafia was at least cowed, though it is still very active in western Sicily. It is a bit ironic that, following the virtual liquidation of the Mafia by Mussolini, the Americans and their allies put it back into power in exchange for a relatively bloodless invasion. Later, certain Mafiosi suggested that it would be a good idea if America took over Sicily as a colony—a quaint notion, but quite a practical one from the Mafia point of view, since many members of the broth-



"And I assure you, fellow-classmates, that in having accepted the post of valedictorian I have not sold out."

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erhood had flourished in America's big cities and expected to go on flourishing there. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FOUR-GATED CITY, by Doris Lessing (Knopf). This laudable tome traces the decline of civilization, and of London, from the end of the Second World War to "the Epoch of Destruction," in the last quarter of the twentieth century. Martha, the central character, arrives in a groggy, ration-bound city and falls in with Mark, a writer, and with his insane wife. As the story unfolds, events and times are pigeonholed in historical perspective—"You-never-had-it-so-good" Tory years; espionage and defection; the first Aldermaston marches; mods and rockers; the vindication of homosexuality; the evolution of Camp; mounting divorce rates and dependence on psychoanalysis; and the Labour Party's blinkered preoccupation with the nation's financial health. It is disconcerting to find ourselves in the seventies among all-pervasive madness. It might be noted, frivolously, that the men characters are not as plausible as the gloomy, intense women. In the six hundred pages there is one sentence that perhaps betrays a grim humor.

GO ASK THE RIVER, by Evelyn Eaton (Harcourt, Brace & World). The stylized sensuality of the world that Miss Eaton writes about is so clearly defined by the cool simplicity of her language that as we read this tale of eighth-century China we see that it all happened just as she tells it, and her characters are as real to us as though we read about them in the newspapers every day—faraway people but very much alive. As the story begins, a provincial Chinese lord named Hsueh is so hard-pressed for money that he sells his cherished only daughter, Hung Tu, into the nearest high-class brothel, where, as she says herself, she became lost forever at the age of fourteen. Hsueh gets a magnificent price for his daughter, because in addition to being young and pretty she is brainy, charming, and talented—a poet who is destined to become a poet laureate. In her new home, the Blue House on Willow Street, Hung Tu not merely learns the erotic graces that are essential to success in her trade but is given the most sophisticated and exacting instruction in

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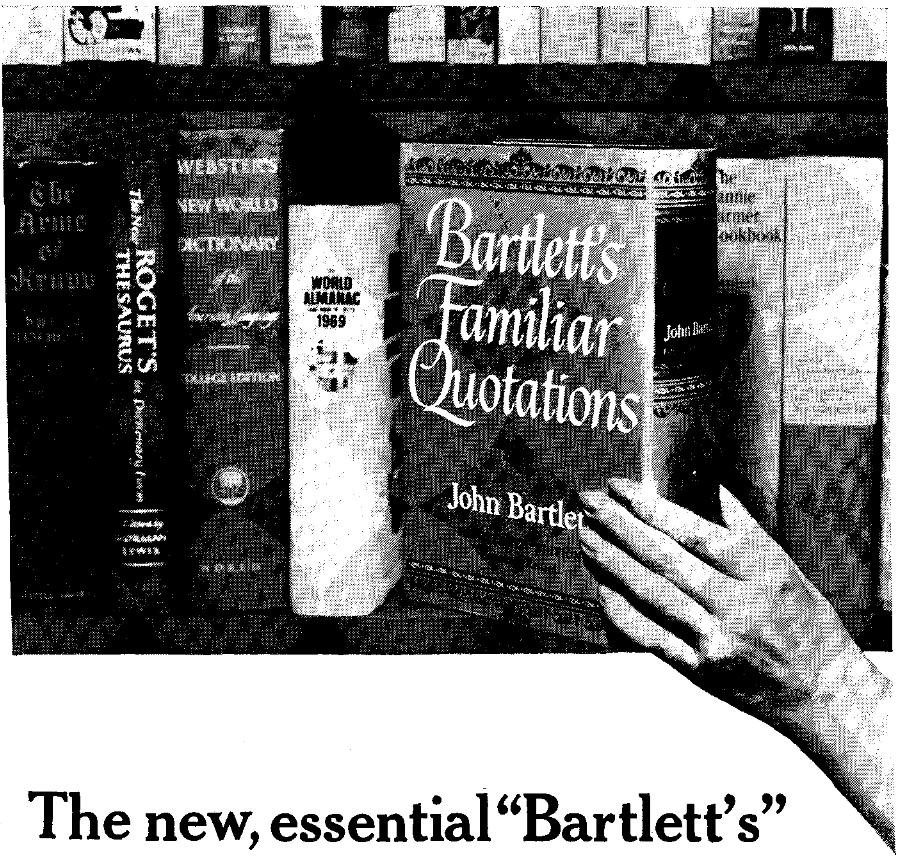
music, singing, the dance, painting, and penmanship, and, naturally, as a matter of course, she studies philosophy. Reading this book is like watching a clever, poignant movie—a foreign movie—and we are constantly reminded of the most satisfactory of all escapist pronouncements: "The more things change, the more they do not change."

FRIDAY, by Michel Tournier, translated from the French by Norman Denny (Doubleday). A new version of the Robinson Crusoe theme written by a Frenchman and with implicit comment on Western civilization, past and present, is not a particularly attractive prospect. But M. Tournier is a cultivated and disciplined writer, and his Robinson, the son of a Yorkshire draper, is most likable. Cast up, like his precursor, on an island off the coast of Chile, he labors to build a useless boat, then sinks into animal degradation. Later, like a true colonist, he squares his shoulders, writes himself a charter and a penal code, and generally domesticates his tiny domain. Friday, when he appears, doesn't take kindly to his designated role of subject people; before long, Robinson becomes the black man's eager pupil in the art of living joyfully. When the rescue ship comes, Friday rushes off to join its greedy and arrogant crew, while Robinson lags behind. The castaway has that quaint and peculiarly English stolidity that seems to exist only in the imagination of the French.

THE COTTON-PICKERS, by B. Traven (Hill & Wang). This fine novel was first published in Germany forty-three years ago. It is set in Mexico, where the emergent trade unions are battling to end the exploitation of the hungry laborer. Its hero is Gales, a laconic white drifter, who is clearly inseparable from the author and observer. He works for a flea-bitten bunk and his next meal on a cotton plantation, in an oil field, in a bakery, and as a cowboy for a North American ranch owner. Some of the lively and funny sketches, such as the life story of an inhabitant of a red-light district, are only loosely linked to the life of Gales. "The Cotton-Pickers" is the vigorous and simple expression of a compassionate, unsentimental, and unbiassed viewpoint.

GENERAL

THE ECONOMY OF CITIES, by Jane Jacobs (Random House). This book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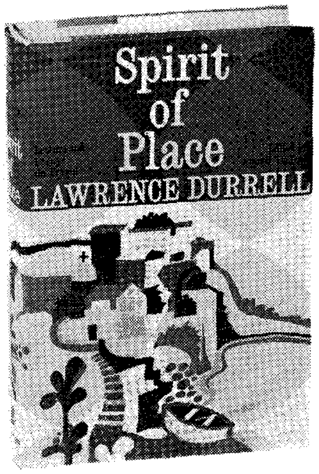

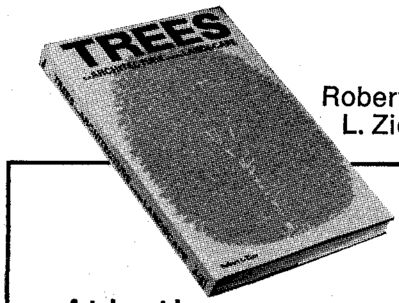

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is radiant with ideas about what makes cities rich or poor, how cities grow, and how city growth affects national economies. Mrs. Jacobs probably spends too much space surmising that cities may be older than farms—that, in fact, prehistoric cities may have invented agriculture—for, after all, the question of what came first is less important than what happens next. On the latter subject, Mrs. Jacobs' imaginative yet realistic notions about city work are most persuasive. City lovers will appreciate her arguments for small enterprises and unspecialized city economies rather than company towns. And her ways of redefining economic efficiency when she is talking about or planning for cities are both surprising and convincing.

THE D.A.R., by Margaret Gibbs (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The Daughters of the American Revolution was founded in the eighteen-nineties—a decade in which Americans, as though suddenly seized with a fever of ancestor worship, founded no fewer than eleven patriotic organizations that required as a visa for membership an ancestor who fought in the Revolution. Of these organizations, the D.A.R. was, at the beginning, the most liberal; in the nineteen-hundreds it promoted regulation of women's work hours, housing reform, federal control of child labor, and pacifism. Then, as the D.A.R. grew in numbers and riches, it became increasingly enamored of America's past, with emphasis on military glory, and by the nineteen-thirties it had begun to assume its now familiar lineaments. It came out for teachers' loyalty oaths, because "we want no teachers who say there are two sides of every question including even our system of government;" it barred Marian Anderson and then Hazel Scott from appearing in its Constitution Hall; it listed Eleanor Roosevelt, Ralph Bunche, Edward R. Murrow, and Fannie Hurst as dangerous characters; and it opposed the Peace Corps because it would "delay the entrance of the youth of this Nation into the field of free enterprise." Mrs. Gibbs' amusing book is irreverent toward the Daughters but fair to them.

THE GREAT REBEL: CHE GUEVARA IN BOLIVIA, by Luis J. González and Gustavo A. Sánchez Salazar, translated from the Spanish by Helen R. Lane (Grove). An account of Che's ill-fated insurrection in Bolivia by two distinguished Bolivian journalists who are warmly partisan yet surprisingly objective. Che turned out to be less what the title calls him than what he called himself in a letter to his parents—a Quixote—and the story of this last adventure is heartbreaking: a tiny group of guerrillas, impossible to keep disciplined or discreet, unable to win any peasant support or enlistments, demoralized by desertions and frequent periods of starvation and exhaustion, endlessly harried by the Bolivian Army (guided by American Intelligence), and handcuffed by their principles against unnecessary killing or misusing prisoners. The well-known story of Che's eventual wounding, capture, and cold-blooded murder is poignant in the extreme. The villains, as one might imagine, are those vicious old monograms C.I.A., F.B.I., and U.S.A. Illustrated with photographs—some sickening—and a map.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene (Viking). Eighty generally short pieces written between 1929 and 1968 but mostly in the thirties and forties. They are primarily book reviews (some appreciative, some savage) or literary studies—Henry James, R. L. Stevenson, Mauriac, Edgar Wallace, Beatrix Potter, Norman Douglas, Elizabeth Bowen, Fidel Castro, Francis Parkman, Ford Madox Ford, Herbert Read, Conrad Aiken, Somerset Maugham. They are sharp and reasoned (never merely appreciative, never merely savage), and unmistakably the work of a novelist. That is to say, they are rich in anecdote, in character, and in drama—the very antithesis of the work, so familiar now, of the striving, self-conscious, critic-would-be-artist.

NOTE: Dial Press has published "Apollo on the Moon," a survey of our lunar operations by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. Nearly all the book originally appeared in these pages in slightly different form.

•

Mr. Jamie Wilson, out shopping, stopped a man she saw on a New York street and said, "You look like my brother."

It was not her brother, now dead, whom she had not seen in 40 years, The Associated Press reports, it was his son, Joel Primus.

The meeting led to the reunion of Mr. Wilson and her sister, Mr. Adelaide Daniels, of Nyack, N.Y., who had been out of touch for 40 years.—*The Times*.

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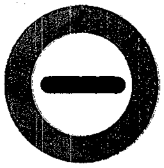

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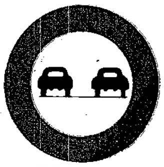

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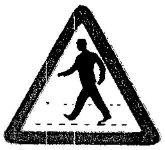

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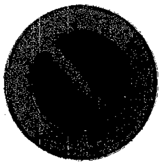

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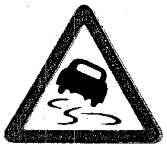

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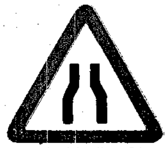

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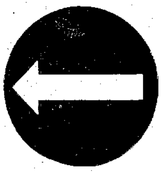

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